

## Keith Murray "Yeah"

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Yo, Troy, turn me up so I can conduct the disco inferno  
Oklahoma aroma, uh  
I smell the roof on fire without Parliament  
Just Def Squad shit, dig it

Rhymes, I bust be like liquid swords  
You abandon ship, real niggas stay aboard, word  
I'm flexin', hittin' you in the mid-section  
Drop for protection, cuttin' you clean like a 'C' section

I puts it down in my field, I sport a vest  
No need for a Brooke Shield  
Kneel E, an African boy with charisma  
A lyrical giant bigger than Lane Bryant

I'm Super rhymes be Twilight Zone  
Warp speed true indeed  
Don't forget, boy, I'm still hittin' switches  
In my Lexus truck, flaggin' down ugly bitches, word up

Erick Sermon ya'll yeah, yeah  
Def Squad ya'll  
Flipmode Squad for ya'll

Excitement, my lights be shinin' on niggas  
Hit with more enlightenment, yo  
The major difference is in many different instances  
You could not go the distances

From drinkin' too much Guinesses  
Now look at all the witnesses, huh  
I told you one thing for sure  
When I get down son, I keep it pure

Break the law from here to Arkansas  
Focus, I be the mostest, the dopest  
Rhyme flow bounce atrocious  
Bag of weed, my niggas smoke this, shit

I be stacking in jams, while I be packin' in what's  
happening  
I'm charged with interstate rhyme and trafficking

Rhyme callisthenics will make you see the the Medic  
Shit will break you down in order from A to Z like the  
alphabetics

Yo, yo, just go there practice, the fact is you do not  
listen  
You go get slapped up with a cactus  
Ass backwards, fart on mothafuckas just like BDP  
I'm fresh for 9-6 you suckas

Yeah, yeah, yeah, Keith Murray now  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, Busta Rhymes  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Now if you know the words then you can surely rap  
along  
Go against the grain and surely get stomped strong  
My squad is too high to get over, L.O. is too low to go  
under  
I'll rain on your brain and give you visions of thunder

See everybody loves Keith Murray 'cause I'm on the top  
But I know ain't nobody fuckin' with me if I ever drop  
It's all about the bread  
Spread taught to me by E and Red

Fuck them niggas talkin' out the side of their head  
Different day, same shit, I heard a dope beat  
But if E didn't do it then you know I can't fuck with it  
Here's something that you all can understand

Fuck you coming from the fuck you man  
Livin' in drama comma  
Trauma bubbling like lava  
On site bomber to all wack rhymers

And if you ain't tough don't wear my logo  
And if you ain't fly you can't play with my yo-yo  
'Cause who's pockets is fattest matters  
I'll serve famous Keith Murray's beef curries  
Scattered rappers on platters

For tryin', get at us knowing we the baddest  
With major operation, mental observation status  
I used to love her then I got some common sense  
And now it ain't funny, the bitch better have my money,  
word up

Lace the chronic with the bomb-bah, hash the tye  
Blaze 'em up one time for my partner in crime

Who can I on my hip, why? 'Cause niggas trip  
Pull a burner, all you know is a murder occurred

A curb server wanna be swerver baller  
Got dome call hauled to the mortician for silly  
ambitions  
I'm nice and precise, hard like rock  
You shook like dice and pop like glock

All my shit knock the shelves, yo, yo  
Witness this nigga ro, trigga flow, digga ho  
Niggas ass out, passed out, excessively  
Fuckin' with this manic-depression will be the lesson of  
your life

Spoiled rotten and plottin' and double shottin'  
Packin' always rapping but smacking a lot of action  
I am the in house smelling like contraband  
In demand, your mic in hand, seriously as a man run it

Ay yo, watch these 5 niggas stand up in the triple pod  
Circle back to back, scoping all angles  
Why does hip-hop circumference start gettin' tangled?  
They drop 1 by 1 in the dark, gettin' strangled

I come fresher than Summer's Eve please  
Squeeze your wack-ass amphetamine rhyme drug-  
related  
I'll make sure your loot and your wife and kids are  
confiscated  
The lawnmower Red do damage to circuit breakers

Go ahead and hype them niggas up, let 'em go  
Just a blow from the invincible will show 'em I'm original  
Freeze, I'm like Baskin and Robbin, I'm robbing  
Haagen-Dazs  
And the whole Hit Squad target, ain't nobody fuckin'  
with me

The potency that I blow from my mouth  
Will no doubt would choke Jesus  
Travelin' around the world with no Visas or American  
Express  
Just Jamerican excess, ha, can I impose on your cipher?

Been rippin' shows since your moms was foldin' your  
diaper  
Niggas see me up top dolo daily, catch ease 600 V  
On the mobile trailin' back to A.T.L.  
To swell some more heads with that Long Island sound

That be thicker than cornbreads, money  
Jersey tales from from the hood without Sonny  
And I know a lot of niggas want me  
That's why my blade keep me company  
Slice your neck, stick my arm down your throat  
Rip out your artichoke

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