

Slug & MURS

"Revisiting the Styleetron"

Visit "[Revisiting the Styleetron](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Go [x9] Chorus: [x9] Go On and on Verse One [MURS] I grab the mic like my name was on it And spit the fly game to get the ladies goin' I'm a superfly southern California MC Makin' earthquakes shake and shape destiny [Slug] I'm like X, Y & Z I stick by the back door Let it go free, that's what the track's for My jobbie job is to rock a party Taught your mommy to karaoke La Di Da Di [MURS] We blowin' up But the flow is so rough That the mainstream suckers won't notice us But so what? Who gives a damn? Bout to change the whole world with this mic in my hand [Slug] Yeah Make you stand up Big and tall Pitch the ball And I promise I'ma hit it y'all And when it falls I'll be around the bases My clothes in a suitcase My phone and some toothpaste [MURS] This is my life [Slug] I'm runnin' this show [MURS] Everybody in the place just loose control! Chorus [Slug] Turn out the lights [MURS] So we can see y'all glow [Slug] Throw your hands in the air if you know you got soul! Chorus [Slug] And it grows And it builds Until it kills from the pills, bills and drum fills Free wheels Spins or sit still Everybody just wanna feel somethin' real [MURS] Deep down, we reach down to touch clowns How to rip it, how to rock it when the beat pounds Sweet sounds, burnin' right through the speaker While I'm lookin' for a chick in nice jeans and tight sneakers [Slug] We the kings of Fuckin' your queens up You can mean mug I just want the green stuff Out in Boise Set the voice free Up in Omaha We make 'em all noisy [MURS] Out in Utah Bringin' you the truth y'all Talkin' Salt Lake all the way to Sioux Falls And while the fiends on the scene do nothing We do damage and make it mean something [Slug] If you feel this shit [MURS] Put a smile on your face [Slug] Put your ass on the floor and burn down this place Chorus [MURS] If you're filthy rich [Slug] Or your minimum wage [MURS] Let me hear you make some noise if you just got paid Chorus [MURS] Now when the cops come Tell them fools to stop frontin' This is our world, y'all don't run nothing Don't reach for your wallet cause you might get shot Screamin' justice and peace till the casket drops [Slug] Huh, We can't stop Huh, it's not an

option So put your hands up You are now rockin' with
the blessed So make it messy About to break the levee
cause the party stays ready [MURS] Now if rich and
famous Or broke and seductive MURS & Slug, the
wrong crew for you to fuck with Brainstorm couldn't
hold the flow in buckets My flash flood warnings Don't
press your luck kid [Slug] Uh huh, North American
characters When I'm on stage It's in my nature to
embarrass ya The pair of us Want to share the rush
Now put two up if you care too much Now [MURS] I love
my job [Slug] I'm puttin' in work [MURS] All the ladies in
the crowd let me hear y'all flirt Chorus [Slug] Felt don't
stop [MURS] Diggin' up the dirt [Slug] Peace to anybody
who's got a 2Pac shirt Chorus

Visit [Slug & MURS](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.