

Murs & 9th Wonder "Murray's Revenge"

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[Murs:]

I'm a, hood legend, you should feel threatened
Front I'ma show you what's good in a second
The best in the business, I mean what is it?
The dopest MC to walk talk it and live it
A wide bright screen with a blockbuster signature
Every new line I speak should be in cinemas
Champion sound, I win with words
Like you finally talked your girl into sleepin with a
friend of hers
Oh yeah, I'm off on a good one
Momma's so proud of what her boy from the hood
done
Got off the meat and I got my mind right, I
Got out these streets I got my grind like I
Got on these beats I gotta come tight it's
Gotta be me, it's gotta be 9th
Your boy dropped some stuff and it was probably nice
But they need a little help, and a lot of advice
Quit while you're ahead, you ain't seein no bread and
Don't sleep on us, you can sleep when you're dead
And grateful, you didn't live life hateful
Change for the better like the weather in April
Food for the soul, go ahead and grab a plateful
A heart full of hate, is a waste and disgraceful
Uhhhh, don't ingest, turn your stomach
When a brother only wanna see another brother
plummet
Come wit'cha best and you can lose like the rest
Straight shots when I shoot how we do on the West
Yeah!

[Murs:]

You know who we might be, man myth or MC
But Murs sums it up best now, wouldn't you agree?
I, stuck to the plate like it's And1 and straight
Sew the mic around your neck and then bounce it off
your face
With grace, the ace in the hole, replacin the old
Cause the new generation got a taste for some soul
Hold on to opinions 'til I tell you to have one
That mic wasn't hot until the spot 'til I grabbed one

Off the stand now it's off the hook
And when the beat is this nuts, then I'm off the books
Meaning, off the head, freestylin makin bread
And I shoulda been in a movie but I made my own
instead
Still pioneering with this independent hustle
And your mic cord is much too short for you to tussle
For the man that pro like 40-Water, poured in
remembrance
Of every hood soldier that died in ghetto tenements
Innocent 'til proven guilty
Should I die don't look for the dude that killed me
Look for a brighter tomorrow, and in spite of the sorrow
Live every moment to the fullest so your life isn't hollow
And you can holla out my name from the top of the
game
And since you passed homey I promise I'll do the same
For if a soul is avenged through the deeds of a friend
Then success has always been the best form of
revenge
THE END

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