

Stacy Lattisaw

"Now Whut's Up"

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[Keith Murray]

Yo - now when you hear the name Keith Murray don't
think violence
That's nonsense, me and Meth, put that to silence
I'm a product of the streets master of the breaks and
beats
Lyrically headstrong and can't be beat
Triple-minded mentally-combined underground
pirate
Microphone tyrant, always comin sideways
and topsy turvy, lyrical crash-up derby
Come, Filthy McNasty, pretty gritty dirty (uh-huh)
Lyrical sayin MC slayin, "Hip Hop Quotable"
Unquotable sociable thirty-eight caliber style swayin
Open your mind to visualize what I'm sayin
The products of the streets don't be playin
It's a bloody ambush like a dirty douche in ya tush
when I push push up in ya bush
Superstar status, break off beats the baddest
Style's the baddest, bring extra clips to stop the
madness

[Chorus: Erick Sermon]

Yo, we in the place - now what's up?
DJ pick up the pace - now what's up?
Gyrate, feel the bass - now what's up?
What the deal, huh - now what's up?

[Erick Sermon]

Aiyyo we ain't playin fair no more, there's somethin
new in store
A +Hot Boy+ but not from the _504_
New technique to rock the mic, uh
Lyrical "Blade" sharp like Wesley and N'Bushe Wright
Soundbombin - could be a catastrophe, uh
When NASA blast off, Flex blast off me
E-vincible, rap round your left ventricle
So let's be sensible
E tempermental, quick to dismember you
Wyclef that "November" you
They wish they can do (uh) what I can do

If you could switch brains you would, wouldn't you?
My style is Mike, Vince, Earvin
Jordan, Carter, Julius, servin
MC's at will I'm trickery, Lou ain't stickin me
A curveball, Mark ain't hittin me

[Chorus]

[Redman]

Yo, rapid gunfire destroy ya boys and unemploy some
Put the headphones on your kid like Castor Troy's son
Darts'll damage ya dogs, where the U-Haul in my truck
The camera installed, hand upon my balls
Call the morgue I'm killin 'em
Even Kyle is not feelin 'em when I drill 'em with skills of
ten Eminems
You feminine, don't even call my name
I stay locked down walkin with a ball and chain
Put the mac where you tongue at, I don't that
These young cats'll get thumbtacked and sent where
Big Pun at
Smoke so much the doc asked where my lung at
I took it out to stash my gun, son run that
Pop mega shit, I pop mega clips
Fuck a system, I keep the heat where your Sega sit
Then I bang the controller, 'til the game say over
In the Bricks we'll stick ya when ya plane lays over

[Chorus]

[Sy Scott]

Yo, y'all know me
Maniacs and addicts add it, at it
Venomous addict snakebiter, I the, at it
Cause I'm a little odder, at it
In the Ac' with the aircraft and then leave inactive
My, alter-ego make niggaz alter their egos
I flow and turn the East coast to one big creep show
South premisy, Filthy-delphia pistol bangers
Pistol changin, pistol bangin
I lift metal like Lithuanians
Two-thousand nail me Sy Scott rap's new insanian
It's humane punish ya mayn
'til no skeletal remains remain remain mainly main
to bitten manmade disease that's made by man
Crackin the DNA code to see how God made man
I storm the mainland, scare MC's like slavehands
Put microchips in they wristbands and make 'em
raindance
Lay hands like Mike Strahand
Puttin ya face and hands in Ace bands

Tryin to lift more than ya waistband
I travel every shinin sea, sea and land
to finally see when niggaz land
In the error era wherever, forever no error
Easily cut niggaz careers down like ever
Ever forever and ever, don't you ever
fuck with Sy, Khi and Erick when we come together,
what?

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