Murs and First, fuck you for asking, 'cause you know that ain't right

I just refuse to be plastic for these rappers I don't like
Anger management techniques developed out of spite
Rather kill you with kindness than kill you in a fight
'Cause they fake as fuck, and a waste of space
Besides, fists, not guns, that's a change of pace
I been around the block, got a few dues paid
One of the few rappers left that'll do what I say
Man I'm all about good music, people and progression
I got friends from different sections but the West is where I'm
restin'

What, you tryin's piss me off and put a end to this session?

Man, you heard this is for, c'mon, next question

One hell of a artist, but a fucking drunk

Though he did get the video crackin', I won't front

Yeah, offered to my lap for some head just once

And I coulda got some pussy, but I was too fucked up

No, she never said thanks, my black ass never seen her

That's why I moved on to my new real queen

It's my birthday fool, 316

Plus, the formula for every rap song that you sing...

Priorities man, naw, I'm kidding I'm tryin'a build heaven while the world's still spinnin' This is still the beginning, still unraveling ribbon The mission is to travel for as far as the vision Man for all I know, that shit already passed It's impossible to answer that question asked We didn't you dumbass, go read the mag Me and Ant did one record for beats and laughs Well things felt wrong so we both had to move on No love gone, everyday holds a new dawn Family and friends make it past the front lawn Business is done by the end of the last song No, it's Selena, it's Christina, it's Serena in my car It's the thick line between being a genius and a star Man, fuck that shit I'm just sittin' at the bar Writing these hits about self-inflicted scars From the music, to the bus, to the stage, to the groupies I'm the same as I was back when nobody knew me She's the extra that gets to play the devil in my movies She's around, uptown, sipping a beer smoothie