

# Keith Murray, Take It To The Streets

(feat. 50 Grand, Ron Jay)

[Intro:]

You better recognize what. Snatchh your fuckin' head from your neck. Word up it's the cold blooded sin. Strickly murder. Legion of Doom 94. Word 'em up this is how we do that shit. Techs to your record son. Shit. Fuck that shit. Word 'em up that how we're always been.

[50 Grand:]

Yo check it, I feel the vibe like Shanet  
Collaborate on niggas brains and bend you ass like a Sinne'  
My death sentense is danger  
I black out like Joe Ripken niggas hittin' the floor like the chamber  
The sick authorist transmits for no repent  
And activate the plan the Pentagon inelligents  
So listen close like musical chairs  
The L.O.D. is deep then the niggas Under The Stairs  
I crack million dollar script like an archetict  
And execute like the chair when I inflict death  
I got the creepiest slang in this galaxy  
And wreck the industry so mysteriously  
Coming with the funk from beneath I creep straight for juggelars  
And twist rap caps for all you motherfuckers  
Walk the bloody streets with 19 shots in the lueger  
Niggas be scared to face 50 Grand like Medusa  
The shit I produce is like gin and juice when it blend  
Scenes from Toni Braxton you'll Never Breath Again  
I rhyme without ability to reason, niggas is guilty of treason  
Who's to blame but the Legion to the Doom

[Hook:]

With punk niggas we got beef so  
(L.O.D. about to take it to the streets)  
On the mic we definatly got beats so  
(L.O.D. about to take it to the streets)

[Ron Jay:]

Roy Jay go the wickedest mystic magestic flow  
From a homicidal clique, Yo E make that psycopathic mix  
I hits for the hecks or the shit that causes conflict in the script  
Beeotch my style set on fire to touch Venus  
My soul seeks the universe while I'm sleepin'  
I'm creepin' makin' myself develop with the chronic  
Electronic Million Dollar Man the mic bionic  
So you can feel it in your nerves when I blast off into the suburbs  
Conduct like ? with electrofying words  
I freak to them suicidal tracks break backs  
Niggas scarred fakin' fuckin' heart atttacks  
Oooh when I'm comin' through the crowd  
Niggas want static yo I got the gun pazoow, wizoow, word up

[50 Grand:]

I got the slaughter for your brains drive you insain  
Fuck that shit

[News Interlude]

[Keith Murray:]

The moderation incobation of my creation  
Is instantaneously with my vocabulation accumulation  
Trust me as I bust thee, lyrical homicidal shit from Keith Murray  
If I had 24 hours to live and one wish  
I wouldn't wish for no damn lifesavers  
I'd start going wild like Larry Davis

The funk speach vicalante from the L.O.D.  
Gets funky freakly and freaky fluently  
And deep as Greek mythology on level Z  
Theres six million ways to die  
And eight million stories in the naked city and all them shits are lies  
So I keep my wittiest ironist hidious  
Psychosis bloodiest flow decitious  
Comin' from out this orbit deep space 9's wiggle my shit  
Meltin' crew down like synthetic acid  
Come half steppin' fession' through a section  
And get the midsection of your brain drain  
With mad man expression, no quesion and no second guessin'

[Outro:]

Yo 40 dreams and blunts for witches. Yeah that's what we got for them  
niggas. Yo lets get on it get off it. L.O.D. we won't forfit.  
A-yo check it out. L.O.D. is the niggas man. A-yo put your money where your  
mouth is at nigga yeah. I have you rockin' dazie dukes and Reebok pumps  
nigga yeah, yeah. L.O.D. style for 94 yeah and it's on