

Murmurs

"Wat Da Hook Gon Be"

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[Intro: Murphy Lee]

Hahaha, yo, yo, yo, yo
You never met a nigga like me
Yo yo, have you ever seen a little dude
Who be doing what I do?
Uh huh, yo whoo!
Let's get at it dog, whoo!

[Verse: Murphy Lee]

Now what goes up, must come down (shiiett)
But we ain't comin' down, it be them same ole' clowns
Aimin' ya pound pretendin' they proud
But when you leave town they go around they runnin'
they mouth (maaann)
They somethin' like a hata man
Talkin' bad about a playa as if I'm not gon' see ya lata
man
You constantly frontin' until you confronted on
If you don't like what's goin' on gwoin to another song
Cause I keep a haa guilty
My cars and my money all alike man, both them filthy
(get it?)
From skimpy and empty to fuel on full
See I be high when my car go Bulls
Obey no rules to school you fools
Schoolboy's err'y where, we're Young Dude news
(maann)
St. Louis like Louis D. Miles and Larry Hughes
And the Young Dude done paid young dudes' dues
dude

[Chorus - repeat 2x]

[JD:] But yo, what da hook gon' be (Uh oh!)
[ML:] See I don't need no fuckin' hook on this beat
(Shiiett)
All I need, is the track in the background
My headphones loud, keep the blunt goin 'round and
I'ma rip

[Verse: Murphy Lee]

The sun'll come out.. tomorrow

And I will never have to borrow
Got my first car when I turned sixteen
Only drove it home outta town limousines
Plus we was broke wit a deal but nobody could tell
So we did what we had to do for "Country Grammar" to
sell
Haha, I stay on my own melodies
Plus I like my Booties and my Boobs like a capital letta
'B'
That's how it be, how it betta be
I preferably ratha have two or three girls in the bed wit
me
Close your errs [ears] ma you ain't heard nothin'
(whaa?)
I always pay ma let a brotha hold somethin'
I'm basically comin' from nothin' to somethin'
When I say nothin' meanin' pocket full of lint and
buttons
(We all we got!) Used to be creative on Halloween (how
you gon'?)
Stop a hotta teen went from nada to a lot of things

[Chorus]

[Verse: Murphy Lee]

People always sayin' man it must be nice
No hi no nothin' not a simple house life
Understand the money's good but I'm still from the
hood
So don't be askin' for no "inch" be expectin' the "foot"
Unless you want a foot (whooh!)
I know a few crooks that can place you where you need
to be put
And it might not cost me playa
Got a Benz peppa interia, paint salty playa
And we all push it, but me I push it real good
Brains blown out, chromed out, wheel real wood
Catch me on ya local derryty
Or in the studio doin' vocals derryty
I'm the same dude that came through wit my crew
Let the girls do me while you do you
And um, all I need is JD beat to be bangin'
And I'll come up wit these verses that I'm usually
slangin'
I be ripping man

[Chorus - to end]

