

Spam

"On Smash"

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(Busta Rhymes)

Yeah, what's up

Busta Rhymes, Keith Murray in this bitch

A busa bus, yeah

Flip Mode meets da Def Squad together once again

2003 muthafuckas, yeah all runin through you

Welcome home Keith Murray (ah thank you baby)

Streets mission nigga, lets give it to em, check it aw
yeah

[VERSE 1]

Its Flip mode we be all over da place

Quick to lay niggaz down and lawnmower they face

Fuck your bitch before she go to her wedding

Fuck around and beat you're ass with two sticks just
like the number 11

And yo I fuck with your current and I fuck with your
spouse

And fuck y'all niggaz up for talkin shit in your own
house

We see y'all niggaz bounce and say one

You even got no kind a line a credit in da hood that you
from

I keep my doe stacked for them niggaz

Spot faggots everywhere like I keep a low jack on them
niggaz

Pretty bitches sprinkle on they chanel

After we fuck em all in da club frontin like they pussy
don't smell

Then they call me mister nice guy like Daved Chappelle

How we just be pounding da pussy and makin it swell

Fuck that flip mode never fail how we successfully
banish bitch

Niggaz till we see em in hell

[CHORUS 2X] (Kell Vicious)

Now, guess who's comin through the streets

With heat and fire that make the people

Say that them niggaz got it on smash

You know them niggaz got it on smash

You know them niggaz got it on smash

[VERSE 2] (Keith Murray)

Yo it's Def Squad we be all over the place
Hog tie, split your back fold you in a suit case
Yeah it's the Mr. Keith Murray Mr. Beef Curry
Don't worry come thru and crush your burberry hat like
blueberry's
And all those waiting the waiting is over y'all
If I don't come wit some sick shit I ain't coming at all
But listen you my brother and I love but you pitiful
And getting in you're ass is so therapeutical
And just think these hoes be trying to prink
When they know teiy look just as stink as hellery swink
And cheating rappers make me madder than M&M
The night he saw kim kissing that Arabian, I ain't go
forth
Pistol whip you, catch a case, get probation violate
For smoking more trees than Dionne Warwick
The way I be shittin'on the mic I gotta laugh
And use a whole roll of tissue to wipe m stanking ass

[CHORUS 2X]

[VERSE 3] (Keith Murray)

Ah yo first of all my rap style is not compatible
When white boys come around they be like yo Kell your
shit is radical
My hang 10 surfs up I left them clueless
Not that many MC's out there can do this
This the same old G Darrly mack da ol e
And I don't need your back da Gat can hold me
Ain't state I ain't been without the mac 10
Kell Vics muthafuckin' yeah I'm back again
Now everytime I grab the microphone I set the shit on
fire
Cause yo I ain't no joke I'm sharp like barb wire
Machine gun kelly so don't get jelly
Cause bitch you (can put it in your mouth) like Akinyele
You he's fakin da funk take thes nigga home he drunk
Before he wined up in my trunk
I gotta left that will fracture your chest and crack ribs
L.O.D. mutherfucker we gonna see you again

[CHORUS 4X]

Yeah, Def Squad, Flipmode, L.O.D., P.T.P
You know we got it on smash
Street niggaz, got the streets on smash
All ya fake ass up there front, we'll come through
Y'all know what to do
Don't worry, Murray vision ain't blurry

Ayo E

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