

Keith Murray, Yeah

(feat. Erick Sermon, Busta Rhymes, Jamal, and Redman)

[Verse One: Erick Sermon]

Yo Troy, turn me up so I can conduct the disco inferno
Oklahoma aroma (uh)
I smell the roof on fire without Parliament
just Def Squad shit, dig it
Rhymes I be like liquid swords
You abandon ship, real niggas stay aboard (word)
I'm flexin' hittin' you in the mid-section
Drop for protection. Cuttin' you clean like a "C" section
I puts it down in my field. I sport a vest
no need for a Brooke Shield kneel
E, an African boy with charisma
A lyrical giant bigger than Lane Bryant
Su-per rhymes be twilight zone warp speed true indeed
Don't forget boy I'm still hittin' swithes
In my Lexus truck, flaggin' down ugly bitches (word up)

[Verse Two: Busta Rhymes]

Erick Sermon ya'll yeah, yeah, yeah. Def Squad ya'll yeah, yeah, yeah.
Flipmode Squad ya'll yeah, yeah, yeah. Excitement, my lights be shinin' on
niggas. Hit with more enlightenment (yo). The major difference is in many
different instances. you drinkin' too much Guinesses. Now look at all the
witnesses (huh). I told you one thing for sure. When I gets down son, I keep
it raw. Break the law from here to Arkansas. Focus, I be the mostest, the
dopest. Rhyme flow bounce atrocious. Bag of weed, my niggas smoke this. Shit
I be stacking in jams. While I be packin' in what's happening. I'm charged
with interstate and trafficking. Rhyme calisthetics will make you see the the
Medic. Shit will break you down in order for to make M.C.'s like the
alphabetic. Yo, yo just go there practice. The fact is you do not listen.
You go ahead and get slapped up with a cactus. Ass backwards, fart on
mothafuckas just like BDP. I'm fresh for 9-6 you suckas. Keith Murray now.

[Verse Three: Keith Murray]

Yeah, yeah, yeah (Word up). Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah Busta Rhymes. Yeah, yeah,
yeah, yeah. Now if you know the words then you can surely rap along. Go
against the grain and surely get stomped strong. My squad is too high to get
over. L.O.D. is too low to go under. I'll rain on your brain and give you
visions of thunder. See everybody loves Keith Murray 'cause I'm on the top.
But i know ain't nobody fuckin' with me if I ever drop. It's all about the
bread. Spread taught to me by E and Red. Fuck them niggas talkin' out the
side of their head. Different day same shit. I heard a dope beat but if E
didn't do it then you know I can't fuck with it. Here's something you all can
understand. Fuck you coming from the fuck you man. Livin' in drama comma.
Trauma bubbling like lava. On site bomber to all wack rhymers. And if you
ain't tough don't wear my logo. And if you ain't fly you can't play with my
yo-yo. Cause who's pockets is fattest matters. I'll serve famous Keith
Murray's beef curries. Scattered rappers on platters. For tryin' get at us
knowing we the baddest. With major operation, mental observation status. I
used to love her then I got some common sense. Now it ain't funny, the bitch
better have my money (word up).

[Verse Four: Jamal]

Lace the chronic with the bomb-bah. Hash the tye, blaze 'em up 1 time for my
partner in crime. Who can I on my hip (why) cause niggas trip. Pull a burner
all you know is a murder occured. A curb swerver wana be server/ baller. Got
dome call hauled to the mortician for silly ambitious. I'm nice and precise,
hard like rock. You shook like dice and pop like glock. Amy shit knock the
shelves (yo, yo). Witness this nigga ro, trigga flow, digga ho. Niggas ass

out, passout, excessively. Fuckin' with this manic-depressive will be the lesson of your life. Spoiled rotten and plottin' and double shottin'. Packin' always rapping but smacking a lot of action. I am in the house smelling like contra-band. I demand your mic in hand, seriously as a man run it.

[Verse Five: Redman]

Ay yo, watch these 5 niggas stand up in triple pod. Circle back to back, scoping all angles. Why does hip-hop circumference start gettin' tangled? They drop 1 by 1 in the dark gettin' strangled. I come fresher than Summer's Eve please. Squeeze your wack-ass amphetamine rhyme drug-related. I'll make sure your loot and your wife and kids are confiscated. The lawnmower Red do damage to circuit breakers. Go ahead and hype them niggas up, let 'em go. Just a blow from the invincible will show 'em I'm original. Freeze, I'm like Baskin and Robbin I'm robbing Haagen-Dazs. And the whole Hit Squad target ain't nobody fuckin' with me. The potency that I blow from my mouth. Will no doubt choke Jeeesus. Travelin' around the world with no Visas or American Express. Just Jamaican excess (ha!). Can I impose on your cipher? Been rippin' shows since your moms was foldin' your diaper. Niggas see me up top dolo daily catch ease 600 V. On the mobile trailin' back to A.T.L. Swell some more heads with that Long Island sound. That be thicker than cornbread (money). Jersey tales from from the hood without Sonnnny. And I know niggas want me. That's why my blade keep me company. Slice your neck, stick my arm down your throat. Rip out your artichoke.