

## Murs

### "Trevor and Them"

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Now there's one in hood off Picko or some shit  
Through the years its been the center for alotta 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?"  
Nevermind, 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 sight 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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