

## Mr. President

### "Open Fire"

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Whoop Whoop(8x)

[Redman]

Funky dilemmas, destroy mc's by process of  
elimination

Ghetto linger breaks your inner, mind body  
Got me sold like Hurachis, funk tracks up the ass  
make peace wit knock-knees, the funk dwella in your  
cella

no one's betta, pull more Playboy bitches than Hugh  
Heffner

I phase you wit my nasal style I'm able

To rock two turntables for oh say like sweet sable

Now who's on the deal I'll make you feel the real

I kill at will wit nine shots in your window sill

Or mill, to feel a gust of wind, I must've been worn

Wit ten of my dusted friends I, I get up in you like Keith  
Murray

Make your whole crew shit stew beef curry in a hurry

Make competition leave early smokin the lala

Blazay Blah come through your block and open fire

(Redman's in the area

Keith Murray's in the area

Erick Sermon's in the area)

[Erick Sermon]

You best believe

Is this mic on word up

I swarm like helicopters, after robbers, at fiends gettin  
dollars

The lyrical Street Fighter call me Sagat

Blazin hot like the bullet from somebody gettin shot

Where ther's a drum there's a beat

And where there's guns there's the streets

This option allows me to make my opponents wit  
degrees

From here to overseas, clowns in my mix and don't  
know the flava

Its the same reason why I threw away my Skypager

Magnificent, givin rappers death certificates

Wit fly intricate flows by the lows  
Y'all come out the hype description of this  
One time Billboard winner, six time Gold record list  
No one invited me so I crashed and brung the vibe  
And broke it out like a rash, who?  
So who do I be? The E, the D-O-U-B the L, to the E  
Get your blunt leafs and fire it up  
Get your ZigZags and fire it up Whhhooooo!  
MC's you betta stand clear, Def Squad is a world  
premier

[Keith Murray]

AAAhhhhhh!

Word is bond I collect your con getcha gone like a  
moron

I break your little itty bitty styles down to ions

My rap style has many many mixtures of murderous  
poetry

And deadly lectures and fixtures, matter fact my rap

Sounds be on sickly timin, meaning your brain can't be  
defined

In the words I be using when I be rhymin

Now you can change your whole word back and forth

And bring the roughest rapper and I bet you blood he'd  
cough

My rap style is like my lifestyle, rougher than  
turbulence

Ever since I commenced to subject you to my bullshit

I compress your chest and perform open-heart surgery

And God forbid I outrageous people see the L.O.D.

I love beatin you in the head with this

Make you wanna run off and go get a psycho-therapist-  
analist

Way nicer than the force intended

The nicest rapper that ever came out since you could  
remember

Def Squad

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