

## Murs

### "Track 5"

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[Intro] [MURS talking] Yes, uh, me personally I just start, just started driving. Congratulations Thank you very much. This song is like for them days you just cruisin', kickin' it with your boys Clowin', whatever. Crenshaw, whatever your little street is, whatever It's like this [Verse One] It's like you sippin' bourbon slow Swervin' low in your seat, nowhere to go The windows low cause the heat, oh what you know? There go your folks right up the street, you slow your roll They all hop in, y'all go and eat, you shoot the breeze On how the homie just got clowned by some B's He spit his game, they shot him down and with ease And now he's makin' up excuses, nigga please This happens every time we out, now close your mouth Always lyin' on some shit, what's that about? We your boys, and we got love no matter what Now put your seat belt on, sit back and shut up! Oooh, turn that up that shit is knockin', that's my cut Two 15's up in the trunk, we ain't no punk Heard us comin' blocks away playin' slump Thought it was an earthquake your heart sunk Look here's some niggas in a Cutlass, what a punk Throwin' up some gang signs, I just ignore it And when the light turns green, I simply floor it Left them suckers at the light feelin' dumb Fightin' over fingers and thumbs, I ain't the one Call me a buster or a mark if you choose it But at least I'll be alive makin' music I said but at least I'll be alive makin' music Bitch, just cruisin' "Baby, let's cruise, away from here" - D'Angelo

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