

Murs "I'm Innocent"

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What up dog? It's Murson
It seems like nobody's trying man
There's kids dying in Sudan and nobody cares man
At least I'm trying, man
Look, don't ever let the fact that you can't be perfect
Stop you from doing your best 'Murs for President'

Unless we try the innocent'll die
You can't close your eyes, keep living in a lie
Look, we not helpless, we not hopeless
Said a prayer for the homie whose locked up and wrote
this

He got to get out and change his ways
While I'm looking for a way to explain these days
It's trying time so I'm trying to rhyme
But so many fascinated with this life of crime, hah

Look, I'm dying to be different, down to die to make a
difference
Music for the movement with a message, uplifting
Went from set trippin' to trips around the world
Opportunities are oysters, you might find a pearl

You can't be scared to take that chance
'Cuz if you rather knock twice then you're late for the
dance
You gotta move with urgency, assert with certainty
Ask me if I'm set to serve, I say, certainly

Higher than the kite, I'm high off life
At the height of my career, a high priest on mikes
I'm anti thug and anti drugs
Brought peace to the party and got anti love

But haters so antiquated, I anticipated
Accepted it internally at night interpolated
He chopped it up and laid it in a session and then he
played it
I wrote, recorded to it, now look what we created

A hot mess, I'm hot off the press

You yesterday's news, dude, you just not fresh
You cold coffee, you wet cigarettes
I'm a shot of Espresso and hot morning sex

Early to rise and the last to fall
The best thing for black youths is the basketball
Word to Kurtis Blow, you gotta know the breaks
And if you don't know your history, I know your fate

Uh, look, been here a minute, be around a while longer
Every rhyme invented, my style got stronger
Grayskull Powers when I spray soul showers
While you battle rap cats, just lay low cowards

Oh, you mad 'cause I'm stylin' on you
Love songs one minute, then I'm whilin' on you
That's the pain, you gotta love and appreciate
I'm a bad man, you silly girls need to get it straight

Hah, small guys, denying this is my world
Your girlfriend call herself a dark skinned, white girl
Got a nice beat, man, come on
He hear me in the sample before he even through the
drum on

Run on sentence, I'm the best period
He pull the track out, I'll black out I'm not hearing it
Nada, nothing, the negative zone
And if you can't do better, you should let it alone, hah

I want it more than you, I want it, I want it right now
I'm wanted in 48 states for this thou
It's sicker than a syringe that's streamlined with
strychnine
Vegan diet, healthy heart and soul with a sick mind

Inclined to flip split minds when I spit rhymes
So go ahead kick yours and hope I don't kick mine
A 50 yard line against the wind through the uprights
While you just choke and can't win 'cuz you uptight

Hah, he came to the game with two emcees
Back when people said you can't make beats on PCs
Internet haters, major labels be damned
Soon produced the full blown threat for the man

Now his phone blowin' up, he can't hold it in his hand
A few months back them fools didn't understand
I was Mary J and Erica, Jean Grey, etc
But the name's 9th Wonder and he crushing all
competitors

I cross train, toss brain fuel on hot tracks
Burn in intelligent infernos, you got that?
I speak clear like the sample is in triplicates
Get every crooked cop in Los Angeles to handle this

Insane, inspired, insider street analyst
Questioning authority who don't know what the answer
is
The voice is proof the choice of the youth
Forensic evidence say the boy is the truth

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