

Yeah

Keith Murray

Yo, Troy, turn me up so I can conduct the disco inferno
Oklahoma aroma, uh
I smell the roof on fire without Parliament
Just Def Squad shit, dig it

Rhymes, I bust be like liquid swords
You abandon ship, real niggas stay aboard, word
I'm flexin', hittin' you in the mid-section
Drop for protection, cuttin' you clean like a 'C' section

I puts it down in my field, I sport a vest
No need for a Brooke Shield
Kneel E, an African boy with charisma
A lyrical giant bigger than Lane Bryant

I'm Super rhymes be Twilight Zone
Warp speed true indeed
Don't forget, boy, I'm still hittin' switches
In my Lexus truck, flaggin' down ugly bitches, word up

Erick Sermon ya'll yeah, yeah
Def Squad ya'll
Flipmode Squad for ya'll

Excitement, my lights be shinin' on niggas
Hit with more enlightenment, yo
The major difference is in many different instances
You could not go the distances

From drinkin' too much Guinesses
Now look at all the witnesses, huh
I told you one thing for sure
When I get down son, I keep it pure

Break the law from here to Arkansas
Focus, I be the mostest, the dopest
Rhyme flow bounce atrocious
Bag of weed, my niggas smoke this, shit

I be stacking in jams, while I be packin' in what's happening
I'm charged with interstate rhyme and trafficking
Rhyme callisthenics will make you see the the Medic
Shit will break you down in order from A to Z like the alphabetics

Yo, yo, just go there practice, the fact is you do not listen
You go get slapped up with a cactus
Ass backwards, fart on mothaf**kas just like BDP
I'm fresh for 9-6 you suckas

Yeah, yeah, yeah, Keith Murray now
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, Busta Rhymes
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Now if you know the words then you can surely rap along
Go against the grain and surely get stomped strong
My squad is too high to get over, L.O. is too low to go under

I'll rain on your brain and give you visions of thunder

See everybody loves Keith Murray 'cause I'm on the top
But I know ain't nobody f**kin' with me if I ever drop
It's all about the bread
Spread taught to me by E and Red

Fuck them niggas talkin' out the side of their head
Different day, same shit, I heard a dope beat
But if E didn't do it then you know I can't f**k with it
Here's something that you all can understand

Fuck you coming from the f**k you man
Livin' in drama comma
Trauma bubbling like lava
On site bomber to all wack rhymers

And if you ain't tough don't wear my logo
And if you ain't fly you can't play with my yo-yo
'Cause who's pockets is fattest matters
I'll serve famous Keith Murray's beef curries
Scattered rappers on platters

For tryin', get at us knowing we the baddest
With major operation, mental observation status
I used to love her then I got some common sense
And now it ain't funny, the bitch better have my money, word up

Lace the chronic with the bomb-bah, hash the tye
Blaze 'em up one time for my partner in crime
Who can I on my hip, why? 'Cause niggas trip
Pull a burner, all you know is a murder occurred

A curb server wanna be swerver baller
Got dome call hauled to the mortician for silly ambitions
I'm nice and precise, hard like rock
You shook like dice and pop like glock

All my shit knock the shelves, yo, yo
Witness this nigga ro, trigga flow, digga ho
Niggas ass out, passed out, excessively
Fuckin' with this manic-depression will be the lesson of your life

Spoiled rotten and plottin' and double shottin'
Packin' always rapping but smacking a lot of action
I am the in house smelling like contraband
In demand, your mic in hand, seriously as a man run it

Ay yo, watch these 5 niggas stand up in the triple pod
Circle back to back, scoping all angles
Why does hip-hop circumference start gettin' tangled?
They drop 1 by 1 in the dark, gettin' strangled

I come fresher than Summer's Eve please
Squeeze your wack-ass amphetamine rhyme drug-related
I'll make sure your loot and your wife and kids are confiscated
The lawnmower Red do damage to circuit breakers

Go ahead and hype them niggas up, let 'em go
Just a blow from the invincible will show 'em I'm original
Freeze, I'm like Baskin and Robbin, I'm robbing Haagen-Dazs
And the whole Hit Squad target, ain't nobody f**kin' with me

The potency that I blow from my mouth
Will no doubt would choke Jesus
Travelin' around the world with no Visas or American Express
Just Jamerican excess, ha, can I impose on your cipher?

Been rippin' shows since your moms was foldin' your diaper
Niggas see me up top dolo daily, catch ease 600 V
On the mobile trailin' back to A.T.L.
To swell some more heads with that Long Island sound

That be thicker than cornbreads, money
Jersey tales from from the hood without Sonny
And I know a lot of niggas want me
That's why my blade keep me company
Slice your neck, stick my arm down your throat
Rip out your artichoke