

Keith Murray**"What It Is"**

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Wu-Wu-Tang the-the-the Legion of Doom

Yo!

L.O.D. Killa Beez Wu-Tang

Baby Yeah!

50 Grand Method Man

They say L.O.D. this and L.O.D. that
It's L.O.D. when I walk L.O.D. leaves tracks
You better love L.O.D. L.O.D. won't fail
L.O.D. gang related half a mill for bail
Feds like the soundscan wanna see what I sale
L.O.D. know how to do it big without no mail
And they all wanna see how L.O.D. be wilin'
With the Ticallion Stallion from Shaolin Island

And it was what it is when it was when it wasn't
And if it ain't that Grand what could it be?

They sayin Wu-Tang this and Wu-Tang that
But they don't fuck with Wu-Tang cause Wu-Tang got
straps
Like hos in hair salons boy Wu-Tang got wraps
I'm dope syringe in your arm the boy got tracks (Ya
Heard!)
I'm noddin' on beat, I'm mobbin' on streets, the method
Be starvin' to eat, cigar in my cheek, forget it
The L.O.Ds in here, the Killa Beez in here
If you ain't drinkin' and smokin' you shouldn't be in
here

And it was what it is when it was when it wasn't
And if it ain't that?

They sayin Keith done this and Keith done that
But they don't fuck with Keith cause Murray'll snap
It's the mack maniac rap insaniac
L.O.D skull and cross bone on my back
It's no hassle, you could killed for 500 dollas like
Alfalfa
From the Little Rascals

I'm like the drug that was your worse enemy
Came back to be your best friend
And fried you in the end

And it was what it is when it was when it wasn't
And if it ain't that Grand what could it be?

I crush everything and everyone within my clutch
My speech break bricks in half I'm still out to lunch
L.O.D with the Method we fuckin' with ninjas
Bit with the rap bug caught the influenza
Lyrically I'll air you out, Meth clear you out
You like a mistake when I'm writin' gotta smear you out
I go ballistic on second thought I give you a break
Cut you into little pieces and mail you to every state

We off the meter off the block or straight off the street
We in your party like when pit bulls of the leash
Yes, when Meths with the Legion of Doom
Pack your shit up your life will be leavin' you soon
Picture big dick daddy in a big sick caddy
My hoe even sicker with a big thick fatty
Lord! Somebody pinch me this can't be real
I'm I'll like action flick stars that can't be killed

And I ain't never met a sucker and we got a long
I ain't never smoked no blunt that wasn't too strong
We been D4L before D4L
Rock with the Funk Doc shut down the whole jail
When Plus got killed L.O. rushed the courthouse
I'll smack that talk back in your mouth
The L.O.D's in here, the Killa Beez in here
If you ain't gettin' rowdy you shouldn't be in here

And it was what it is when it was when it wasn't
And if it ain't that Grand what could it be?

Wu-Wu-Wu-Wu-Tang the-the-the Legion of Doom
Wu-Wu-Wu-Wu-Tang the-the-the Legion of Doom
Wu-Wu-Wu-Wu-Tang L-L-L-L-L.O.D!
Wu-Wu-Wu-Wu-Tang L-L-L-L-L.O.D!
Wu-Wu-Wu-Wu-Tang the-the-the Legion of Doom
Wu-Wu-Wu-Wu-Tang the-the-the Legion of Doom
Wu-Wu-Wu-Wu-Tang L-L-L-L-L.O.D!

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