

Sychosymatic

Keith Murray

Cowabunga, I'm takin' MC's straight under
You can't see me like Stevie Wonder
Thunderclap full blown roulette style on the microphone
Throwin' your chromosomes like a cyclone

And commercial raps get the gun claps
A whack on the ground of the head with my ill skill raps
I'ma kill me a crazy motherf**ker tonight
Step out the light nocturnal to the night, word 'em up

Tech your sight and put you in fright
And all you wanna fight 'cause my game is mad tight, aight
Yo, E this might be my last album son, hell no
'Cause niggas trying to play us like crumbs nobodies

I'm a f**k around and murder everybody
And get crazy buck wild with the shottie
You couldn't see me if you weighed 500 million karats
'Cause I'm sychosymatic

Ooh, I might lose my cool
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I'm from the dirtiest, stinkiest part of Long Island
But in every corner of the world, my style be whiling
And I'm dead serious even though I may be smiling
I'm the shadier cantagonizing character in back of the hoodie

Coming to get you for your goodies
So if your 2-2-4-5 technozzels, think y'all can creep
But Keith Murray ain't losing no sleep
I'll man handle and dismantle your mandle down to your thorax
On wax with a bloody axe

But on the real for the real, the real I build on Capital Hill
And ill 'cause of skill
Breakin' shit up with degrees like a Count Crackula
In fact the factor is compound fractures
For every action there's a reaction

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We are the world, I'm shakin' and bakin' and takin'
Niggas down to swirls and twirls
I'm runnin' them off the ball like Earl and Pearl
This is a basic general classic situation
Can't nobody see me in God's creation

I steps it up from inspiring expectation
And funk illustrations, you can still justifications
Perhaps you would like me to make the biscuit callap
And make your lungs collapse

You represent, he represent, I represent
The sick bizarre twist is that I torment in my performance
Kickin' brain twitchin' myopic topics
Niggas be like, "Stop it, you got the illiotics", yeah