

Murs

"Simple"

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[Verse One] Contain rage on page engage in acts of
lust With the track in thrust In fact the wack I crush and
bust off a shot Too intense to brush off Continue to feel
my presence as this track cuts off An ongoin'
scrimmage With anger's mirror image Much too
graphic for the timid Vivid depictions of me rippin'
myself in half And even I've felt the wrath Of genius
gone mad On bad terms with my inner being Seeing I
could be a little fresher Force myself to study Snatch
the element of surprise from the dresser Movin' on
your fears, the aggressor Can always stand to learn
somethin' Why sit around ignorant? Mind state militant
Can quickly slip into belligerent acts of violent chats
Sittin' across the room silently mad doggin' And
simultaneously servin' you with silent raps Time elapse
See the collapse of commercial rap songs Perhaps I'm
bein' too optimistic But watch 'em make status quo The
well known misfit Tremendous efforts In attempts to
heal the lever that we call society Apply to me Doesn't
the phrase, "Everything is gonna be alright" Don't lie to
me I try to be righteous in the hopes that there just
might be a heaven But I felt like Kurt Create your own
Nirvana and become a Living Legend, givin' seconds to
work And an eternity to enjoy the perks A work off dirt
These nuts so there's more obligation, proceed fun
Pass that pink pack I need one badly Had me Combat
this track No rhythm to be found so adapt Live reel to
reel and ADAT Kill the feel to lay back Why sit around
idle? While niggas is fightin' in the middle of the street
While Roy Jones defends his title Suicidal tendencies
So be sendin' me your money Only fuck with the pink
pack, the strawberries taste funny Use to hate crummy
MC's, but now I see Who am I to judge the next man's
rappin' ability Long as he has some friends to buy his
shit willingly Alright, his shit is wack, it ain't appealing
to me Hell naw, I'm tryin' to tell y'all Keep your opinions
to yourself You don't like the shit Don't pick it up off the
shelf It's just that simple [MURS talking] Punk ass hip
hop motherfuckers. Always talkin' shit Down to criticize
and crita-analyze and... Man fuck all that shit you can
suck my dick. All you wack ass niggas When we see

you in the club, what's up...Fuck naw, suck my dick Said
the b-boy. Windmills and 1990's flare Motherfuckers
need to make good music and shut the fuck up Bitch.
Elusive producin'. Elusive producin'. Elusive producin'.
In the house

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