## MURS "The 8th Samurai"

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M.U.R.S a nigga known to rip a microphone Leave you enthrasted in the zone Much to advanced to clone Master of this urban rhyme science Combined my legendary alliance 9th wonder of the world right after the giant East Oakland California is where we conquer The formula to leave compititions silent See rarely pull that B in emcee Thought i'd give it to u straight At the one eight zero degree And I should be the man Receiving Platinum certificates Cause this shit will get heard a million times Rhymes so intricate heads will have to rewind Sometimes I feel like quiting Until I hear a nigga up there with a microphone bullshitin, I'm like that's koo shut the fuck up If he knew where i was sitting Got a dope Rhyme for everytime A beady touch my lip, an been added to the text For about five years so that makes Eighteen thousand two hundred fifty Dope rhymes just to hit your ear Precise Calculations nigga master the equation Cause mathematics and understanding Rules supreme, so i suggest your ass

Get down with the winning team
and in it seems to be 9
Niggas know when to strike out like Doc Gutton
Once they've met with my mind
So wanting to reach and fuck up
My herbs run average, I'll turn one savage
Raise to let you know
I got a grip of microphones
You still at that Grabbing stage, to have it stage
Hard to kick, like bet money underneath my feet
Your shit hella weak, But so far from sticking me And
these wack
muthafuckers Don't mix
Like music to drive by and way to funky

So these nigga's get ate quick
Couple punk muthafuckers got me thinking Freestyle
battles ain't shit
so my ass is trying to quit, but this rap game
Got to many glitches
For example Underground rap shows
Not enough pussy and way to many bitches

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