

Slug & MURS

"Glory Burning"

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[Slug] He threw his weapon in the trash dumpster In the alley way, behind that Irish pub Then he sprinted like Olympics down the street Everything went numb except his legs and feet His car was parked, just a few blocks away He ain't gettin' caught Nope, not today And he can hear the faint sounds of the sirens Time is short And life's a sport He tried to push weight like his Face had a Scar Somebody got to hate and instigate at that bar He popped that fool, like baby I'm a star Now he's runnin' to the safety of his baby momma's car Boy was born to be a soldier Look over the shoulder as he took the corner Nobody at the pub knows who he was They seen him though Either way, there's a vehicle Down the street It's within his reach The cops are close Hear the tires screech Hand in the pocket Grab the remote Then, pop the trunk yeah Hopped in a closed it Sittin' in the cold trunk space But his head stayed hot from the sweat on his face Got to keep his cool and think this through If only he could fall asleep for a few All thoughts crossed Of how he got lost Time is gone Tryin' to hit the stop watch Wishin' he could take it back to the simple When the future still had some potential From the childhood, playground jungle gym To the concrete jungle that he's stuck within Boy determines No returners Stay warm from the fire of the glory burnin' Chorus: [x2] [Slug] And it burns [MURS] Glory burnin' in every soul [Slug] And it burns [MURS] Glory burnin' in every goal [Slug] And it burns [MURS] Glory burnin' in every war [Slug] So let it burn [MURS] But know what you're burnin' it for [MURS] Who did this motherfucker think he was? Ran up on who like he didn't give a fuck? Who called the cops from inside the pub? Cause it didn't take the who that long to show up What made me think I had to take it this far? What made me hop into the trunk of this car? What would you do if your crew as at war? What would they do to even out the score? Where my boys at? They was supposed to have my back Wait, I can't hear no footsteps, where the cops at? Where I'm supposed to run when this trunk gets cracked? Wait, where my girl at? As a matter of fact Why ain't we pulled off and left

without a trace? Why didn't I listen when she said,
"Baby wait"? Why did I see disgust when I look into her
face? Why didn't I learn when I caught my first case?
When will the oxygen run out in this truck? When won't I
have to prove I ain't no punk? When will the OGs catch a
body for once? When will I get a chance to smoke this
blunt? How could I think of gettin' high right now? How
could I do this to my woman and child? How did I end
up livin' life so fowl? Never thought the glory would
burn me, that's how The fire within burns close to the
heart Keeps the live shit and the emotions apart God
forbid you mix passion with thought Cause then you're
only askin' for the drama to start The cycle never ends
while we live in denial And wonder what it is to make
the kid so wild Who, what, where and when, why and
how But the answers to the those questions don't
matter now Chorus [x2]

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