

Keith Murray "Say Whaatt"

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One two, one two, Keith Murray and Jazze Pha
Servin' 'em well and as you all know we are crunk as
hell

Woke up at 8:30 on a Saturday morn'
Grab my remote control, cut my stereo on
Got up took a dump as I smoke some trees
And my stomach started growling for some egg MC's

I am hard core heavyweight B-boy flex
Other rappers try to flex but they soft as sex
High heels in the kitchen fixin' me a hot meal
Wipe my ass ran the faucet, then I brush my grill

Jumped in the shower, it was boiling hot
So I stayed there an hour 'cause I like it a lot
Back to my room and throw on some fresh gear
Tank top, white tees and some Nike airs

Then I'm interrupted by the ring on the phone
Def Jam Kevin Liles tellin' me that it's on
Saying Murray meet me, Lyor and Russell
You provide the heat and we'll provide you wit' that Def
Jam muscle

So I said yeah I'm wit it 'cause you know I'm prepared
Put me in proper position and I'm takin' it there
I hung up the phone, went outside
And hopped in the six to bust a joy ride

Yo, dog how many wanna ride wit us and
How many wanna smoke wit us, say what?
Now how many wanna junk wit us and
How many wanna thug wit us, say what?

Now yell if you wanna roll wit us
Yell if you wanna get dough wit us, say what?
Ride smokin', ride smokin', ride
Ride smokin',ride, say what?

One o'clock on the dot is when I hit the block
Sunshine cold beamin' off ya face from my watch

I'm a monsta on these beats also on these streets
Hit the corner then I bumped into some beautiful freaks

They said, "Murray hold up, stop, wait
Hit the brakes rims spinnin' like roller skates"
Conversing with the skeeza's for ten minutes more
Hopped back in the ride and then I slammed the door

Ridin' through your city wit the hard core beat
Stopped by the spot so I can get somethin' to eat
The way I wine and dine people think I do crime
They don't know I'm just a connoisseur of hip hop
rhymes

So I got my meal and I said my grace
Thinkin' 'bout the next millions that I'll soon make
Lookin' at the clock it said deuce square tre
Wit Georgia on my mind I two wayed Jazzy Pha

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I heard you suckas don't like me but I ain't concerned
It must be the pretty bitties or the pay that I earn
I'm growin' and blowin' all up in yo face
Put ya head to the speaker break ya neck to the base

I'm extraterrestrial so expeditious
The first nigga to ever bust a verse on a Lexus
Sucka duck nigga think that they be the man
I don't even say nothin' I just wave my hand

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