

## Gerry & The Pacemakers

### "Call My Name"

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Intro: Dr. Trevis

Ha, ha, ha. This is Dr. Trevis, coming to you live  
In this motherfucker, Keith Murray. L.O.D.  
From the city niggaz, ha ha ha...

Verse One: Keith Murray

Keith Murray's still coming from the north, south, east,  
west (yes)  
Obsessed with my success will make me crack your  
treasure chest (yes)  
Hot tales of terror slip from my lip clearer  
Slip up the L.O.D. will be behind you in the mirror  
I make MC's go from regular to fantasize  
Realize my Squad be categorized  
I think the devil's in this beat, fuckin with my speech  
Makin me do his dirty work  
Makin niggaz kill each other on the streets  
Mo murder, mo murder  
Make no mistake, baby L.O.D. traditional  
Don't make me have to come lookin for you  
So, see what I'm sayin and watch your mouth  
Cause my motherfuckin Squad hits the streets like a  
blackout  
What is exactly real? What is represent?  
I see MC's down and get in my last hits (bitch)  
Niggaz be around like "Yeah"  
That's what you get for jumping in the ring with a bear

Chorus: repeat 2X

Call my name and I'll come runnin, gunnin  
All ya'll bummin niggaz will get done in

Verse Two: keith Murray

My Squad comes in all shapes, sizes and colors  
All you niggaz seem to hate us but your baby's mothers  
love us  
I'm the grand royal, hard to wear and tear

Rap specimen, pissin on all you mere peasants  
With virtuality, poetry I successfully  
Bring crews agony in virtual reality  
See, first I puzzle your brain like The Riddler  
Then, I catch you in the gut like Jack the Ripper  
I'm the hot mustard dipper, money getter, mic gripper  
Wack MC get rid of nigga  
I take it to the extreme, and overkill like Dramamine  
Y'all niggaz is sweet like jellybeans  
Plus I knew your punk ass was soft  
I see you in the street, you try to talk my fuckin ear off  
I'm the high wrecka, mic checka  
Wilin out like Red Hot Chili Peppers

Chorus

Verse Three: Keith Murray

I got def-ly breath control, with sick vocabulary making  
MC's nervous.  
Boy I'll do you plenty  
Which MC is in my category, if any, not many  
See you thought like Nellie, now you shit like jelly  
After the surgeon is finished stitchin up that belly  
Niggaz want to get ill, I'll take it to stainless steel  
And show em how it feel  
You laugin at Keith? You're crying at yourself  
Cause beef with Keith is bad for your health  
Them bitch ass niggaz tried to catch me for my self  
I licked nine shots and jettted off in my Stealth

Chorus

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