

# Anger

Keith Murray

Intro:

It's goona be that it's gonna be that shit

Hook:

Lounge homeboy you in the danger zone (8x)

Verse 1:

Keith murray is this mic phychosis  
I break your best rappers off thousands of pieces  
I'm on some other shit splittin' wigs with my penmanship  
Kick flows harder then the music so feel in your head and chest  
And pass it to the next  
They gave me 5 mic checks and all due respect  
So please fill it up and check the anitfreeze  
Cause this nigga keith drop mad degrees  
I launch tomahawk missles when i talk with permiscuesus  
Intelligence like mr. romp  
From new york unto the world over  
I walk mc's like jesus walked on water  
As my airy frequency reigns through the galaxy  
I easily gets busy and takes 3  
I'm the nicest mc on this side of the pennisula  
Stuck in the perimeter like a ninja

Hook

Verse 2:

The def squad mc's is shittin' on your new transmitters  
Not quitters now forgetters  
Runnin' deep like rivers (word 'em up) what is  
My delivers, which is, givin' crews the shivers  
I'm like a mad scientist with this son  
I concock some shit that'll bust the sun  
I got the stunky funky illest funk flow  
For the glamorous scandalous world of radio  
So how you want? headcreads or ceelo?  
I gets root deep like cavity cretes  
Rockin' motherf\*\*kers directly to sleep  
A tybarrious rebel without a pause for the cause  
And no claws the style is the son of noise  
Peace to the hardcore the outlaw raw  
Bug youngblood thugs, strong as? 64 ounce jugs  
In the realms of the danger

Hook

Verse 3:

Bust the contrast and how i forecast  
Supersonic hyperphonic goin' on that ass paragraph  
With the million dollar bionic metaphoric lyrical math  
Generating off the chronic  
By cooling in the dark path and the drug rath of the ath  
And the ill shit that i craft  
It's labeled as sick logic to the critics of the didicks  
But they don't know the half of the half  
The apperatus status of a maddisist  
I conqure up a new style puffin' ganja, over the hook

Causin' more trama with my mouth then the stealth bomber  
Killing every style in the book  
Like it's goin' outta style tomorrow  
My style is coming from down south and cross yonder  
I drop the dope shit for masses and non-believers  
Like spiral passes to butter finger wide recievers  
As my photo type sound gays leis and hoes my style probe  
To the farthest reaches of the globe  
Payin' dues got me cockin' tools, you f\*\*kin' fools  
I'm rippin' crew and no exception to the the god damn rules  
This is danger

Hook