

## **N.E.R.D.**

### **"Manifique"**

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Intro:

If heads only knew!

Verse 1:

I Make music of murder and mayhem for all of them  
And murder ballads for sweet chariots  
My second return like a unstoppable bullet  
With wings my ears ring your name when you speak of  
me in vein  
Enter the center like a big bread winner  
So L.O.D. can eat that ass up for dinner  
I come with high potent deadly quotin'  
Avenue corrodin' street life shit to get you open  
Niggas pullin' stunts like Jackie Chan  
Not knowin' that they fuckin' with the demolition man  
I'm seen on screens and magazines  
Pump, pump (don't sleep) but peace to Queens  
I hollar Allah U Akhbar my peeps hold me down  
In the roughest pair of Timbs that ever touched the  
ground  
Huhh hows about a broken jaw  
It's Keith Murray and I'm comin' in with the raw  
metaphors

Hook:

When I'm alone in my room  
Sometimes I stare at the wall  
And in the back of my mind  
I hear my conscience call  
Keith Murray

Redman:

Rock, rock on

Keith Murray:

Original rules, original rules, original rules X2

Verse 2:

Now heere we go again soundin' crazy but it's  
contagious  
The sickest entertainer puttin' your brain though

strainers

We smokes the choc', don't be afraid of the dark  
Mentals get hit brain cells spark  
Pappers swear they got the dopest jam on the shelf  
But they don't believe that shit they own goddamn self  
Last year I was underrated but I stay dedicated  
I'm so dedicated I close my eyes I'm incarcerated  
Niggas was amazed at the shit you was kickin'  
But all you did was adobo the chicken  
I'm taking over like the psychic network  
I got the drop on all you niggas out there claimin' that  
you do dirt  
But the truth hurts and it kills you to listen  
Like the sound of hollow point tip bullets whistlin'  
Every little breath you take  
Every little gesture you make  
Every little jack you fake  
I be the expert mic gladiator  
Pop shit on records I'll cut your fingers off later

Hook X2

Verse 3:

Pump the new smash platinum single the thug star  
spangled banner  
Illustratin' grammar in a hostile manner  
Texas chainsaw cuts hard to the core  
Makin' sure they don't try to battle me no more  
You seem to believe all you need is a rhyme and a  
dream  
To defeat the all time great microphone supreme  
But wake up cuz you playin' with the game of death  
I'll smoke your body ashes in a blunt and leave no  
evidence left  
Straight ashes ashes, dust to dust  
I got you in my clutch there's nothing further more to  
discuss  
And it's scary though when the eeriest voice on the  
radio  
Is in your hometown doin' the show  
With the technique that I'm usin' choosin'  
abusin'  
Got more flow than D'Angelo crusin'  
With poisonous venom Oh my God I get in em'  
Turn 'em out give 'em something good to talk about

Hook

