

## **Muph & Plutonic f/ BVA, Raph Boogie**

### **"Leave Your Shoes at the Door"**

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[Muph]

Yeah, yeah

Raph Boogie, BVA, Muph & Plutonic

Please leave your shoes at the door

Respect ours and we'll respect yours

[BVA]

Yo Muph & Pluto, you ready?

Let's do this

[Verse 1 - BVA]

It's my house, like a drop in sender

Shoes off, it's also time for dinner

We straight, DIY

Got a home with dog and a house and a room

Where we cooking up these tunes for buffoons

In bad moods too, we're wolves under full moons (rah)

I'm rapping till I break my ribs

Got you staring at eagle's tits

Cobwebs get dusted

Foul mouth, better clean them gutters

My whole cortex fills, filled with clutter

Makes me wanna smash the TV

On the best house on the worst street

Ooooh... like you heavily equipped

While I'ma be like confetti I this bitch

Hard to clean up, floorboards are caved in

Like a holiday rearranging

But the main thing is - the lines in between

It ain't no fun being the king

Unless you've got queen of your castle, c'mon

[Hook - Muph]

This is my house - your space

My freedom - her thoughts

His pressures - her dreams

Our lessons

This is my house - your space

My freedom - her thoughts

His pressures - her dreams

Our lessons

Please leave the shoes at the door  
Respect mine and I'll respect yours

[Verse 2 - Raph Boogie]

Let's go  
You step, and piss and shit  
And come round talking like "Let me in"  
I might call you next of kin  
No don't let them near with that pissed off grin  
You see I got no time  
To hear you whinge then press rewind  
And I can deal with the indifferent moves  
But not all this drama that comes from the booze  
So sit on the patio  
And think to yourself "Man, how I'm gonna let it go?"  
Scratch your head a little, think out loud  
Hell, delve deep like you're way too proud  
Cause you've got a mountain to move  
And you don't seem to drink from the Fountain of Youth  
Life is hard going, don't leave your door open  
Unless you're more hoping, to keep the breeze blowing  
I polish the floorboards and concrete  
With a mental lack of that you can't beat  
It's that stay on track  
Don't knock on my door before I call ya back

[Hook]

[Verse 3 - Muph]

Huh, welcome to my humble homely headspace  
Please leave your shoes at the door with your dead  
weight  
Blueprint projecting a typical male's template  
Breathe, we let the wind's breeze ventilate  
And penetrate the hallway, we let the music resonate  
like all day  
Emulate a court case to house rules, they're my forte  
Shorn, shaved closely, never conform to the ghostly  
sounds  
Of the souls and the spirits that walk this town  
Run round to round the garden path  
Float from the lounge to the harbour's rather large bath  
And after we find the pasture  
Where the grass is greener we can hang from the  
rafters  
Multiple mirrors bring the laughter  
The deckchairs and carpet and crafted  
Obvious the fact there's no chance of departure  
And I rather you start to leave  
The dog turd on the mat, while you follow the lead  
If it's do not disturb - respect that

If it's do not disturb leave a message and I'll get back

[Hook minus last two lines]

[Hook]

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