

# My Own Parade

## ¡MAYDAY! & Murs

Momma always said, "I was her favorite mistake"  
Poppa said, "I made it", and he's fuckin' amazed  
My sister begging me to get her friends backstage  
Got a key to the city, and a street in my name  
(I think I need my own parade  
I think I need my own parade)  
The club that wouldn't let me in back in the days  
Now the same motherfucker, where they beg me to play  
They said I was a sinner, now they giving me praise  
Got a key to the city, and a street in my name  
I think I need my own parade  
I think I need my own parade  
It's MursDay baby and don't it sound so crazy?  
Come on and hop up on the bandwagon  
Grown men for the win no pants sagging  
It's an All-Souls Processional  
Ain't no question we true rap professionals  
I gotta smash on the radio, feeling so perennial  
Feet on the couch while we talking to arsenio  
Vixen from the video, calling me Emilio  
Burning up a dab while she say she cooking my cereal  
MursDay killing this shit we need our parade  
I'mma park this float out front and let the speakers play  
We let the speakers play  
Until the tweeters are leaking liters of senoritas  
Sweet enough to ease the pain  
Cause you know we gon' slay  
You need a ticket just to kick it, with the sickness  
I be sippin', stickin' meter maids  
So get up and get off your damn barstool  
MD's leading the march, the grand marshals  
You seen us on Youtube with tubas fam  
Ain't no questioning who's who or who's the man  
Was hoping that you dudes would understand  
Ain't no groupies just good dudes with true fans  
You need a huge band when you have huge plans  
To play your theme music and set the mood, damn  
I think I need my own parade  
I think I need my own parade  
Spoils for the winners  
Comps for the dinners  
Drinks on the house

Toast to the heavy hitters  
Got a tub full of Guinness  
And some stars for my ninjas  
A billion for my business  
By the time a player finish  
I'll be damn if I ain't in track to fill a trophy case  
Hungered for success too long and now I gotta taste  
And you can see my ego in orbit way out in outer space  
Brand new Nikes on my feet with automatic lace  
Most of the time I'm movin' Off The Wall  
Type of dude to stop mid verse because I got a call (phone rings)  
What's up girl?  
Ya momma said it's time to come home to show her  
How to put our new album up on her iPhone  
And I clone billions of better vibes in my tone  
Checks up in my mailbox, jack up in my time zone  
Wrek comes expect domination  
MursDay, we're like a never-ending necknomination  
Stacking up the shots for the sport and the fashion  
Now that's what the fuck I call a chain reaction  
Made the top of the food chain  
All without new chains  
Bump in the budget  
Cuz the shit we make is butane  
Hits for all my hitters  
Villas for all my Gorrillas  
Dancing with only Shakiras  
While our enemies all fear us  
I'mma have the whole city offline and  
Marching at my pace  
Hang on every line that I rhyme like monkeys in a cage

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