

Terror Squad F/ Big Punisher

"Radio"

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"word" - Slick Rick

Intro:

Rock on. All my peoples up top rock on. All my peoples
down low rock on. All
my peoples on the left rock on. All my peoples on the
right. Word up. Def
Squad rock on.

Verse 1:

Well it's the supersonical ginintonical
Ask your chronicles splatter crews all you hear is ahh
and ouhs
Time to face the music bring you down to Earth like
Poppa Smurf
I'm worldwide like on the web in your turf
With full fledge rap pack with anxiety attacks
For those that thought I wouldn't be back
With that bone chillin' horror killin' all on goin' drama
Save the rah rah for your mama
Bragadoshis prone to static
Come through the jam and wreck the mic by force of
habit
Tantalizin' make you feel good like cryin'
I can't be dissed so you can stop tryin'
And Keith Murray will prevail
So you can eat a shit sandwich and go to hell

Hook:

I got the skunky funky illest funk flow
For the glamorous scandalous world of radio
"now this song is from all of us to all of them" (x2)

Verse 2:

Yo I throw the beat up in the cobra clutch
Hit it with the Midas touch
Dig up in the mic just like a gold rush
Never ran never felt the need to run
They know not to come cause they all get some
I'm still fabulous still mackadoshis
My dj still cut it the closest

So who's an error when's a never?
I melt through your butter leather
And then I splatter through your Gucci sweater
Deep as a river in a ragin' flood
I come with open arms showin' nothin' but love
Comin' less than zero modern day hero
Deliver hot shit just like Dominos
Keep it movin' or get it on
Cause money talks and bullshit runs the marathon
word is bond
Non stoppin' mic shockin' bottles poppin'
Word up son you we keep it rockin'

Hook

Verse 3:

I'm like a character and my life is a movie
Groupies step to me
Do me
Try to sue me
Because I make a record got money in a car
I'm a star?
Naw naw naw that's bullshit paw
In the black range look ya never ever worry
Parked in the front I hear voices sayin' "That's Keith
Murray"
The name of the game is fame
You know the price you recognize the God like Christ
Masses of posses packed up schemin'
Ladies love me they keep on screamin'
Expressin' all the feelin' of the world today
Some might listen to my music and try to say
Nothin' other than "Yo this shit is dope"
And in the everyday life struggle Murray goes for broke
From day to day month to month year to year
I swear I tear any mic any stage anywhere
I be the standards of which excellence is measured
So for me to rock all day it'll be my pleasure

Hook

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