

Keith Martin

"Herb Is Pumpin"

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I gets dumb with the momentum of the drum
And blow mc's, to kingdom come

"the future holds nothing else, but confrontation"
(from public enemy's "apocalypse '91")

woman screaming

Murray is a lyric luna-tic toc
Boom, I fill the room with the rough rhymes I consume
My lyrics is too fly for this world (word em up yo)
And more famous than the jheri curls
My rhymes correspond with the funk beat
Like infrared correspond with heat
I'm malicious and vicious, puttin rappers in stitches
(yeah yeah) when I'm rippin up twelve inches (like this)
My rap style is a metallic bastard
That thrives off of battery acid (word em up)
I rhyme like I'm hungry over funk beats
For those, who shit where they eat
Reach, and your strategies'll be picked off
Cream puff sweet, I freak the sheek type of speech
The vital, verbal combat I enlist
Wraps rappers' brains up into a pretzel twist (word em
up)
When I'm coastin with the funk style potion
I leave your notion dead and bloody in the ocean
I can't be beat so don't be under that assumption
I flow as long as the herb is pumpin

"yo what kind of weed is this? "
"it's the bom bom zee baby."
"yo this shit is way out!"
"yo let's be outta here."

Come and take a ride on my bad side
You can't fuck with my style cause it's ? pasteurized?
And when I meet my match, I'm tyin em up
In the bassline and stabbin em in the spine for tryin to
play fly
We got to have it like some hungry dirty stinkin

motherfuckers
Always actin wild and stupid like truckers
Goin against the grain, barbecuin niggaz
In the purple rain as my wild brain child style goin
insane
And I'm wild with the usage of a harsh word
My style of speak is mentally disturbed
I drug the head more than hallucinogenics with rhymes
like these
On the mic I'm catchy like herpes
Covalent ionically with the mic I combine
And gain more strength, than a molecule enzymes
E crack the sticks while I get in the mix
And kick some fix after prefix after predicates
I take a trip down memory lane
And kick some shit, that'll bust your brain
Hit as you should, a real common hood
Not stephanie mills, but I still feel good
I take a phillie blunt to go, and yo
I flow as long as the herb is pumpin

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