

Kansas

"Yeah"

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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
alphabetics. 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 ocured. 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 ciphers? 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
Sonny. 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.

