

Keith Murray, Call My Name

(feat. "Dr. Trevis")

[Intro: Dr. Trevis]

Ha, ha, ha. This is Dr. Trevis, coming to you live
In this motherfucker, Keith Murray. L.O.D.
From the city niggaz, ha ha ha...

[Verse One: Keith Murray]

Keith Murray's still coming from the north, south, east, west (yes)
Obsessed with my success will make me crack your treasure chest (yes)
Hot tales of terror slip from my lip clearer
Slip up the L.O.D. will be behind you in the mirror
I make MC's go from regular to fantasize
Realize my Squad be categorized
I think the devil's in this beat, fuckin with my speech
Makin me do his dirty work
Makin niggaz kill each other on the streets
Mo murder, mo murder
Make no mistake, baby L.O.D. traditional
Don't make me have to come lookin for you
So, see what I'm sayin and watch your mouth
Cause my motherfuckin Squad hits the streets like a blackout
What is exactly real? What is represent?
I see MC's down and get in my last hits (bitch)
Niggaz be around like "Yeah"
That's what you get for jumping in the ring with a bear

[Chorus: x2]

Call my name and I'll come runnin, gunnin
All ya'll bummin niggaz will get done in

[Verse Two: Keith Murray]

My Squad comes in all shapes, sizes and colors
All you niggaz seem to hate us but your baby's mothers love us
I'm the grand royal, hard to wear and tear
Rap specimen, pissin on all you mere peasants
With virtuality, poetry I successfully
Bring crews agony in virtual reality
See, first I puzzle your brain like The Riddler
Then, I catch you in the gut like Jack the Ripper
I'm the hot mustard dipper, money getter, mic gripper
Wack MC get rid of nigga
I take it to the extreme, and overkill like Dramamine
Y'all niggaz is sweet like jellybeans
Plus I knew your punk ass was soft
I see you in the street, you try to talk my fuckin ear off
I'm the high wrecka, mic checka
Wilin out like Red Hot Chili Peppers

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Keith Murray]

I got def-ly breath control, with sick vocabulary making MC's nervous.
Boy I'll do you plenty
Which MC is in my category, if any, not many
See you thought like Nellie, now you shit like jelly
After the surgeon is finished stitchin up that belly
Niggaz want to get ill, I'll take it to stainless steel
And show em how it feel

You laughin at Keith? You're crying at yourself
Cause beef with Keith is bad for your health
Them bitch ass niggaz tried to catch me for my self
I licked nine shots and jetted off in my Stealth

[Chorus]