

Murs "316 Ways"

Visit "[316 Ways](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The industry is dead, long live the king
Drop from a head shot and it didn't feel a thing
Woke up this morning with the world in my hand
Money in my pocket, fly girl on your man
On the other hand I could never waste time
I'm a everyday victim of a random hate crime
It's a scandalous game when you handle in vain
Every amateur and lame wanna slander your name
Fake love, fake hugs, fake thugs, fake blood
They turn around and sell it to the public
Like they answers, I'm just so appalled
Especially now I got as much dough as y'all
And I ain't never had to kill nobody, never had to sell
coke
Spend it while you can 'cause we all go to hell broke
This morning had the world in my hands
So I gave it to the meek but y'all wouldn't understand
I got an army of the righteous to defend me
God on our side so we pray for the enemy
316, 316, 316 ways to kill the industry
Got an army of the righteous to defend me
God on our side so we pray for the enemy
316, 316, 316 ways to kill the industry
316 ways to kill a hater dead
Thou shall not kill so I let 'em motivate instead
Two commandments die and pay taxes
Fight to stay righteous while I'm living in this bracket
Crooks in the castles, profits in the projects
Black man president, still the worlds a hot mess
So God bless everybody trying to do right
Shock G, bless me, I'ma do what I like like
Walk on water, swag on holy
Microphone blessed by the based God, homie
And Ski cooked up this heater
Rising to the top over all these bottom feeders
I don't follow, I'm the leader
I write that og you could keep the re tweeters
So the script's authentic
Hip hop needed love so I put some God in it
I got an army of the righteous to defend me
God on our side so we pray for the enemy
316, 316, 316 ways to kill the industry

Got an army of the righteous to defend me
God on our side so we pray for the enemy
316, 316, 316 ways to kill the industry
And I never fired one shot
Ain't no higher power than the one that I got
No napalm necessary, the rap game's now a cemetery
And I'm dancing on your grave
You was born a free man but died a industry slave
These 360 deals is craze
They call it 360 'cause you trapped in a maze
And I'm amazed by the ignorance
Money made y'all a bunch of million dollar idiots
You still spending money on jewels
I took my money out to Africa to build more schools
And still got enough to take a cruise with my lady
friend
Pull up to your spot in a drop top Mercedes Benz
You see you give then you get back
But I'ma be dead before you lames ever live that
I got an army of the righteous to defend me
God on our side so we pray for the enemy
316, 316, 316 ways to kill the industry
Got an army of the righteous to defend me
God on our side so we pray for the enemy
316, 316, 316 ways to kill the industry

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.