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Yo this is Keith Murray and Hurricane G with the bom bom zee
Trey deep takin' to the streets
We straight ball hoggin' word up
Niggaz know what time it is
Straight up
Straight motherfuckin' Def Squad L.O.D.
We can stand in the water and can't get wet
Def Squad always got some fly shit on deck
Gloria!
Hey funny, what's up with that money grip, yeah
Get hip to my tune and yo watch me flip
the master, the ultimate funk, freak-er
I'm unique, I got soul out my sneak-er
A dope female, with the fat tail
I never liked college, so yo, fuck Yale!
If you don't know me by now I'm Puerto Rican
(When the track be creepin she be freakin when she speakin!)
The Bad Mamma Jama, still bust the grammar
Fuck the bullshit, let's get legit
Yes me the Hurricane yo I pack skills
So I keep on steppin like I'm doin drills
Hut one, two, charge enlarge
God damn, so don't fuck around with the jam!
Sit back, relax, niggaz and watch me kick it
Don't flex, in my pocketbook I pack a biscuit
I blow your ass out (click click booyaka)
How's that? Now peep the size of my gat
I'm gassed, so motherfuckers kiss my ass
My whole ass; my entire big fat ol' ass!
Keith Murray run this motherfucker! (Hell motherfuckin' yeah!)
Keith Murray run this motherfucker! (Hell motherfuckin' yeah!)
Keith!
The mad matador metaphoric mergers like traffic car tires squeal
Not havin' it, bashin your style I'm somethin' drastic
Biblically, theoretically, practically speaklin' who
want to step in the helm of the realm of the Def Squad crew (Def Squad!!)
I shoot the gift like SWISH drinkin Olde English
Nigga you wish you had the style, more distinguished than this
Pissed ain't the word so observe, how I break
your flow down through science, and kick you to the curb
Firsthand dirt and jungle poetry
You see me, G, we or E and somethin' out this anatomy
Found the words of motherfuckin' technology
(Like that) and we out
It's the bom bom zee, oh yeah
With Keith Murray, and Hurricane G
For y'all that don't know, ya betta ask somebody!
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