

# Keith Murray, Rhymmin' Wit Kel

(feat. Kel-Vicious)

[Intro:]

Come on, Yeah

[Hook:]

Who you wit? Where you at? [x2]

[Kel-Vicious:]

I'm stanking strong

23 years old now

With the big, bang boogie and the big pow pow

(Ay, yo, you Kel)

Not much, just keepin' it tight

With the Philly Blunt King gettin' high as a kite

I got no time for bullshittin'

I have to start lickin'

Cause niggas get jeal off the shit Kel be kickin'

Get your free head ups, cause I'm seven foot tall

And I ain't scared of none of ya'll

This shit is off the wall

[Keith Murray:]

I be the genie in your lamp, the face on your stamp

the hip-hop rocker stompin' all through your camp

We went from smokin' weed in bullen therapy

to takin' suckers out on national TV

So on and so on, furthermore in other words

We kick niggas heads to the curb

[Hook:]

Who you wit? (Def Squad0

Where you at? (L.O.D.) [x4]

[Kel-Vicious:]

I shook hands with all across the land from here to Japan

Back to the motherland up to Canada

Nigga I&quot;ll Jeru the Damaja

Your rap style is weak and it has no stamina

[Keith Murray:]

Ay yo, this is for the big quzzlers

Gun smugglers, drug jugglers and chelua puffers

Mister Armor to all

You gonna take a fall

For tryin' to walk before you crawl

We'll kick 120 rhymes in 60 seconds

Niggas standing on the sideline feeling disrespected

While I dissected your shit get ejected

I got Kel-Vicious the malicious next to wreck it

[Kel-Vicious:]

We can make this shit hot or we can keep it cool

But as soon as a nigga violate the rules

I get the spot hot quick, (Yo, Kel be illin' and shit)

Cause I be comin' down the block with the pistol grip

With all this violence in the world

How could I not be a crook?

I could stick a nigga up with my mean fuckin' looks

Make a bitch drop her draws

Grab the microphone and pause

There's many casualites of war

Killer Kel is at the door

[Hook]

[Keith Murray:]

I be the mad, mad scientist, mad conquering  
Getting quick dough like off-track betting  
Overall you niggas be dead on arrival  
Meanwhile me and Kel be buggin' off survival  
My supporting cast will bust that ass  
I got a beeper and a phone but you can find me on the Ave  
Y'all niggas definitely ain't got nothing fur us  
We'll take it to the streets on Stallone and Chuck Norris

[Kel-Vicious:]

You can wake up call, I got the intchy finger ya'll  
Can't be sleeping on the block cause that's when I clock  
And it's New Jack City  
Smackig Motherfuckers out like bitties  
Boy your bad, boy your rude, boy our vicious  
Fuck it, niggas get bust now for lookin' suspicious  
I got a 9, pack 9 lives like a cat  
Word is bond, niggas try to bust I bust em back  
And I don't give a fuck about me or you  
I damage your whole family plus your crew