

Murs

"Track 1"

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[Intro] What up though? Guess what? MURS rules the world Everything you touch and see Not a portion of a smidgen The whole fuckin' world is under my jurisdiction No restrictions, my volition From the way I rock the mic you might have had the suspicion that MURS rules the world My new composition aptly titled "Smackin' Rivals" Rap revivals, tappin' spinals, snatchin' vinyl's cause it's spinnable And packed with your essential Hip hop minerals A life time criminal I have to do a show when the energy is minimal And asshole cynical Original with syllable Analog to digital Accumulate residuals Stimulatin' visuals And demonstrate within my flow that MURS rules the world Not just a catchy phrase, a way of life Extreme confidence when I lay this mic Audio orgasms when I deliver to heads Like my 30 minute workout Makin' women shiver in bed Not livin' for bread or livin' for cheese I'm givin' MC's somethin' to measure careers by I tower Sears high While you Grand Canyon low I'm All American, you just a band standin' hoe I man handle flow Bitch slappin' drum kicks Beatin' on every single snare like I'm crackin' drum sticks It's done effortless like mackin' dumb chicks I'ma let you know this son of a bitch named MURS rules the world And there will be no takin' over Makin' douja off the books That makes grown ups stop and look Makin' Grover sing my hooks Cause I'm just that type of nigga Makin' models out of strippers Makin' water out of liquor The miracle man Rule the spherical land With imperial plans All who hear it are fans My material expands the conscious and hardcore Everything you checkin' for Plus a little bit more I reckon I'm the sure shot For hip hop consumers What collection is complete without the world's rightful ruler? Bud Light up in the cooler When I'm chillin' in Tuscan on the southside MURS the man with the mouth as big as all outside Heard some shit by quiet niggas I doubt they down to ride, cause I know many of 'em And plenty of 'em pussy I talk the talk and walk the walk Rap to your motherfuckin' face and I dare you to push me Cause MURS rules the world Oh what you didn't know? It's kinda difficult to miss The person who said

ignorance is bliss wasn't listenin' to this M-U-R-S And
I'm back with a vengeance like a sack on 4th and
inches A little more cocky and a tad bit pretentious A lot
more refined but I guess you'll get used to it Like hittin'
a pay phone with a quarter and dime I'ma dedicate this
album to everyone who cried when they killed Optimus
Prime Bang on every verse like I'm locked in the rhyme
I'm cockin' my mind Ready to shoot the shit with any
individual, group or clique I guarantee they meet they
fate See I put out my own albums, so they can't
recuperate On the low you look for hooks like a fish
pursuing bait But I HATE Verse chorus verse chorus
verse See I'm tryin' to innovate But enough of that for
later Let's get one thing straight Whether you tryin' to
write a rhyme On the net killin' time Backstage snortin'
lines At work on the phone or at home with your girl Just
remember one thing One thing bitch MURS rules the
world {*echoes*}

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