

Missy Elliott F/ Big Boi , Nicole

"BasikMurs"

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(Murs)

hey whussup this is muthafucking Murs
here with muthafucking basik
you know what im sayin i got a foul ass mouth
but not really givin a fuck this is all freestlye

One tape do it like this no fakes
On the microphone distroy all snakes
In the grass Murs will beat that ass
If it has to come to that type of situation
But i really know that patience is a virtue
But I just might hurt you call it curtains
Pull up a skirt on a few emcees actin
Bitch wanna change off that switch
Like a light 25watt, you ain't that bright
Might get socked in the night
Where i'm from Mint City, where we roam
Come hard over drums
Everybody wants to hum
Some other niggas song, be on the dick
Of other crews too long now wheres your song
At got a whole tape but ain't nobody else
Gonna kick a rap unless they famous
Thats the fool from table of contents
Your whole porpose is aimless
Need to get some shit Condence it
Into one form have a common goal
When I'm bombing soul on this track
Everybody knows my spirt comes intact
Never um post hande or should I say
On strike like UPS I might just incave yo chest
Like this make a casium when i spit this shit
Have your chest doing spasum Fantasium
Like that four with the spikes
Everybody knows i dont sport nike's
Well I really kinda do cause I cant afford
Other shoe They cost to much
Everybody wanna rock the dutch
Or other should I say the British walking
Shit talkers from New York Get cooked
Burnt up, I stay way like pork

How many emcees have said that I've read that
Rap book you had all them rhymes you had
Was wack, Take it like that uh this nigga Murs With a
freestyle verse
with basik
Your whole stlye is wack so face it
This nigga Murs with a freestlye verse
And basik your whole style is wack just face it
Cant Replace it

(Basik)

Cant replace, Cant replace it one on one
This is Basik Yo checking in one two
Watch out for your whole crew
We might do them by the two's
Three's and a hundreds I got you in a tundra
Freezing your toes Basik emcee expose
Superstition, I guess you thought you was Wishing you
was in another
state
I negate no property, Basik emcee afully
All up in all these Emcees
Taking them off stage with a swift kick
You might sling from my dick
Matter of fact You's a trick
Sell you on the coner for two bucks a less
You be selling your rhymes
Like it was two bucks of stress
Just a little bit of style
And a little bit of this
And a little bit of spice here
And a little ingrediant there
Now ima come out then ima start to stare
Mad doggin wack emcees
Ima stomp em with girls clogs
And keeping them cloging up
Like arteries Fool's be swellin up
Thinking they gonna serve me
I think not
I'll put you in my pot
Everythings for 50degrees got it hot
Pull out about four emcees please
Watch me ease of all eww
All these punks never
I'm way to clever
Used to live down the street
>From this fool named Trevor
But he got a little shaddy
So I had to make him not my baby
Had to serve him
And send him on the curb

And send him on the street
And run him over with my Honda Accord
Never Bored
While I soared in the sky
Basik emcee will never die
Im living continuously
Matter of I should say infinitive
You wanna live up dont step up
You might limp back
Watch for the attack
>From me and Murs you've gotta stay dope
If you don't wanna be wack
Thats obvious
Matter of fact Im seein this
Threw the scope of my eyes
Matter of fact i got three of them
Matter of fact i got five of them
Cause im counting my glasses
Kicking many asses
All through Like going slow like malasis
If you want me to slow down the style
Leave a wack emcee
Thinking ima gon get wild
Now wait little child
You might get smacked
you need a pasifire
You a wack emcee you was a lyre
Talkin about you was 10 leauges higher
But 10 leauges lower in the sea
Wanna be me
I bet you wanna clone
You drone
I'm like the bully of the block
Ima take yo twinkies out your lunch box
Then take your money
And put it in my socks
And then walk down the street
With this damn beat
That shit is thumpin
Keep bumpin in the bay area
With my man Murs
Wanna kick a freestyle verse
Leave a wack emcee in a hearse
Now you cursed

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