Keith Murray "Sychosymatic"

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Cowabunga, I'm takin' MC's straight under You can't see me like Stevie Wonder Thunderclap full blown roulette style on the microphone

Throwin' your chromosomes like a cyclone

And commercial raps get the gun claps
A whack on the ground of the head with my ill skill raps
I'ma kill me a crazy motherfucker tonight
Step out the light nocturnal to the night, word 'em up

Tech your sight and put you in fright
And all you wanna fight 'cause my game is mad tight,
aight

Yo, E this might be my last album son, hell no 'Cause niggas trying to play us like crumbs nobodies

I'm a fuck around and murder everybody And get crazy buck wild with the shottie You couldn't see me if you weighed 500 million karats 'Cause I'm sychosymatic

Ooh, I might lose my cool Ooh, I might lose my cool Ooh, I might lose my cool Ooh, I might lose my cool

I'm from the dirtiest, stinkiest part of Long Island But in every corner of the world, my style be whiling And I'm dead serious even though I may be smiling I'm the shadier cantagonizing character in back of the hoodie

Coming to get you for your goodies
So if your 2-2-4-5 technozzels, think y'all can creep
But Keith Murray ain't losing no sleep
I'll man handle and dismantle your mandle down to
your thorax
On wax with a bloody axe

But on the real for the real, the real I build on Capital Hill

And ill 'cause of skill Breakin' shit up with degrees like a Count Crackula In fact the factor is compound fractures For every action there's a reaction

Ooh, I might lose my cool Ooh, I might lose my cool Ooh, I might lose my cool Ooh, I might lose my cool

We are the world, I'm shakin' and bakin' and takin' Niggas down to swirls and twirls I'm runnin' them off the ball like Earl and Pearl This is a basic general classic situation Can't nobody see me in God's creation

I steps it up from inspiring expectation And funk illustrations, you can still justifications Perhaps you would like me to make the biscuit callap And make your lungs collapse

You represent, he represent, I represent
The sick bizarre twist is that I torment in my
performance
Kickin' brain twitchin' myopic topics
Niggas be like, "Stop it, you got the illiotics", yeah

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