

Murs

"Trevor An' Them"

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Now there's one in hood off Picko or some shit
Through the years it's been the center for a lotta dumb
shit

Lemme tell you about this one trip to the store
Where the early mornin' tints sometime 'round four

I was standing by the magazines readin' a Maxim
When I heard a familiar voice to the the counter dude
and ask him

To empty out the register, naw that can't be Trevor
Excuse me, Tiny T-Bone from the neighborhood gang

Who if his head wasn't screwed on he would lose his
brain

He was with two other dudes, I don't remember their
names

I thought great, it was time for me to shake
But as I headed to the door I heard a voice say, wait

When I turned around, he recognized me and I knew it
I was about to leave that's when that nigga blew it
He lifted up his mask and said, "Hey Murs, it's me
Trevor"

I said "You dumb motherfucker do you use your brain,
ever?"

Never mind, I turned around gave a deuce
Walkin' to the car feelin' like Q in Juice
Remember when he wouldn't barb Liz and let him loose
Anyway here comes this nigga running, big bag of
money

He hoped in ride, I said "You Goddamn dummy
They got yo ass on tape but they didn't see my face
Well, they got my car and my fuckin' license plate
Man get the fuck gone, Murs, why you gotta hate?"

Hate nor love got shit to do with this
You better run for the fives come through this bitch
You know you got to strikes, you better use them new
Nikes
To dodge all them blue lights, he looked and said,

"You right"

Then he bolted up the street once he left my slight
I gave a sigh of relief but that was right before I
peeped
This dumb motherfucker left the bag full of money
Sitting right there on my passenger seat

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