The Rhyme

Keith Murray

Now for next to little or nothin' I be rippin' up every function With scientifical mad man consumptions
With mass productions of mass conjunctions
I display new ways of MC destruction

'Cause ain't nothin' better than the shit I got
Makin' niggas jump off the roof as roof-tops
I put the hip in hop and the don't in stop and the clips in glocks
When I rock box your block

My hypothesis on this is you niggas better come In terms of my vocabulary quick or get dissed My brain bleeds mental complex feeds Bring it on kid I got exactly what you need

Twisted metaphors to get your ass in star wars I'ma live forever like Bob Marley just because The mad matador metaphor rips the hard core For him and his them and theirs you and yours

And it beez like that sometimes
'Cause I can't control the rhyme
I said it beez like that sometimes
'Cause I can't control the rhyme

I keep it jiggy, jiggy, jiggy, jiggy We keep it be wiggy, wiggy, wiggy 'Cause it be jiggy, jiggy, jiggy And it be wiggy, wiggy, wiggy, wiggy

The most beautifulest vocabulist Be unches phony MC's dead in their esophogaus My analysis is roughly calloused You better practice if you want to challenge this

I'm symbolic to the sun moon and stars You gettin' knocked out the box no matter who you are The funk phat tracks lures you to listen As my vocals been your brain up in the fetal position

Learn a quick lesson of mic aggression So when I walk down the street there'll be no second guessing Now you could walk the walk talk the talk Back burnin' all day but your still fireproof like a ashtray

I'm a scientist in the mix like Plyx Turnin' all you fly Emcees back into maggots Non prop soil watch me bubble and spoil Keep your Grand Royal as you foam like boil

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I played the many thousand roles of street life Showed Whodini that the freaks come out in broad daylight Me and my crew be tight like Lavern and Shirley Rollin' through all ya'lls hoods pullin' all ya'lls fly girlies

Emcee's always bitch, that makes my style all hard
I role with nobody but God and the Squad
Me and my troops we knock the niggas out the sides of dudes
Lettin' the OJ juice lose on phat tracks E-d produced

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