

Murs & 9th Wonder "Murray's Law"

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[Murs:]

And I'm the four-letter word that you don't bleep out
Got a question for you rappers rollin wit'cha heats out
Is this really where you wanna be when Jesus come
back?

Lyin 'bout your life, over beats comin whack?
And you say I'm backpack, cause I don't have a gat
Man I just love life, and I'm dealin with the facts
I'm young, I'm gifted, I'm beautiful and black
And my momma didn't raise no fool like that
I understand that you broke, you tryin to get money
But you don't start gangbangin in your mid-20's
Don't know nothin 'bout the beef, or the gang that you
claimin
You ain't even worth namin!
... But I got a right hook that'll vacate your Timberlands
Take this outside, set it straight like gentlemen
I do feel the music so I kinda respect it
But don't confuse I'll lyrics with real street credit, c'mon

[Interlude:]

Wat'chu gon' do man, ha?
Get knocked out
I'm real official like a referee with a whistle boy
Get it right man
My man Murs yo shut these cats down, holla!

[Murs:]

I got my wallet in my pocket and my money in my sock
Cause that's how it be when it's funny on the block
Like it be on TV when these dummies try to rock
With they secondhand flows like they runnin on a clock
In a one minute cycle, I'm done with the rifles
The tecs, the 9's, the killers, the psychos
... Look, now can we party?
And I want a Shirley Temple cause I don't drink
Bacardis
... But in a minute I'ma probably
Try to holla at a hottie with a, nice shaped body
If she's into what I'm into we should worship at my
temple
I'ma, grind from behind as we wind to the tempo

If she break it down slow, then it feel like mo'
That's a Mayfield line for all of y'all who don't know
All I do is have fun and bring life to the fans
And I, don't need a gun cause I'm nice with my hands,
c'mon

[Interlude:]

Nice with my hands dawg, never seen the floor man
Ask somebody, check the stats!
Murs man, yo get at these fools though
Let 'em know what's good baby, woo!

[Murs:]

We shocked the world last year when, nobody heard of
me
My boy he got skills that's like, musical surgery
Me you know the deal I'm a lyrical emergency
We keepers of the real, just consider us security
Of the world, 9th, somethin like top flight
As long as we in control everything's alright
While the rest will steer you wrong with them songs that
they thought up
I wrestle with these words but I'm never gettin caught
up
... In the drama and the BS
Jumped up out the underground, you know I gotta be
fresh
Rhymes runnin through my mind all day, I press eject
I gotta lay 'em down on these beats cause they need
wreck
Yesssss, I'm back for the title
And I brought an iron fist, just to smack all your rivals
Woulda thought I ran track, the way I ran through my
rivals
Man I swear I'm the truth, slap my hand on the bible
Let's go

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