

Keith Murray**"Love l.o.d"**

Visit "[Love l.o.d](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Intro:

Yo, I seen them motherfuckers out in the street
Them pussy asses
(Man, fuck them niggas anyway)
Hood rats and those fat, roly polly punks

Keith Murray:

Yo Kel (What up?) yo answer this question
Why are we the nicest in this fuckin' profession?

Kel-Vicious:

Yo, it's um, simple philosophy
Doe, ray, me, fa, so, love L.O.D. (yeah, yeah)
Aye yo 50, (What's up?) answer this question (What's that?)
Why are you the best in your profession?

50 Grand:

Now when I'm creepin' on a bitch M.C.
Doe, ray, me, fa, so, love L.O.D.
Keith Murray (Yo, what's up 50?) answer the question?
(What's that?)
Why are you be the sickest in this profession?

Keith Murray:

I been all around the world hearing the wack M.C.'s
It's doe, ray, me, fa, so, love L.O.D.
(Aye yo) Ask yourself the very same question
Why are we the wickedest in this profession?

50 Grand:

I'm breaking back with Def Squad constantly
Doe, ray, me, fa, so, love L.O.D.
Any nigga want to step, get busy
Doe, ray, me, fa, so, love L.O.D.

Kel-Vicious:

I be the bushwa freaker coming thourgh your speaker
My jams be getting stronger
While your shit be gettin' weaker
Now Kel be playin' kids like the NY Knicks

Taking it to your ass with these rhymes and shit
Cause kids contradict themselves when they be
rhymning
Sounding like shit, off beat with no timing

50 Grand:

Now soon as I touch the paper, see you later
I shut your lights off like a blackout
So hit the circuit breaker
I'm the worst trouble you ever had
Vocab like knife stabs
Comin' wild killin' in a paragrah
Holding niggas ransom, it runs in my blood
Maybe my grandson might be wild like Charles Manson

Keith Murray:

I be the gimmie, the got ya
Been blastin' niggas way before the remix "I shot ya"
The proper hip hopper, fading em in the Palladium
And bustin' each and every nigga, bubble in the Tunnel
After the sunshine comes the rain
Hold up, wiat a minute, let me back up and just explain
I been all around the world
What battle me?
Take this autograph home and give it to your family
All I hear is booty stinkin' ass wack M.C.'s
Stricly doe, ray, me, fa, so, love L.O.D.

50 Grand:

Nigga your life means nothing to me, challenge L.O.D.
The average nigga style sucks like a hickey
50 G, the M.C.'s brain buster, mic crusher
Dirty money quicker picke upper, crew duster
Now that L.O.D.'s up in this motherfucker
Leave a known rapper with Broken English
Like Smooth Da Hustler

Keith Murray:

Some thing make a nigga laugh, make his ass cry
He rolled a seven
I bet it all he turned around and rolled snake eyes
My thinking cap is bigger htan a fuckin' Sade's
Stay all-terrain, rainin' on all parades
The street is my bed and the corner is my pillow
I'll kill your fuckin' ass and for your crew I'll do ditto

Kel-Vicious:

I'll leave a nigga dead, and stinkin' take his soul
Cha-boom, cha-boom fill him up with holes
Natural born killer, iller than the rest
(Where you at?) East coast to west

I keep it real kid, I freak the flow until it's naked
Niggas get panicked and frantic and can't take it

Keith Murray:

I been all around the world

What battle me?

Take this autograph home and give it to your family

All I hear is booty stinkin' ass wack M.C.'s

Stricly doe, ray, me, fa, so, love L.O.D.

Outro

Visit [Keith Murray](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.