

Keith Murray, How's That?

Intro: Redman

Huahhhhhh!

Ha ha, ayyaah, owww owww

Funked out, word is bond, word is bond

Then you ayyyayyyah ha

In the mother, in the motherf**kin house

With a dick in your mouth

Word is bond, word is bond

Verse One: Erick Sermon

I freak a technique Goin Way Back like Just-Ice

And don't think twice because I'm nice

I come from the Mothership unknown to man

With a blunt in my hand, a mic in the other hand

God damn I slam I jam like this

Sure nuff, my rap style is Cold Crush

And plus, I tears the roof off the mothersucker

my brother, fly shit that makes Stevie Wonder

Heyyyy, who can it be now watch out

It's the E live in 3-D with Keith and R-E-D

I gets down for my troops

And I ahh... get-it get-it get-it like Luke

For those, who don't believe my skills get these

I got mad expertise, for all you duck MC's

I'm funky like G Thing my nigga

I wanna know who's up in here, before I pull the trigger

(Is New York up in here? HELL YEAH

Is Def Squad up in here? HELL YEAH

Is NJ up in here? HELL YEAH

The Green Beret's up in here! HELL YEAH)

Verse Two: Redman

Verbally, I sew the brains up like Trapper

John M.D. got nine millis made of lacquer

Count Dracula, back with the, tow-truck with the

Get Biz like Mark fuel-injected like Maximus

My style sicker than an AIDS victim drinkin forty-five malt liquors

I roll the spliff up

The underground, slam, shock like Shazam

Check my Jams get Def when I kick Methods like Man

Computerized Robocop sounds I drop in sequence

Funky to death so ask that old bitch where the beef went

When I do em, I glue em, stick em like Patrick Ewing

My shit bumps like Puerto Rican people moved in

next door, I get raw with the grrrahhhhh!

Call four-one-one cause I'm Ghetto Red Hot

Bo bo bo! Funk Doctor Spock catch a bruise

My style gets respect fifty Muslims

You hang on strings like loose ends, with my hands on the nine

Watch yo nugget bitch, I get busy with mines

(How's that? (cause I gets busy with mines)

How's that? (cause I gets busy with mines)

How's that? (cause I gets busy with mines)

How's that? (cause I gets busy with mines

It's Keith Murray))

Verse Three: Keith Murray

I come rollin in when I see that low flow

Heckuva foe, heard a gun and settled for a metaphor
I'm naive between the sleeves of the sheets
Murderin, who should ever try to f**k with me
Murray word is bond gets it on
And ready to blow any nigga out the cypher of the sniper hype at dawn
Long live Def to the Squad
And we smokin everybody out there, shit it ain't that hard
I brings classic drama microphone enbalmer
Have your momma beg behind bars for your kidneys tomorrow
My murderous apprentice E Dub
Makes hard funk beats that I become part of
When I be like A-E-I-O-U or battle
Niggaz be like who who who who who like night owls
The most beautifullest thing in this world
is I shitted, and y'all was with it dig it