

Murs

"The Animal"

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(feat. Joe Scudda, Phonte)

[Verse 1: Phonte of Little Brother]

I heard your style and I beat you nigga
Your whole album I sleep through nigga
'Cuz 'Te's an avalanche so call an ambulance
And tell 'em to pick up ya people nigga
Don't call pharocon to squash it
Better yet call the sheriff
And the coroner's office
Tell 'em there's a dead body
In the corner of Lawson
In Austin, I would proceed with caution
These motherfucka's really think the 'Te done lost it
He sold a couple records now they think he flossin'
But I ain't stopped battling, I just stopped rattling
Off rhymes for free 'cuz y'all were making me
nauseous
Understand fucka I'm gon win regardless
I still got the hunger pains from my apartment
When me and 9th were both splittin' cans of StarKist
Arguing about who LP was the hardest
And a hand full of CD's ready to burn
Some real hip hop for your listening nerves
A year later hooked up with a nigga named Murs
Now everybody play our records for they women and
churn
Jay-Lee got the Eastcoast getting the loot
Living Legends on the Westcoast, ready to shoot
Get ourselves while they call up the troops
Phonte Taylor made for the game y'all just following
suits

[hook]

Aiyyo the animals, ready for war, destined for combat
Play the CD or tape and then rewind that
You want beef motherfucka nevermind that
(And if he owe me money, bitch nigga betta find that)
We animals, ready for war, destined for combat
Play the CD or tape and then rewind that
So let me know where ya mind at? (what!)

[Verse 2: Murs]

Murs 3:16 meets Foreign Exchange

Keep ya ear to the speaker, quit ignoring the names

Welcome to the next level, top floor in the game

Felize done hooked up with a clubbed-out nigga so

Skip the sidekick, I'm a nextel nigga

If I hit ya on the chirp, with a verse you better roger that

Picture word-perfect from the land where the Dodgers

at

Trying to get some money with some pussy on the side
of that

Never have to ask where my killas or my riders at

But when fake gangstas try to find where them dollars

at

Go to any city where there's pretty ma's to holla at

The illest in your state, one on the tour-date

And more-great, than your grandfather's father

'Te I know it gotta hurt a man they stand by the
slaughter

Oughta be locked away when I rock this way

Get rocked on the airwaves but not for play

If my heart should stop and I drop today

I went against all odds and I got my way

[hook]

Aiyyo the animals, ready for war, destined for combat

Play the CD or tape and then rewind that

You want beef motherfucka nevermind that

(And if he owe me money, bitch nigga betta find that)

We animals, ready for war, destined for combat

Play the CD or tape and then rewind that

So let me know where ya mind at? (what!)

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