

## **Random & K-Murdock**

### **"World Tree"**

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[Verse 1] My methods take heads back like Sam  
Beckett Respected for the angle I bring to the game So  
my name resonates and reverberates Play the game till  
I get the service ace, like the murder rates My intellect  
gained me a lot of respect But you haters need a  
muzzle for the side of your neck If you're about  
progress, we gotta connect Tax cats like funds coming  
outta your check See we try to get that global acclaim  
take over the game Have the whole world knowing the  
name Kyle put the beat on, so Ran put the heat on  
Reppin' till infinity and beyond, we on Another level like  
7th gen, we never been Scared to forcefeed cats that  
medicine Plug your headphones up then let us in We  
used to get it in, blowing on connector pins [Chorus] it  
started with the roots then we take it to the trunk  
Branches to jazz to punk rock to funk The seeds are the  
leaves that blow through the breeze And thus the  
completion of the world tree (2x) [Verse 2] I'm like colt  
seavers, but don't tote heaters Don't smoke neither,  
cd, no features Left the block and beat all the odds  
Who's the boss? I left Jon Charles in charge So we felt  
the growing pains, took the slower lanes Give me a  
break? I'd overdose Novocain Perfect strangers, I  
never did know her name Now we bosom buddies,  
cause family matters Moonlighting as a 30 something  
rapper It's a different world, they say you wont be a  
factor Cause the rap game's like a full house  
Everybody wants a dynasty since the greats rolled out  
The wonder years are long gone You need a New Heart  
to compete or you gotta strong arm We got family ties,  
life goes on Knotts Landing on the dome, but we still  
hold on [Chorus 2x] In the beginning, it started with the  
DJ He looped the breaks so we could hear the beat play  
And while it played, the b-boys danced And the  
poppers popped and left the crowd in a trance  
Eventually the parties started to grow And they needed  
someone to control the flow A cat picked up the mic,  
and that's when it happened He started scatting and  
later it was called rapping Then it got bigger than they  
ever imagined It turned into street education and  
fashion, and Now the little shorties say it all the time

And a whole bunch of them swear they know how to  
rhyme But the mystery, is the history And with it than  
we could see consistency Cause back in the days it was  
all good fun Might mention a gun, but nobody had one  
And now they say its out of control A tree grew in the  
Bronx and it spread across the globe Too big to knock  
it, too thick to chop it Tell me who profits, we can't even  
stop it [Chorus 2x]

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