

# Some Shit

Keith Murray

Yo, this shit right here, is some shit, some serious shit

Yo, the fact that I'm down with Def Squad's hard to determine  
Till you see me hoppin' out the coupe with E Sermon  
Or hoppin' out the Keith Murray suburban  
Or hoppin' out the Lex Land with Redman, wildin' and cursin'  
My thought process is mysterious like the lochness  
My furious mindset is complex  
Killin' shit like a carnivorous militant prehistoric monster

Comin' to stomp all over you hip-hop conference  
Landed in an unidentified flying object  
Turn you into an unidentified frying carcass  
The smell of raw flesh make you nauseous  
Acidest arsonist, burnin' your bones to carbon and phosphorus  
My metaphors sting like after haircuts when  
The alcohol is applied to the raw skin

So whoever wanna battle get blasted  
Get your teeth enamel shattered, shitted on like pampers  
You had a bad bitch, I left the back twist  
I stuck my dick in everything from asshole to the nasal passage  
Dug her out all day, then changed my sperm DNA  
Now she got nobody to blame  
I been spittin' raw, what the f\*\*k you think I'm livin' for

Throw me in jail, I'll do a prison tour  
For wannabe hard niggaz, insecure niggaz  
With they heads to big for they neck to support niggaz  
Three in the squad plus me equal four members  
An extra addition for any special force mission, man listen

Ain't these niggaz on some shit  
Keith Murray, Canibus ain't no stoppin' it uhh

Let me draw a brief description of what happened  
I was rappin', niggaz got the scrappin', guns got the clappin'  
Three-fifty-seven degrees I was separated  
Have bullets deflected metal, bodies decapitated  
Gush, a nigga got struck as I look

I caught the next guy runnin' by with the metal hook  
Blew his back open, blood gushed on my face  
A bitch fainted 'cuz she seen I enjoyed the taste  
The case is that I split your melon  
And feed it to the jigga-boos wit fried chicken wings

I'm wildin' for long island, I turned and took Charles Ferguson  
And open fire on any trains now  
You may never know who's in your shadow  
You punk ass niggaz just best stay shallow  
And hollow, if you wanna live to see tomorrow

'Cuz ain't no sun comin' out tomorrow  
Yo, I might do something y'all niggaz might regret like  
Blast you in your face and disregard your vest  
I'm pissin' and dissin' off of recognition and niggaz to listen

Just to let you pussies know how I'm livin'

'Cuz I return like the Jedi, with my dead eye  
Leave niggaz to die, peace to niggaz up in bed-stuy  
Oh-ah, this that type of shit that make them niggaz wanna wet it  
Word up, got me ready to set it

Seems I steps with aggression  
To any bitch who think they nice in this profession  
What? What you think you're wrecking?  
I break your style down to little fragments  
The pain is permanent, so spare yourself the embarrassment  
Buck-fifty 'cross the face

Followed by knife wounds to the chest for you attempt to retaliate  
I noticed all you bitches flows is based around clothes  
But Deja Vu got something for you stankin' hoes  
Studio gangsta bitches I diminish ideas of bringin' beef  
Before the thought even finishes  
I wanna see red, blood from a chicken head

For I wild the f\*\*k out like the grateful dead ha  
This wild style must run in my genes  
Because my sister's in the county  
And my brother just came home from green  
I strike like the black widow, through the underground radio  
Kitto and still stack dirty ditto