

Keith Murray, On Smash

(feat. Busta Rhymes, Kell Vicious)

[Busta Rhymes]

Yeah, what's up

Busta Rhymes, Keith Murray in this bitch

A busa bus, yeah

Flip Mode meets da Def Squad together once again

2003 muthafuckas, yeah all runin through you

Welcome home Keith Murray (ah thank you baby)

Streets mission nigga, lets give it to em, check it aw yeah

[VERSE 1]

Its Flip mode we be all over da place

Quick to lay niggaz down and lawnmower they face

Fuck your bitch before she go to her wedding

Fuck around and beat you're ass with two sticks just like the number 11

And yo I fuck with your current and I fuck with your spouse

And fuck y'all niggaz up for talkin shit in your own house

We see y'all niggaz bounce and say one

You even got no kind a line a credit in da hood that you from

I keep my doe stacked for them niggaz

Spot faggots everywhere like I keep a low jack on them niggaz

Pretty bitches sprinkle on they chanel

After we fuck em all in da club frontin like they pussy don't smell

Then they call me mister nice guy like Daved Chappelle

How we just be pounding da pussy and makin it swell

Fuck that flip mode never fail how we successfully banish bitch

Niggaz till we see em in hell

[CHORUS x2: Kell Vicious]

Now, guess who's comin through the streets

With heat and fire that make the people

Say that them niggaz got it on smash

You know them niggaz got it on smash

You know them niggaz got it on smash

[VERSE 2: Keith Murray]

Yo it's Def Squad we be all over the place

Hog tie, split your back fold you in a suit case

Yeah it's the Mr. Keith Murray Mr. Beef Curray

Don't worry come thru and crush your burberry hat like blueberry's

And all those waiting the waiting is over y'all

If I don't come wit some sick shit I ain't coming at all

But listen you my brother and I love but you pitiful

And getting in you're ass is so therapeutical

And just think these hoes be trying to prink

When they know teiy look just as stink as hellery swink

And cheating rappers make me madder than M&M

The night he saw kim kissing that Arabian, I ain't go forth

Pistol whip you, catch a case, get probation violate

For smoking more trees than Dionne Warwick

The way I be shittin'on the mic I gotta laugh

And use a whole roll of tissue to wipe m stanking ass

[CHORUS x2]

[VERSE 3: Keith Murray]

Ah yo first of all my rap style is not compatible

When white boys come around they be like yo Kell your shit is radical

My hang 10 surfs up I left them clueless

Not that many MC's out there can do this

This the same old G Darryl mack da ol e

And I don't need your back da Gat can hold me

Ain't state I ain't been without the mac 10

Kell Vics muthafuckin' yeah I'm back again
Now everytime I grab the microphone I set the shit on fire
Cause yo I ain't no joke I'm sharp like barb wire
Machine gun kelly so don't get jelly
Cause bitch you (can put it in your mouth) like Akinyele
You he's fakin da funk take thes nigga home he drunk
Before he wined up in my trunk
I gotta left that will fracture your chest and crack ribs
L.O.D. mutherfucker we gonna see you again

[CHORUS x4]

Yeah, Def Squad, Flipmode, L.O.D., P.T.P
You know we got it on smash
Street niggaz, got the streets on smash
All ya fake ass up there front, we'll come through
Y'all know what to do
Don't worry, Murray vision ain't blurry
Ayo E