

Slug & MURS

"She Sonnet"

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[Verse One: Slug] Step, you know the rep It crawls and creeps Keep holdin' your breath til you fall asleep From the minor leagues We got no time to bleed You need to open the piece And quit trippin' over both your feet Tie your laces before you try to chase Disgrace don't discriminate It paints any face I've been many places And I made them all to be You on some fire on the roof Yes y'all follow me [MURS] I've been High Plains Driftin' since the 90's Cipher backpack with some weed is where you'll find me I was listenin' to Wu-Tang Tryin' to do the group thang They called us Log Cabin We opened up a new lane From the Life to the Blowed I was there for it Rock Steady, Scribble Jam All the rare moments We been in the game so long But still evolved while all of y'all been singin' the same song So [Chorus: x2] Touch You don't want it Rush You don't want it Broke You don't want it Choke You don't want it None You don't want it Done You don't want it MURS and Slug and Aes And she's on it! [Verse Two: MURS] She told me that she never had someone to listen to Tried hip hop, but it was hard to get into They called her bitch and it was so disrespectful She turned a deaf ear and started bumpin' techno But I apologize And here's a dedication I'm not a saint, but I'm really ain't the degradation Fuck a bitch, love a woman, that's my new motto Yeah I'm ignorant But tryin' to be a role model [Slug] Cooled half my life through this home made pipe Took a left, left, left like I know it's right And I'm suppose to give a fuck about what you bout? Isn't it something now? Shut your mouth You buggin' out Me, I know we make 'em go nuts So what You know what? Hold up Don't interrupt the grown ups Get busy DC Twin Cities When she keeps it pretty And your CDs are Frisbee [Chorus] [Verse Three: MURS] The ultimate And we're as dope as it's suppose to get Some say they want a new style Some say they like our older shit Critics threw their darts at my heart And I took it Put it all on my shoulders But it left my back crooked Deep But not broken up Late night hopin' Lost with no cause, got my eyes wide open Schemin' on a dream that's always seemin' to unravel Cause we caught up with the

legions of the demons that we battle [Slug] You ain't an
artist You a scum bag Douche bag Cause when it rains
you keep wavin' some new flag You ain't a critic, just a
giant midget Tryin' to get with any tool to help you
climb that big dick Well, you can hide behind the pride
and guilt Stand still and deny the time it took to get it
built Or illustrate the definition of Hell And shape it into
whatever it takes for you to feel Felt [Chorus]

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