

Mr. Lif / Murs

"Murs Iz My Manager"

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[Mr. Lif]

Brother Murs with the keys to fame (x3)
Crazy respect, crazy connects
Got me so busy I'm dizzy so what's next?

Look up the in sky
It's a bird, it's a plane
Nah, it's brother Murs with the keys to fame
This guy got crazy respect
Crazy connects
Got me so busy I'm dizzy so what's next?

[Murs]

I got a call from George Bush
Says he knows about your trap
How you put Kanye up to saying all that
Used it as a fool proof scheme to distract
The government from the true political rap
But look, I got your back, Lif
That's what I'm here for
You want, I can throw you on a track with Al Gore
I got him on hold
He's waiting on line one
I can have him drop a verse just as soon as my rhyme's
done

[Mr. Lif]

Nah, son!
He don't write his own shit
This is not a good look
Politicians are crooks

[Murs]

But look, that ain't a reason not to impeach the
president
Plus, Rakim's been trying to reach you at the residence
What, you got your ringer off?
Think you need some downtime?
You know there ain't no rest to this underground grind
(true)
Plus, we got that show in the Caymans

And you ain't even packed yet
And what about the ghostwriting job for Ben Affleck?

I'm your ambassador of kwan
Caretaker of the coif
Telling every single male groupie "step the hell off!"
Marshall Mathers, Shawn Carter, even Andre Benjamin
Call sayin' what an inspiration you have been to them
All they really want is a couple of guest appearances
No more cameos
Take your album serious
You turned down Nikki, Paris and Tara Reid
A dedication to your craft that your fans won't believe
Forget the King magazine girls
No time for silly hoes
Gwen still mad you missed the "Hollaback" video
You gotta call her, Lif
No time for stallin', dude
She seen you at the Grammys
Bitches fallin' all over you

[Mr. Lif]
Yeah!
I had to tell the ladies to chill
Won four Grammys from the strength of my will
(power)
Pivotal, digital maneuver
Yo, Ak!
What did Craig Mack say? (Computer!)
Told you back in '99, none can test
One arm
Earth in my palm
And sun in my chest
When I yawn it's dawn
My tooth chips
Lunar eclipse
Now everybody's running for their limos and whips
My target: the red carpet
The dead market
I'ma have to end this shit the way that it started
That's when I pull out my blade and start slashing
Just my way to say "fuck high fashion!"

How do you remain in the game so long?
Take time off yet return so stong?
Well, I've got something to tell ya'
Nigga, you're gonna need an umbrella
My reigns begins right now and never ends
40 days and nights of sightly sights
We know Lif
And you're not the type he likes

Better teleport, son (Oh!)
Here that nigga comes (Hello!)
What are you doing here?
You've got a synthetic frame and human hair
I've got a cybernetic chest so, yes
I'm pulling the plug
Soon as you glitch
My dome itch
Another revelation presentation
Beyond estimations, guesstimations
Analysis, I'm wild at this
Don't even ask what style this is
You could never even breathe on my styluses
So head back to Skipjacks with that, they're hiring
I burned up the stage, now they need some firemen
I find dissecting your frame and chewing your myelin
Inspiring
And totally tiring
So I'ma rest but I'll be back
And while I'm gone rap niggaz better not slack
I'll eat you like a snack, black
Play Blackjack with Jack Black
Do a no footed Nac Nac
Play Hack Sack
Nah, I'm into football, so fuck that!
Hut one, attack!
So save all the smiling and folklore
I'ma rep hard and keep shit raw

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