

MURS f/ Grover

"24 Hrs. w/ a G"

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[Intro] [Grover & MURS] [Grover] It is my good friend,
MURS [MURS] Aw, shit. What's up fool? How you feelin'?
[G] Oh I am just fine my good friend MURS And what
are you doing with yourself on this bright and sunny
day? [M] Man, I'm just tryin' to do this new song with
Kaos and Thes [G] That sounds like a splendid thing to
do [M] Man, we havin' a little trouble though [G] Awww,
trouble? Wh-what is the trouble? [M] Well, well shit. We
ain't got the motherfucker to sing in the chorus I ain't
got nobody to do that shit. What? Hey fool do this shit
for me c'mon [G] Well, it would be no trouble at all
[Chorus] [Grover] La la la la La la La la la La la
[Verse One] [MURS] Woke about noon, gave thanks
Choose to be amongst the ranks, of the breathin' Which
enhances my chances Of leavin' behind a mark I set 24
hours ago The day devoured slow Whoever calls me
first, basically, decide, how that shit is gonna flow
Maybe it's the crew callin' me to hit the studio To make
some new songs, or a show we gotta do Then there's
option number two My niggas down the block Callin' me
to hit the spot For the 64 session Playin' Bond, bullets
flying, niggas lettin' off aggression Talkin' shit, gettin'
drunk, smokin' weed, sittin' in front of the TV Yeah
that's cool But there's always option number three
Which could be a female And that's when we males
tend to sell out Just the thought of gettin' some pussy
Could change the whole route But I gotta do that new
Legend's song without a doubt And I ain't seen my
niggas on the Dell since the tour let out But for sho' I
wanna see what this girl is talkin' bout But before I
figure any of this shit out (What?) I gotta get some cash
Plus mom let a note for me to take out the trash And
first and foremost a nigga gotta wash his ass Then
proceed to get dressed While I'm sortin' through this
mess Thinkin' I can't hit all three, but I can probably hit
two "Tell me what the fuck am I supposed to do" - KRS-
One [Chorus] [Verse Two] Now this is how I handle the
day First call the homie Jay down at B-Boy Kingdom to
see How many new tapes he needed me to bring in He
said, "Shoot a dub" So I called a girl, I had met at the
club Told her to come swoop me so I can get these

ends After that drop me off on the block Told her she
could have the afternoon, to kick it with her friends
That night she get with me So before she left I made
sure when I paged her She knew where to be
Everything seems to be movin' right on course So I
strolled to the spot and said what's up to the little
homies Kickin' it on the porch Strolled in the house
talkin' shit Niggas quickly picked up the sticks Ready to
get sprayed We played pistols in the basement Of the
Facility, with hand grenades Oh shit, there go my ride I
walked outside, that fool Tom Filled up, just in time
Cause fools is talkin' about playin' some proximity
mines So we hopped in the Buick Headed to the studio
so we can do this new music And when we get there as
usual Everybody else was late Into the recording booth
and I used hella takes So we didn't leave the lab until
some minutes after eight Thought it might be too late
To hit that dip older than me But I paged her anyway
And in fifteen minutes, she was at where I told her to
be She knew no disrespect was intended Plus this girl
knew, that I came, highly recommended And on top of
that she got to peep the new Legends tracks while she
was gettin' blended Hit her off somethin' tight So she
dropped me off at the crib, sometime about midnight A
full days work [Chorus] [Grover & MURS talking]
[Grover] And we'll see you later [MURS] Aye, where's
Grover at? Tell that nigga to quit smokin' that beadie
and come here and do his overdubs Tell him he's on
track two, track two What the fuck you mean you gotta
hurry up and get back to the hood nigga?! Come in
here and do yo shit! Hit that shit right here. Aye, do this
[Chorus] [Ernie] Aye Grover can you come here and
get these drums?

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