

Murs

"In This"

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[Chorus: scratched 2X]

"Uh-ohh!" .. "We in this, to win this"

{*"Other MC's ain't got a chance at all" - Big L"*}

"Murs" {*"... too advanced for y'all" - Big L*}

[Murs]

I make music unbelievable, inconceivable

To the average MC, those who don't understand

How savage I be M, U-R-S

But so far from PC, 80 gear car drive

512 MB, rip your audio files to shreds

Off the head, when amped to the point

I want every rapper dead, even in sleep mode

Take 'em down by the low without the McAfee scan

When a pen's in my fingers I mack/Mac with my hands

And the game so tight it gets, disc drives open

Cause my CD's RW, {?} type

More advanced than them MC's you say I'm like

A blue pen to encrypt what I say on mics

All day all night, tryin to break down my guard

But you can't crack the cypher of the underground

Gods

Gonna make me {fuck} around and have to pull your
sound cards

[Chorus]

[Murs]

Now am I too dope for mainstream or not that cool?

I'm not bitter I'm just better than these top-ranked fools

While I'm waitin patiently til it's, my turn to rule

It's "The Low End Theory," everything moves in cycles

The way that Kobe Bryant is just ampin like he's Michael

I'm psycho, like those, East coast {niggaz}

Put West coast slang in they flow to make figures

Pop your collar to that one time, for me homey

Cause you can miss a {nigga} with that phony baloney

But I guess it's one love, hip-hop unified

As long as you respect the overage and we won't hoo-
ride

And you can have that one too

Use it as a gimmick to go platinum through
Cause my generation's comin with that brand new
A whole gang of {motherfuckers} who, can't stand you
So, please step aside
Or get yo' {ass} stepped on when we ride

[Chorus]

[Murs]

I be on kamikaze missions, hittin tracks head on
For those who dared to disrespect this culture, that I
bled on
I'm headstrong, I make rash decisions
While I'm spittin pure salt that'll crash your vision
You got the game on lock, then I smash your prison
I make empires crumble when I clash with rhythm
Your whole group straight fruit with no passion in 'em
Yes cash is venom, and we all been affected
But I made the antidote, when I wrote this record
You shouldn't have to be broke, so that folks respect it
You can still be a joke, with the dopest necklace
Just {shittin} on the talent that, you've been blessed
with
Who the {fuck} am I to invoke the message
Haven't been to that level but I hope I'm tested
When I get there I hope I don't, choke and wreck it
So I can go out dope and, most respected

[Chorus]

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