

K.I.M.

EPMD

Nah, nah, check this out, yo
I grab my dick, spit, hit the blinkers, split
The Dutch Coronas, tokin' irons without permits
Repertoire long faced murderer's the shit
Black Bruce Willis mix tape arsonist

Esquire, for hire, with total rapid fire
Supplier to any Tom, Dick, Jerry Maguire
You chose the right man to get the plan executed
I get the situation happenin' before you shoot it

Flow director, surprise you like guess what?
The hotter I spit I'm trippin' off smoke detectors
Who next up to get dressed up, I don't pop corks
I pop New York with a dot till import

The art then the craft, will split you in half
I'm a Hurricane you a Miller Genuine Draft
While you push a S-Class I'm riding on a giraffe
Uptown, naked, smokin' a bag with hash, check it

Shut your windows and lock your doors
Whores scream louder than Berrymore when I pour
And when me and my crew walk we walk on all fours
Atomic dogs, packed in a black Yukon

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John Blaze, I keep y'all niggaz rockin' for days
Boriquas, to eses, around the ways
My own Mix Tape DJ, I Flex
You don't have a clue when I'm doin ya who is he I gets busy, word up
Come now player look in my eyes you think I'm bluffin'
A five year's span turned nuttin' into somethin'

And don't get familiar, your whole entourage don't be
Feelin' ya, behind your back they straight killin' ya
(Who am I?)
The Ex Head banger bad motherfucker
High on Friday with Chris Tucker
I be a Head banger to my very last breath
Even Jermaine Dupri think I'm So So Def

K A, Shawn Mims, I come from a long line of Geechies
Who didn't care, blow Lo Luchinis
I transform like Spawn, takes no time
For me to get on, to the break of dawn, word

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PMD, the Purple Heart admiral
Blow your spot and left shrapnel
Then escaped in the Benz capsule
Harder than an NFL tackle, back to bite the Big Apple

Southpaw, raw since I was a Sophomore
Before I met Jane in the corridor

The mentals, rapper slash entrepreneur
With more action than Roger Moore

Turn your cabbage into coleslaw, with the four four
Spray Windex on your glass jaw
Shatter it, fuckin' with P is hazardous
Iced out Lazarus started and manufactured this

My Squad's wild like the Manimals on Geographic
Smash you bastards on some crab shit
EPMD's the group the Squadron is the click
Transmit, lyrical grit, time to shift 'cause I'm

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Keith Murray, the holder of the boulder
Lyrical analyst, mental roller coaster flower
Money folder, track blower, MC over thrower
I flow witcha two at a time like Noah

I goes off to the beat, on the edge of reality
And kick rhymes in my sleep and battle mortality
Finally, every dimension know Keith
Y'all egotistical simple minded niggaz is pitiful and weak

I'll give you a G a week for life, if you can defeat me
I kick poetry at a high rate of mortality
At static, lyrical Kraftmatic
Smokin', barkin' like a dog, breathin' like an asthmatic

Lyrical sculpture create fly rap sculpture
Ninety eight Head banger boy, yeah I told ya
Total chaos, helter skelter, run for shelter
Here comes the lyrical brain melter

I be maxin' and relaxin', attractin' action
Flippin' more big ol' words than Jesse Jackson
My shit knock don't it, drive you crazy if you loan it
Man, I feel for my opponents

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