

## **Murphy Lee**

### **"My Shoes"**

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Yeah, yeah, yeah,

[Chorus]

Now look at me, look at everybody else in the parking  
lot, take a look at my shoes  
Coz I do what I do everybody else talkin' like, take a  
look at my shoes  
And it's amazing how real I am and how lame they are,  
its the shoes on my car, or the shoes on my body?  
I'ma do what I do, whilst you take a look at my shoes

[Verse 1]

Hey rich boy looky here, just got my cutty back,  
Threw some D's on that, Now I want my money back,  
They only 20 inches, and ordered 28 o' those,  
69 Blue wit' new pirelli panty-hose,  
I call her crutches, my car seat,  
Ya see I wake up to a chick so it ain't hard to get up,  
And all ya haters play in tha back, so you can hate me  
from a distance,  
Coz I'm lookin' down on ya boy, Im 28 inches from the  
ground,

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

These ain't comin' out pimpin, naw naw naw,  
You see me dirty now, haters gotta point em out,  
My sneakers stage frighten, sorry they ain't comin out,  
Them camp boys go to jail and I'ma ride em out,  
And I ain't gotta holla at unk, for them to walk it out,  
(walk it out)  
See I'ma real boss, say homie thats real talk,  
I make ya see my vision clear like a tear drop,  
I'm gettin' real gwap, I'm poppin' like pills pop,  
Graffiti shell tones, I'm real hip-hop,  
Now take a look at these, they ain't even been  
released,  
I got em 2 months before they even hit the streets,  
That's thinkin for the future, and everything exclusive,  
Ya money in the bank and still shoppin with the  
boosters,

So while you lookin' stupid, I'm spittin like I'm toothless,  
Pay my respect to Eazy when I got the coupe roofless,  
These dudes think they winnin' all along they really  
losing,  
So St. Louis go on tell em who the truth is.

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Ay yo murph man was homeschooled, clean as a cop  
car,  
Stay in a shop boy, and party like a rockstar!  
Monte Carlo pullin up, parkin lot eye stopper,  
Chrome all on that bitch, look at it I need an eye doctor,  
Fresh pair o' everything, smellin like dough, got the  
hood, paparazzi  
Dirty everybody know me, I'm a St. Louis Lunatic,  
You can call me Dirk, rim burstin with my style,  
See ya lookin like murph, but these shoes hard to fit,  
Might end up blindin ya, my best BMW sittin on onion,  
Now I bet ya never ever seen wheels shinin like these,  
(nooo)  
And I bet ya never seen kicks change colour like these,  
(nooo)  
Now when I'm rollin through my hood, girls wanna  
cruise,  
Dudes all wishin they could walk in my shoes,  
But I'm just doin me and so should you....

[Chorus]

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