

Big Tymers F/ Lac, Mikkey, Stone

"Say Word"

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[Keith Murray]

Its the return of the lyrical lunatic
Still kickin rough shit
What you say? Ill slap your stank ass bitch
I shake and build my craft like an architect
Teflon style rhymes be Gortex
With the highness of the ruler on my cock
All this over hip and the hop bullshit gon stop
It be Keith not Bill
Murray not Sweat
Your polotics be politically incorrect
We keep it hot like sauce
Flows be definite like well of course
Def Squad go off a rough course
You weak wack niggas cant do me none
Five hundred radian height I run wit the sun
Apparently you need to check my pedigree
And do the knowledge to the s c i e n c e
Fake ones fear it
Real ones cheer it
Cause they all feel me from the wound of the human
spirit
Wit logic and breaches I justify my means
See you on the scene
Fuck you up like Tyson did the big screen
And fagll rock yeah bees like that
If you kill my dog Im a slay your cat

[chorus: Def Squad]

Say word (7x)

[Redman]

Face off wit Castor Troy
Strap your boys
Hook yall to answer cant bang half the noise
Ask Dunkin Hines got my shits twice as moist
Plus status
Do it to a T B A for rackets
Pull out the Vicks 44 cough suppressant
Then talk about me on HBO cab confessions
Got a bitch gobanas

Hangin out the Honda
She should have thought about no before she smoked
my dime up
I smoke wit the Luniz out in the bay
Before you get smoked I ask who you wit wit Jay
Its bizarre hyphen are
Make mics dissolve
My penmanship run concurrent wit lightnin rods
I clap you in the spine when I grab on mine
You so soft I should call you 101.9
When I pull out the denim
And break the call minum
You stupid I act stupid right along wit ya

[chorus]

[Erick Sermon]
I step out the truck like you want somethin
Make you either mad faced you punked up and start
frontin
Fly guy, the type to flash the figure
Same type who would cold backstab his nigga
I know you, you a hater
You might pull a plag at a concert to stop the crowd
motivator
Your envy is strong
Outlook is wrong
Dont compete wit the vet my track recs too long
Mercedes wack but theyre pumpin the song
Recitin it word for word when my tune comes on
Clowns your whole steez is out of bounds
Your carrying and walkin
When you shouldnt be talkin
Bitch him, call Cube and the Mob to lench him
Call up his pop duke put 5 on his pension
Theres a few things Ive got to mention
Def Squad be the name and boys the definition
Thats my word

[chorus]

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