

Keith Murray "Radio"

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Word, rock on
All my peoples up top rock on
All my peoples down low rock on
All my peoples on the left
All my peoples on the right
Word up, Def Squad, rock on

Well, it's the supersonical ginintonical ask your
chronicles
Splatter crews all you hear is ahh and ouhs
Time to face the music bring you down to earth like
Poppa Smurf
I'm worldwide like on the web in your turf
With full fledge rap pack with anxiety attacks

For those that thought I wouldn't be back
With that bone chillin' horror killin' all on goin' drama
Save the rah, rah for your mama, braggadocios prone
to static
Come through the jam and wreck the mic by force of
habit

Tantalizin' make you feel good like cryin'
I can't be dissed so you can stop tryin'
And Keith Murray will prevail
So you can eat a shit sandwich and go to hell
I keep [Incomprehensible]

I got the skunky funky illest funk flow
For the glamorous scandalous world of radio
Now this song is from all of us to all of them

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Yo, I throw the beat up in the cobra clutch
Hit it with the Midas touch
Dig up in the mic just like a gold rush
Never ran, never felt the need to run

They know not to come 'cause they all get some

I'm still fabulous still mackadoshis
My DJ still cut it the closest
So who's an error when's a never?
I melt through your butter leather
And then I splatter through your Gucci sweater

Deep as a river in a ragin' flood
I come with open arms showin' nothin' but love
Comin' less than zero, modern day hero
Deliver hot shit just like Dominos

Keep it movin' or get it on 'cause money talks
And bullshit runs the marathon, word is bond
Non stoppin' mic shockin' bottles poppin'
Word up, son, yo, we keep it rockin'

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I'm like a character and my life is a movie
Groupies step to me, do me, try to sue me
Because I make a record, got money in a car
I'm a star, naw, naw, naw, that's bullshit, paw

In the black range look ya never ever worry
Parked in the front I hear voices sayin' "That's Keith
Murray"
The name of the game is fame
You know the price you recognize, the God like Christ

Masses of posses packed up schemin'
Ladies love me they keep on screamin'
Expressin' all the feelin' of the world today
Some might listen to my music and try to say
Nothin' other than "Yo this shit is dope"

And in the everyday life struggle Murray goes for broke
From day to day, month to month, year to year
I swear, I tear any mic any stage anywhere
I be the standards of which excellence is measured
So for me to rock all day it'll be my pleasure

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