

# Keith Murray, Straight Loonie

(feat. Jamal, Erick Sermon)

[Erick Sermon: doing an Onyx voice]

Testin one two three! Whoa I flow rhymes wicked  
And bust some to keep me uplifted  
It flows to my braincells like from smoke  
I'm no joke, I make an old man croak because I'm loc'  
I'm wild, psychosomatic, I got gats  
stored in my attic, for any crazy bastard  
It's all in the mind, when the E drops a rhyme  
My freakin frame is like a pair of Calvin Klein's  
I drop flows through Customs, and get sniffed out  
like I stole somethin when I'm bustin  
I'm Don of mic with this shit  
I rock on, to the breaker one-nine ya dig??  
Erick Sermon got funk for days, for those who wanna  
backstab me in the back, like the O'Jays!  
Can't get these nuts on the real  
It's gonna be a cold day in Hell before the E drops the steel!  
ARRRRRRRRGH! I still rock with My Adidas  
with Run-D.M.C. and Jay, my niggaz packin heaters  
So get off, get off, and if you want the real scoop  
on the E Double, check the sounds!  
I rise my eyes burnt like cherry  
Get wise to my style more fly than Halle Berry  
I don't know so I'm sayin bye-bye..  
.. until next try!!

Def Squad, is in the house, yo  
Green Beret, is in the house, yo  
L.O.D., is in the house, yo  
Keith Murray, is in the house, yo

[Keith Murray]

And Jesus is a fuckin puppeteer! The devil cut my  
sights off, and I'm runnin wild in this atmosphere  
For mad niggaz it's curtains  
I'm losin my mind, in this biological universe  
In my dreams, I'll be gettin away drivin a hearse  
So when I get to hell, I'm stabbin up the devil first  
and leavin the skull decapitate his ass, catchin wreck  
Rip off his head, and shit down his fuckin neck (bitch!)  
From the little voice in my concious  
I might just leave a crazy-ass unconcious  
And Y, is a crooked letter like my alibi  
A psychic couldn't tell the science of my mind  
This man gets the wealth and y'all can all eat shit and die  
Cause I'ma gets mines, bitch!

West coast, is in the house, yo  
East coast, is in the house, yo  
N.Y.C., is in the house, yo  
Lil' Jamal, is in the house, yo

[Jamal]

Biddi-bla-ba-ba-ba, how ya like the Squad now?  
I'ma come down to represent the juveniles  
I kick styles that niggaz can't fuck with  
Cause when I come down I cold wreck the whole shit  
Now who the fuck wanna see Jamal I fades em all  
And any nigga that step up, he's sure to fall  
Now I come down to be the illest, the realest  
Any nigga that step up, I'm ready to peal his  
cap, sit back relax and dwell on the shit

Cause I be the illest little kid I'm ready to rip  
Any motherfucker that wanna step nigga  
I'll let you know where the weapon is kept, how the fuck you figure  
that you can fuck with me, I be the illest B.G.  
Bustin from Philly, chillin up in Cali  
Sally from the Valley fucked me and she burned me  
So you know I got the illest and I earned my props B  
Fo sho' I'm ready to rip any MC who step  
and let them know where the weapon is kept  
you punk bitch, and I hit a switch  
Any motherfucker step I dump him in the ditch  
Trick!