

# Herb Is Pumpin

Keith Murray

I gets dumb with the momentum of the drum  
And blow MC's to kingdom come  
The future holds nothing else but confrontation

Murray is a lyric lunatic too  
Boom, I fill the room with the rough rhymes I consume  
My lyrics is too fly for this world, word 'em up yo  
And more famous than the Jheri Curls

My rhymes correspond with the funk beat  
Like infrared correspond with heat  
I'm malicious and vicious, puttin' rappers in stitches  
Yeah, yeah, when I'm rippin' up twelve inches like this

My rap style is a metallic bastard  
That thrives off of battery acid, word 'em up  
I rhyme like I'm hungry over funk beats  
For those who shit where they eat

Reach and your strategies'll be picked off  
Cream puff sweet, I freak the sheek type of speech  
The vital, verbal combat I enlist  
Wraps rappers' brains up into a pretzel twist, word 'em up

When I'm coastin' with the funk style potion  
I leave your notion dead and bloody in the ocean  
I can't be beat, so don't be under that assumption  
I flow as long as the herb is pumpin'

"Yo, what kind of weed is this?"  
"It's the bom bom zee, baby"  
"Yo, this shit is way out"  
"Yo, let's be outta here"

Come and take a ride on my bad side  
You can't f\*\*k with my style 'cause it's pasteurized  
And when I meet my match, I'm tyin' 'em up  
In the bassline and stabbin' 'em in the spine for tryin' to play fly

We got to have it like some hungry dirty stinkin' motherf\*\*kers  
Always actin' wild and stupid like truckers  
Goin' against the grain, barbecuin' niggaz  
In the Purple Rain as my wild brain child style goin' insane

And I'm wild with the usage of a harsh word  
My style of speak is mentally disturbed  
I drug the head more than hallucinogenics with rhymes like these  
On the mic I'm catchy like herpes

Covalent ionically with the mic I combine  
And gain more strength, than a molecule enzymes  
E crack the sticks while I get in the mix  
And kick some fix after prefix after predicates

I take a trip down memory lane  
And kick some shit, that'll bust your brain  
Hit as you should, a real common hood

Not Stephanie Mills but I still feel good  
I take a Phillie Blunt to go and yo  
I flow as long as the herb is pumpin'