

## Keith Martin

### "Rhyme"

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#### Verse 1

Now for next to little or nothin' I be rippin' up every  
function  
With scientific mad man consumptions  
With mass productions of mass conjunctions  
I display new ways of mc destruction  
'cause ain't nothin' better than the shit I got  
Makin' niggas jump off the roof and roof-tops  
I put the hip in hop and the don't in stop and the clips in  
glocks  
When I rock box your block  
My hypothesis on this is you niggas better come in  
terms of my vocabulary quick  
Or get dissed  
My brain bleeds mental complex feeds  
Bring it on kid I got exactly what you need  
Twisted metaphors to get your shit in star wars  
Live forever like Bob Marley just because  
The mad matador metaphor rips the hard core  
For him and his them and theirs you and yours

#### Chorus:

And it beez like that sometimes  
Cause I can't control the rhyme  
I said it beez like that sometimes  
Cause I can't control the rhyme  
I keep it jiggy jiggy jiggy jiggy  
We keep it be wiggly wiggly wiggly wiggly  
Cause it be jiggy jiggy jiggy jiggy  
And it be wiggly wiggly wiggly wiggly

#### Verse 2:

The most beautifullest vocabulist  
Punches phony mc's dead in their esophogaus  
My analysis is roughly calloused  
You better practice if you want to challenge this  
I'm symbolic to the sun moon and stars  
You gettin' knocked out the box no matter who you are

The funk phat tracks lures you to listen  
As my vocals send your brain up in the fetal position  
Learn a quick lesson of mic aggression  
So when I walk down the street there'll be no second  
guessing  
Now you can walk the walk talk the talk  
Back burnin' all day but your still fireproof like an  
ashtray  
I'm a scientist in the mix like Plyx  
Turnin' all you fly emcees back into maggots  
Non prop soil watch me bubble and spoil  
Punch you Grand Royal as you foam like boil

Chorus

Verse 3:

I played the many thousand roles of street life  
Showed Whodini that the freaks come out in broad  
daylight  
Me and my crew be tight like Lavren and Shirley  
Rollin' through all ya'lls hoods pullin all ya'lls fly girlies  
Emcee's always bitch, that makes my style all hard  
I role with nobody but God and the Squad  
Me and my troops we knock the shit out the sides of  
dudes  
Lettin the OJ juice loose on phat tracks E-d produced

Chorus

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