

# Say Word

Def Squad

[ Keith Murray ]  
Its the return of the lyrical lunatic  
Still kickin rough shit  
What you say? Ill slap your stank ass bitch  
I shake and build my craft like an architect  
Teflon style rhymes be Gortex  
With the highness of the ruler on my cock  
All this over hip and the hop bullshit gon stop  
It be Keith not Bill  
Murray not Sweat  
Your polotics be politically incorrect  
We keep it hot like sauce  
Flows be definite like well of course  
Def Squad go off a rough course  
You weak wack niggas cant do me none  
Five hundred radian height I run wit the sun  
Apparently you need to check my pedigree  
And do the knowledge to the s c i e n c e  
Fake ones fear it  
Real ones cheer it  
Cause they all feel me from the wound of the human spirit  
Wit logic and breaches I justify my means  
See you on the scene  
Fuck you up like Tyson did the big screen  
And faggl rock yeah bees like that  
If you kill my dog Im a slay your cat

[ chorus: Def Squad ]  
Say word ( 7x )

[ Redman ]  
Face off wit Castor Troy  
Strap your boys  
Hook yall to answer cant bang half the noise  
Ask Dunkin Hines got my shits twice as moist  
Plus status  
Do it to a T B A for rackets  
Pull out the Vicks 44 cough suppressant  
Then talk about me on HBO cab confessions  
Got a bitch gobanas  
Hangin out the Honda  
She should have thought about no before she smoked my dime up  
I smoke wit the Luniz out in the bay  
Before you get smoked I ask who you wit wit Jay  
Its bizarre hyphen are  
Make mics dissolve  
My penmanship run concurrent wit lightnin rods  
I clap you in the spine when I grab on mine  
You so soft I should call you 101.9  
When I pull out the denim  
And break the call minum  
You stupid I act stupid right along wit ya

[ chorus ]

[ Erick Sermon ]  
I step out the truck like you want somethin

Make you either mad faced you punked up and start frontin  
Fly guy, the type to flash the figure  
Same type who would cold backstab his nigga  
I know you, you a hater  
You might pull a plaug at a concert to stop the crowd motivator  
Your envy is strong  
Outlook is wrong  
Dont compete wit the vet my track recs too long  
Mercedes wack but theyre pumpin the song  
Recitin it word for word when my tune comes on  
Clowns your whole steez is out of bounds  
Your carrying and walkin  
When you shouldnt be talkin  
Bitch him, call Cube and the Mob to lench him  
Call up his pop duke put 5 on his pension  
Theres a few things Ive got to mention  
Def Squad be the name and boys the definition  
Thats my word

[chorus]