

Murs & Slug

"Marvin Gaye"

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[Verse 1: Murs]

Now my heart is as pure as Sanyika Shakur
Homegrown in the crips, a gangbangers galore
Set sail for many shores, still a product of war
Shell shocked from the block, rock hard to the core
Though I tried to give you more on this mic when I
spitting this
List some nines, some techs and some abject living
I'ma have that ribbon in the sky wrapped around my
finger
as a reminder of times, kind of when love lingered
Singer, songwriter, smooth talker, street fighter
Hauling heavy words to make the beat seem lighter
I'ma writer of riches rippin, rebelling the system
Repellin rep because I rejected what's in em
Persecution of your peers is the violence of business
So them in-crowd functions, I would never attend them
By myself, backpack, dreadlocks and some denim
I was never deemed down cos I dared to be different
I used to go out to them partys, get weeded and stand
around
Cause I was too nervous to be myself and get down
Now it's no more standing my back up against the wall
I got myself together, now I'm ready to ball

[Chorus]

"Bring out the love in me"
I wake up every morning
My mission: fulfill the dream
I wake myself upon the decision: to kill the scream
To kill the screen
I wake up every morning
My mission: fulfill the dream
I wake myself upon the decision: to kill the scream

[Verse 2: Slug]

I still hear it ringing in my ears when the light's on
Tighten the hold and light the bowl of this pipe bomb
See the dawn, self worth turned to earth
It's my song but I'm still trying to learn the words
Passion excessive, passive aggressive

The first one to strike, the last one to exit
Castles unprotected, capture the princess
Fasten the seatbelt, drive and count the inches
Not so sure mom would be proud
if she knew how many times I've had to hide from these
clouds
Don't really know if Jacob would understand
how daddy uses women to make him feel like a man
Open apology for anyone who follows me
Didn't realise I was a self-made power freak
When I get home I put it back together
Filled up the void, sewn up the sever
And her tears keep raining on the pillows that I pillage
But it's still entertaining alcoholics in my village
And when I'm finished, I'm sitting in silence
Just me in the corner of the room whistling my shit

[Chorus]

Fulfill the dream - to kill the scream

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