

## Pay Per View

Keith Murray

sample repeats in background from redman's "cosmic slop" (4x)  
--> attention passenger's we're on a non-central journey  
To hell and beyond

Hahaha  
Good evening all you blunt smokers  
Welcome to the darksides of def squad  
Where you bout to hear the voices of passione,  
Lbm, kel vicious, keith murray  
Takin you to the legion of dume, and beyond  
This is a pay per view event  
Some shit you wanna hear, yaknahmsayin?  
Let's get ready to rumble, yeah..

When my, funk's mastered like flex  
I touch more earsets than nynex  
Lbm puts words together like triple yahtzee  
Performin open heart surgeries with a hand-grip shottie  
My creepy wisdom mixed with leaky ism splits em  
And attacks the rhythm like an exorcism  
Blood leaks out my ink pen, I start killin  
Stinkin, bitches like ? ? joe rifkind? ?  
(rifkind.. rifkind..) yahh!!  
I strangle angels from a brooklyn angle  
Rectangular mangle (and tango) incur single

P-a-s-s-i-o-n

As the world goes around, I'm breakin down competitors  
Like the predator, niggaz check my metaphors  
(yea, word up) let the bullshit, ride, put the clip inside the steel  
When the verbal starts to peel, motherf\*\*kers know the deal (yeah)  
Like ac/dc (word? ) I'm charged off the energy  
The cipher is my soul psych the soul is my serenity (word up)  
Time and time again I grip the pen with a vengeance  
Disruption of your cypher niggaz label me a menace  
The villain, I'm feelin, another, lyrical combustion  
Eruptin, bustin out my brain (whooh!)  
So ignite the flame it's the lyrically insane  
I, open up the vault searchin for the buried treasure  
With in the brain, increase the measures do whatever

Whatever.. niggaz! k-keith mu..  
Keith what? y'all niggaz don't want it, I get widdit  
Quicker, than a nigga with a piss-bag done shitted  
Niggaz, be like, quit it  
Cause my renditions be expeditions  
For niggaz on them straight looney missions (nigga)  
Funk lord productions be sayin somethin (word)  
For niggaz in the street who wanna fight  
And press charges, I got somethin (bitch)  
Throw that, you could get the bozack  
Cause I leave homicide mummified and all you hoes know that

Right about now, it's kelly kel  
Kel vicious, bout to get.. ill

I make a hundred crews give me enough respect  
Cause my shit got the major funk effect, so check it  
Select it, my rap style be highly respected  
Challenge kel vicious get burnt, expect it  
I'm twenty-one, and I'm a phe-nom-enon  
The def squad, l.o.d. live on and on  
These forty ounce drinkers, drinkers, big drug sellers  
Smellin like a blunt and if you front I'll split your melon  
What's your name? kelly kel, where you from? I'm from c.i.  
What the f\*\*k you wanna know for punk? you ready to die?  
Your biological clock, is tickin while I'm kickin  
Forty ounce dreams of blunts and wishes for you trick-ass bitches  
This is mr. kel vicious with the ill funk flow  
Knockin punks out like my name was riddick bowe

sample repeats in background from redman's "cosmic slop" (to fade)  
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Yo, haha, and that was just like I told ya  
Was gonna be for all them niggaz  
Rockin daisy duke and reebok pumps  
Up in ya, ya tricks