

Murs

"Track 8"

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[Verse One] Now when I'm not makin' death threats To
Judge Judy I'm at the crib, Guinness and ? of thug
beauty Or maybe it's the club out tryin' to hug cuties A
true MC I definitely love groupies If I had 'em, I'd get at
'em And I mean with a swiftness I need a housemaid
that's paid Best friend/mistress And as for that wish list
Out of a couple of them bitches Some old 32-24-36's
And if that's too vicious I'd probably have to settle For
one dame that's Solid as Gear is to Metal Not a
brainiac, but definitely on my level Someone to ride
with me, like bass is to treble Like me and this mic, like
Lee is to Spike Let me free for the night If I'm keyed it's
alright Cause she'll see my delight And she don't need
me to fight Cause if she is my wife... [Chorus] [x2]
She's waaaay tight The type of dames that I like Way
thick, way bad, way fine, way nice Waaaay tight Is what
I be on this mic Way sick, way raw, way fresh, way hype
[Verse Two] Now you can catch me on the net listenin'
to some shit On MP3, download from PC, then it's
straight to MD See that's how I wreck y'all Tech-nol-ogy
In the game respect me The same way you do your
elders And everything I put out I guarantee a best
seller Even if it goes copper I know my shit is
purchased by the true hip hoppers What's up to Boof
and Topper My booty call numbers, not used before
twelve I dial eight like Rakka See pussy's always best,
after sundown Like a Mike Tyson fight, I'm through
after one round Alright two or three But sex in the
morning? Oh fo' sure not with me Soon as I wake up,
I'm tryin' to start my day A hug then a kiss then I send
you on your (echo) Then I send you on your... [Chorus]
[Verse Three] Way sick, way raw, way tight, way dope
Can anybody in the world do it like this? Nope Way
strange, way off, way warped, way out I'm on some
other shit Fuck what y'all talkin' about Way in, way cool,
way fresh, way hip And anybody thinkin' different, tell
'em suck yo dick Way drunk, way gone, way throwed,
way stuck And if I happen to offend you, you know I
don't give a fuck Way mean, way foul, way raw, way
real And if I say it and it's true Does it matter how you
feel? Wastin' a little time cause there's nothing else to

say Way way And I'ma end it this way (echo)

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