

Murs "Please Leave"

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[MURS]

Alright I'm ready
No, you're not ready
I'm ready, you're not ready
Motherfucker

(Indistinguishable singing)

[MURS]

Now this here's for your spouse or significant other
You were in love with the person, now you hate the
motherfucker
Get the fuck out! Tell 'em to get the fuck out!
You weren't lookin' for love when you met 'em at the
club
Y'all exchanged numbers and went out for some grub
You waited three days then decided to call
Went for dinner and a movie, then a walk through the
mall
All you saw was the physical, a sexy individual
Never had the thought that they would make your life
miserable
A couple more dates, consumate the mating ritual
Soon you will encounter the habitual liar
The sex was so good it set your body afire
But why are you still with this nut?
Every time they come around you get this feelin in your
gut
Wanna tell 'em, "Raise up," but your mouth stays shut
When you stop to think about how good they fuck
An' when the sex gets old you'll wind up stuck
So here's some words of wisdom that'll help you with
the chore
Count up their I.Q. before you kick 'em to the door
It goes:

[Chorus: MURS]

One, two, three, four
I had it up to here and I'm not takin' no more
So get the fuck out! You gots to get the fuck out!
Everybody come on! One, two, three, four
I had it up to here and I'm not takin' no more

So get the fuck out! You gots to get the fuck out!
Everybody!

[MURS]

Now say you have a homeboy who's been sleepin' on
your couch

For weeks on end and he's (words walk em out?)

Get the fuck out! Tell him to get the fuck out!

Now he walks around your house in nothin' but his
drawers

Throws the trash once a week and expects to get
applause

Let him stay at your crib you was down for his cause

He was in between girls, or in between jobs

But it's still no excuse for him to be a slob

Your girl stays mad cause she's cleanin' up behind him

You can't get your calls when he's on the other line an'

You can't get laid cause he has the worst timin'

Knockin' at your door at odd hours of the night

If he does that shit again, you swear to God you're
gonna fight

But you can't kick him out cause it's just not right

He has nowhere else to go, but you're losin' self-control

Wanna kill him in his sleep, God bless his soul

Maybe it's not that bad but it could get worse

So here's a little tip from your homeboy MURS

Before you tell him "Bounce," do a countdown first

It goes:

[Chorus]

[MURS]

Now let's talk about these old motherfuckers on the mic

Who were dope but now are whack and won't leave the
spotlight

Get the fuck out! You gots to get the fuck out!

He had some albums that I loved way back in the day

But as he puts out new shit, the memories begin to
fade

When I heard about the comeback I said "No way!"

I was waitin' on the real, the anticipation built

But with age came degeneration of the skill

So I pushed it to the back of my mind, and hoped in
time

Those fine memories would once again shine

But he just won't stop, even though his album flop

Everytime I turn around his new one's about to drop

Make me wanna take all his old records off the shelf

Cause the man I now hear's a shadow of his former self

So when he stopped on tour, in my town for a show

I played a true fan and was in the front row
As he started doin' classics, then he stopped and said
"No"
We had to say we love the new shit, before he did the
old
I tried to count the countdown, but then I lost control
It went one, two, three, four
I had it up to here, and I'm not takin' no more
So get the fuck out! You gots to get the fuck out!
Everybody come on!
One, two, three...

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