

Keith Murray **"Danger"**

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It's gonna be that shit, it's that shit

Lounge homeboy, you in the danger zone
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Keith Murray is this mic psychosis
I break your best rappers off thousands of pieces
I'm on some other shit splittin' wigs with my
penmanship
Kick flows harder than the music, so feel in your head
and chest

And pass it to the next
They gave me 5 mic checks and all due respect
So please fill it up and check the antifreeze
'Cause this nigga Keith drop mad degrees

I launch tomahawk missiles when I talk with
permiscuesus
Intelligence like Mr. Romp
From New York unto the world over
I walk MC's like Jesus walked on water

As my airy frequency reigns through the galaxy
I easily gets busy and takes 3
I'm the nicest MC on this side of the peninsula
Stuck in the perimeter like a ninja

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The Def Squad MC's is shittin' on your new transmitters
Not quitters now forgetters
Runnin' deep like rivers, word 'em up, what is

My delivers, which is givin' crews the shivers

I'm like a mad scientist with this son
I concock some shit that'll bust the sun
I got the stunky, funky, illest funk flow
For the glamorous scandalous world of radio

So how you want? Headcreads or ceelo?
I gets root deep like cavity crates
Rockin' motherfuckers directly to sleep
A tybarrious rebel without a pause for the cause

And no claws the style is the son of noise
But peace to the hardcore the outlaw raw
Bug youngblood thugs, strong as [Incomprehensible]
64 ounce jugs
In the realms of the danger

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Bust the contrast and how I forecast
Supersonic, hyperphonic goin' on that ass paragraph
With the million dollar bionic, metaphoric, lyrical math
Generating off the chronic

By cooling in the dark path and the drug rath of the ath
And the ill shit that I craft
It's labeled as sick logic to the critics of the didicks
But they don't know the half of the half

The apparatus status of a maddisist
I conquer up a new style, puffin' ganja over the hook
Causin' more trauma with my mouth then the stealth
bomber
Killing every style in the book

Like it's goin' outta style tomorrow
My style is coming from down south and cross yonder
I drop the dope shit for masses and non-believers
Like spiral passes to butter finger wide receivers

As my photo type sound gays, leis and hoes
My style probe to the farthest reaches of the globe
Payin' dues got me cockin' tools, you fuckin' fools
I'm rippin' crew and no exception to the the goddamn
rules
This is danger

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