

## Keith Martin

### "How's That?"

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Intro: Redman

Huahhhhh!

Ha ha, ayyaah, owww owww

Funked out, word is bond, word is bond

Then you ayyyayyyah ha

In the mother, in the motherfuckin house

With a dick in your mouth

Word is bond, word is bond

Verse One: Erick Sermon

I freak a technique Goin Way Back like Just-Ice

And don't think twice because I'm nice

I come from the Mothership unknown to man

With a blunt in my hand, a mic in the other hand

God damn I slam I jam like this

Sure nuff, my rap style is Cold Crush

And plus, I tears the roof off the mothersucker

My brother, fly shit that makes Stevie Wonder

Heyyyy, who can it be now watch out

It's the E live in 3-D with Keith and R-E-D

I gets down for my troops

And I ahh... get-it get-it get-it like Luke

For those, who don't believe my skills get these

I got mad expertise, for all you duck MC's

I'm funky like G Thing my nigga

I wanna know who's up in here, before I pull the trigger

[Is New York up in here? HELL YEAH

Is Def Squad up in here? HELL YEAH

Is NJ up in here? HELL YEAH

The Green Beret's up in here! HELL YEAH]

Verse Two: Redman

Verbally, I sew the brains up like Trapper

John M.D. got nine millis made of lacquer

Count Dracula, back with the, tow-truck with the

Get Biz like Mark fuel-injected like Maximus

My style sicker than an AIDS victim drinkin forty-five

malt liquors  
I roll the spliff up  
The underground, slam, shock like Shazam  
Check my Jams get Def when I kick Methods like Man  
Computerized Robocop sounds I drop in sequence  
Funky to death so ask that old bitch where the beef  
went  
When I do em, I glue em, stick em like Patrick Ewing  
My shit bumps like Puerto Rican people moved in  
Next door, I get raw with the grrrahhhh!  
Call four-one-one cause I'm Ghetto Red Hot  
Bo bo bo! Funk Doctor Spock catch a bruise  
My style gets respect fifty Muslims  
You hang on strings like loose ends, with my hands on  
the nine  
Watch yo nugget bitch, I get busy with mines

[How's that? (cause I gets busy with mines)  
How's that? (cause I gets busy with mines)  
How's that? (cause I gets busy with mines)  
How's that? (cause I gets busy with mines  
It's Keith Murray)]

Verse Three: Keith Murray

I come rollin in when I see that low flow  
Heckuva foe, heard a gun and settled for a metaphor  
I'm naive between the sleeves of the sheets  
Murderin, who should ever try to fuck with me  
Murray word is bond gets it on  
And ready to blow any nigga out the cypher of the  
sniper hype at dawn  
Long live Def to the Squad  
And we smokin everybody out there, shit it ain't that  
hard  
I brings classic drama microphone embalmer  
Have your momma beg behind bars for your kidneys  
tomorrow  
My murderous apprentice E Dub  
Makes hard funk beats that I become part of  
When I be like A-E-I-O-U or battle  
Niggaz be like who who who who who like night owls  
The most beautifullest thing in this world  
Is I shitted, and y'all was with it dig it

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