

# MURS

## "The Dance"

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You didnt think me and El was comin like this  
Def Jux Motherfucker and we run this shit  
Got you all up on your keyboard stunnin and shit  
Oh you got a couple jokes now you funny bitch (HA HA)  
Have you laughin all the way to the bank  
On point make a cut like we holdin a shank  
Got it all up on ya back now you walkin a plank  
Try to do it like this but you drawin a blank  
Do it double time all up in yo face  
Like piranhas when you drop fresh meat in the tank  
Fell off of the game cant keep ya rank  
Mad cause you try to rock sweet but you aint  
Been around no-will shit where crews peel clips  
Niggaz that kill for fun  
Wanna talk that ill shit sayin how you kill shit  
Bullets still in ya gun  
Koolaid in ya veins so now you gotta change clothes  
'cause you pissed ya pants  
Saw me durango said you wanna tango  
Now this is the dance  
Where ya shoes at where ya crew at  
Claim you do gats but you do rap  
What you gonna bust a verse right before the guns  
burst  
Push ya girl on the ground so that you can run first  
Now you about to get rolled up hold up wait  
Just an emcee that was tryin to make cake  
Now you gotta gun all up in ya face  
All of a sudden found god like run and mase  
Thought it be fun to front on tape  
Now you wish you woulda have stuck to drum n' bass  
But you had to be hard on the boulevard  
When you never gang banged a day in ya town  
Try to be a manhuter the streets ain't a jungle gym  
nigga stop playin  
around  
Lay it down

(Chorus: repeat 3X)

This is the Dance!

You don't wanna be late 'cause the moment won't wait  
betta get ya shit straight

This is ya Chance!  
You don't have to be fake with a heart full of hate just  
try to say thanks

Murs fall up on the spot like what up bitch  
Approached the finest girl like shutup bitch  
Than I grab the microphone and I cut up kids  
Like a hot knife straight through a butter stick  
Now i'm in the spotlight about to rock all night  
Shot of tequila than a hot mamacita  
Who said she know to swallow but not margaritas  
Body on point so I follow the leader  
Need more tequila so I swallow the liter  
How can the night get sweeter (cant)  
So I passed out woke up do it again  
Wont neva roll up ya crew in the wind  
High velocity high viscosity slippin right pass your  
animosity  
Fans are constantly, askin me  
Who said what and who has beef  
My crew got stuck in we to musty

So try to weigh it out with the truth laid out (stop the  
gossip)  
Thats just played out theres more to ya life than  
underground rap  
What you waste all ya time and you wanna run it back  
All on the message board runnin ya yap  
At the end of the night only wanted to chat  
Now you know that you got issues  
That early in the morn you should look at some porn  
And jack off right in the tissue  
Than call it a night thats probley the life  
Go to sleep with the girl that you callin ya wife  
Wake up to the same shit different day  
Everybody onto work and they on the way  
Cause we all got bills and rent to pay  
Lent to the earth wasnt meant to stay  
So before i'm gone I wanna make a hit song that'll  
always get some play  
Got the homey el producto workin in the cut so what  
you got to say

(EI-P)

You wanna trace along the pattern of fair please rest  
I wanna pattern how the drum scheme mechanism I.D.  
jux breath commence fresh  
Test the mesh, metal on the chestplate tech  
Better wear the smile right, wanna frown like die right  
With a highlight primal fright in a prime life of a double  
ox razor blade fade like 88'

It's the revenge on the whits and lazerface oh break  
two three  
God to analog monkey not me rock hard and shit  
The radio flyer kit, flyin with a boombox pack wit' clips  
Faggots wanna ratta tat tatter this  
And a PT cruiser he creed lucifer  
Here comes the booster bruiser, betta get used to losin  
movement  
They couldn't move like el, ox, murs, lif or bazooka  
tooth die so useless  
So use this tip that'll have a little truth in it like (poof)  
Deep space nine milli mechanism fist raise the roof  
again  
Who stays on a move that says  
Jukie with a shake ring catapult crawl thru the trenches  
Revelation manufacture eat senses all city  
All compositive battle turn logic pretty  
All the hard edge tomorrow brings heads or home up in  
me come get me  
I'm for this shitty dizzy spinning lawless constant  
progress whose with me  
Fabolous thunder bird word nerd unda that tom pill shit  
Who heard kill quick  
And independent since 96' they still ride ya dick  
I refined the style with wild wit from an era with an  
automan mix  
Community watch groups enlist young kids  
Hit the road skippy  
I don't answer to you george bush or the war time  
commitee  
Dumber than a mongaloid race movin shit  
With a heart of hell's tutelage bruising shit  
Every time you make a move the industry start the new  
movement kid  
I'm not losin bitch  
Essentially on the edge of a generations new  
ruthlessness  
Who's in charge, take me to ya leader man stop the  
foolishness  
Cop the new shit bitch

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