

Murphy Lee

"Regular Guy"

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(feat. Zee)

[Intro: Murphy Lee & (Zee)]

(Bloaww, ha haha
Bl-bl-bloaw! heyyyy)
Hello
(Hello)
I'm Murphy Lee
(I'm Zee Lee)
And I'ma muthasuckin L-U-N-A-T-I-C
(Say what?)
Yo, and I'm herrrre
(Cause I'm herre)
Yo, cuz I'm herrrre
(Cause I'm herre)
Yo, yo, I'm bout to tell you what I like

[Verse 1: Murphy Lee]

I wit 5 individuals, they say we not original
We all started Underground like Digital
Now the hatas lookin' pitiful, we humble and un-
spittable
But lyrical we still sh-sh-shit on you
I got a number two, Nelly got her number too
You call a tip, girl we call it a switch-a-roo
We be at Amoco, d's on that Cantaloupe
Wit my folk's pocket full of bread and toast
In my Timb's and coat, do it big in the winter time
Prolly full of Airr Force Ones up outta Finish Line
And I call myself normal, casual or formal
I still be blank like a carnival
But y'all won't let me be, or see
Cuz I'm so D,F that I'm considered a G
I be H-I off J's, K's and L's
Um, M, N, to the O's they can't tell

[Hook: Zee & (Murphy Lee)]

He's a regular guy (I'm can't derryty)
He can't deny (I can't deny neither)
You know he drives a yellow wagon when's he's passin'
by
(You see me rollin' in that thang?)

His pants is always saggin' (ah say wha?)
Got money but he's never braggin' (ah say wha?)
Cause he's not that type (bloaw!)
Party people I'ma tell you what he's like
He's a regular guy

[Verse 2: Murphy Lee & (Zee)]

You see I'm young wit information
I don't Play like Station
Cuz it took education, dedication and patience
To get a record deal, fo reel this aint no fluke
To you, we like a fat dude playin' a flute
Like my granny do in the troop instead of the James
Brown
(Look at all these boys reppin' the same town
Come from the same moms and owe dues
Aunties and uncles, man they went to the same school)
(Yeah..) St. Louis aint that big

Ayyo we stay on the hill and steal a 30 ball to get to the
crib
And I can do it on a quarter tank, a quarter of dank
It's ya home wake up ayyo and baby go to the bank
And I think y'all open up like mail
And if y'all can't tell, Skool Boy normal as hell
So don't let the tv's confuse you
Cuz if you didn't knew, now you knew

[Hook: Zee & (Murphy Lee)]

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Party people I'ma tell you what he's like
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[Verse 3: Murphy Lee]

Yo I'm just, like, you
I aint different from those that think I'm different
Still enjoy fat checks overtime, I'm just like you
I aint changin' for nobody, mixin' up your talent wit yo
hobby
End up wit no jobby, I guess you got personal problems
The bigger you are they start openin' up ya personal
closet
A Ram 150, man still couldn't dodge it, dislodge it
Take advantage derryty, live off ya profits (wow!)

You right, I aint ya average lil' dude
We had the number one song when I was still in school
Shoot, I can say it dude I'm glad that we made it mo
no neva bein in class, song pop up on the radio
And it's a beautiful thang
To turn street money to legal money, and beautiful
change
Yo I gotta use my beautiful brain
And understand when I'm sprinklin' man in my rain

[Hook: Zee & (Murphy Lee)]

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