

Murs

"Ease Back"

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[Murs]

Aight...

I'm the sickest with this microphone, nigga better learn it

All them bitch industry niggaz you know I ain't concerned with

See I move thousands hand to hand, even got an increasin # of fans

in foreign lands, Amsterdam, Australia to Japan

All before my sign hit the line that was dotted

The man holdin the golden apple, y'all grapple for the one that's rotted

To the core I've been hard, since 1580

Mack attack nigga I've been scarred, knowin what the fuck I gotta do

Fuckin rockin a spot or two I wanna leave an impression on minds

Like reading "Behold a Pale Horse" for the first time

Expose wack niggaz like secret societies when Murs rhyme

Explore cyphers after I visit, for close encounters with the serf kind

Your nigga thought he was nice, until he heard mine

And the dooper you think you gettin the more you ain't understood the first line

I said learn of my affliction, and how my words wrap around

more niggaz necks than the pictures of the crucifixions Rippin mics when on

Name hold more weight than a 24 inch python

So what'chu gonna do, when Murs-mania run wild on you?

Bringin that crack to your back like the whip in

Castlevania 2

And I'm through, bitch

[Chorus]

When I grab a microphone, all I want is feedback

Energy from the crowd shit a nigga need that

Y'all wanted a change in rap, well fool we be that

And all you bitch niggaz best to ease back

Now when I grab a microphone all I want is feedback
Energy from the crowd shit a nigga need that
Y'all wanted a change in rap, well fool we be that
And all you bitch niggaz best to ease back

[Murs]

Now I write rhymes as dope as Jennifer Lopez
Words, beautify blank paper
Like, top to bottom pieces on skyscrapers
Ain't no stoppin us
Rollin thick like smog through your metropolis
Makin it hard to breathe
When you enter the 20,000 leagues, so stay at your
level and place
Cause amateurs fuckin with the treble and bass
Will get left dead before they make the third pace
See I turn around shootin off at the mouth, like New
Year's Eve
Sayin that shit you just, wouldn't believe
Retrieved from the far corners of my mental space
Leave you shocked like John Travolta once you open up
this mental case
So we happy, as long as fools stop tryin
to come up from the back and attack me, like my name
was Marcellous
And those overzealous we got our blowtorch and pliers
So you for damn sure gonna tell us what we want to
hear
Sorta like my album but "Life is Too \$hort" so I'm tryin
to make one a year
To make y'all niggaz watch what you do like the
Wonder Years
Watch them niggaz you think is down
They only down cause they carryin, a ton of fear
It's been a while since I've relieved myself of that
burden
So I'm makin sure I'm goin all out, until they call it
curtains
While you busy in the man's face shuckin and smirkin
I'll be lurkin in the cut, happy with bein the broke nigga
that I am
It's all about the Washingtons, WHAT?!

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