

K.I.M. (Keep It Movin')

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 happening before you shoot it
Flow direct-or, 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 til 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, smoking a bag with hash, check it
Shut your windows and lock your doors
Whores scream louder than Barrymore 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 niggas 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 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-Headbanger bad motherfucker
High on Friday with Chris Tucker
I be a Headbanger 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 Camp 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 a 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 entrepeneur
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 overthower
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 niggas 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 Headbanger 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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