

## Keith Murray

### "Wrong 4 Dat"

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This is WKYA, We Kickin' Yo' Ass radio  
All you motherfuckers out there that wanna get down  
with the pound  
Put your motherfuckin' pounds up, and start bustin' the  
motherfuckers  
Am I too loud for this motherfucker? Turn me down a  
little bit  
Yeah forget  
Yeah yeah yeah

Yo, first of all I'm a grown-ass man, pay my own bills  
Stated own real, haters gon' feel direct syndrome  
Mouth with cold tongue, you bounty hunters be on the  
chase  
For Joe Young, I won't slip keep pink slips to my car  
I'm raw like sushi bars on boogie broads, I retrieve the  
money  
Dawg Labrador, Ray Charles can see it, and Stacy  
Lattisaw

You get mashed out, 'cause your bird is peckin',  
Don't be the next vinyl cut to 'Urban Legend', I can feel  
where you at  
When I pound you up, you out of town coke rhymes  
Oh you clowns is up my crew stay in the truck, can't fit  
in the Porsche  
If you bitches ain't happy, then get a divorce, I'ma do  
what I want  
'Cause my time is now, grab the whole rap game, and  
divide it down

If I wanna roll a Jeep with a seat out the back  
Bitch feet out the back, system beat out the track  
Am I wrong for dat? Dawg, am I wrong for dat?  
Yo yo, if I walk into the club with my hand on my snub  
Beatin' down security 'cause I don't give a fuck  
Am I wrong for dat? Dawg, am I wrong for dat?  
Yo Keith, yo yo Keith

I copped the whole box, went half with Reginald, hollow  
tips

Infrareds and clips came free and you ain't gotta  
believe me  
Fuck bein' nervous far as I'm concerned they're at your  
funeral service  
What do we have here? Snitch in despair, shoot off his  
ear  
Have his whole body shakin' in fear storm trooper fires  
throwin'  
Lashin' out flames a few ashes, when they analyze your  
remains

I live in the streets, reside with the toolie, I kill you like  
it's part  
Of my religious duty, street sweeper thug keeper  
sweepin' thugs  
Under the rug even females who think they thugs  
trigger the release  
Of adrenaline, when I'm gangsta-trippin' like the bloods  
'n' crips 'n' 'em  
Unleash the matter of energy, killin' 'em, why'd you do  
it?  
Because I wasn't feelin' 'em

If I ride through the hood, smokin' a ounce of haze  
With a shabby haircut, pants I wore for days  
Am I wrong for dat? C'mon bitch, am I wrong for dat?  
Yo, if I want a fat chick that keep her toes done  
When they playin' my song ass spill out the thong  
Am I wrong for dat? Am I wrong for dat?

I gotta, bang the boogie to that bang bang pussy  
To that bang to the pussy the beat, beat, and if yo'  
Bitch ain't sippin' that Cristal shit then she might be  
leavin' with D. D  
I got a hairy-ass chest, like Austin Powers, that bitch  
That "Stan" drowned, I fucked around with her, act like  
a man  
Stand on your own two, doc takin' it all, fuck who it  
belong to

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