

Tabletops

¡MAYDAY! & Murs

¡MURSDAY!

Come on, Come on!

Get up, Get up!

Yeah, Yeah!

Jump, jump! What up though, this ¡MURSDAY!

Know the game wanted this in the worst way

Like a nigga tryna fuck on the first date

From the West Coast that's my birth place

L.A., CA, all day I stay in Dodger blue and gray

Do It Big Keep It Strange

All day from the 8-1-6 to the M-I-A!

I'm like ooohh eeee naturally

These muhfuckas all live in a fantasy

Schoolyard MC, no sympathy

I got a bone to pick with they faculty

They ain't a fan of me and my friends

Always bangin' beats on they bench

Wanna keep us under their lens till we burn like ants

Cause we the chosen Give me that table knock

Friends went and had babies and changed the locks

Got a job at a desk where they slave for the checks

And they judged me just cuz I drink a lot

God Damn

See me, Ima be that monster, pray for props

Let em all have paper and race for stocks

All I ever needed was to bang tabletops!

Bang-Bang-Bangin' on these tabletops! Bangin, we bangin, we bangin, we bangin

Bangin, we bangin, BANGIN' ON THESE TABLETOPS! Fuck all y'all it's my turn

In the past year wanna know what I learned

Everybody wanna be the next hot shit

Don't nobody wanna feel that fire burn

Don't nobody wanna work hard now

On the internet feelin' like stars now

But if you got funk then swing monkey

If not then put them bars down Never was a popular kid, a social misfit

I just wrote rhymes and chased bitches

Battle any mothafucka talkin slick shit

Chip on my shoulder size of Texas

That's how I learned natural selection

Skippin' class to go learn my lesson

SP12 and MPC weapons

All became my personal obsession Respect direction

Deck the henchman
Best invention since the next dimension
My venom is a sentiment of sexual tension
I bang out hard when the wenches crept in, the end
This'll be the shit that'll keep em all down lo-pro guessin
Got my knuckles on the table down flexin', stretchin' the words till it fix my reflection
On the verge of a nervous breakthrough
With my crew with a magnum of grey goose
Dodging all the haters and the fake crews
While we take the crown out at paid dues
I'm on Faygo and two shots
With ¡MURSDAY! comin' up to the top
Everybody wanna be the top dawg but ain't never drug
their knuckles on tabletops

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>