

Geschwister Hoffmann

"Rhymin' Wit Kel"

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Intro:
Come on, Yeah

Hook:
Who you wit? Where you at? (x2)

Kel-Vicious:
I'm stanking strong
23 years old now
With the big, bang boogie and the big pow pow
(Ay, yo, you Kel)
Not much, just keepin' it tight
With the Philly Blunt King gettin' high as a kite
I got no time for bullshittin'
I have to start lickin'
Cause niggas get jeal off the shit Kel be kickin'
Get your free head ups, cause I'm seven foot tall
And I ain't scared of none of ya'll
This shit is off the wall

Keith Murray:
I be the genie in your lamp, the face on your stamp
the hip-hop rocker stompin' all through your camp
We went from smokin' weed in bullen therapy
to takin' suckers out on national TV
So on and so on, furthermore in other words
We kick niggas heads to the curb

Hook:
Who you wit? (Def Squad0
Where you at? (L.O.D.) (x4)

Kel-Vicious:
I shook hands with all across the land from here to
Japan
Back to the motherland up to Canada
Nigga I'll Jeru the Damaja
Your rap style is weak and it has no stamina

Keith Murray:
Ay yo, this is for the big quzzlers

Gun smugglers, drug jugglers and chelua puffers
Mister Armor to all
You gonna take a fall
For tryin' to walk before you crawl
We'll kick 120 rhymes in 60 seconds
Niggas standing on the sideline feeling disrespected
While I dissected your shit get ejected
I got Kel-Vicious the malicious next to wreck it

Kel-Vicious:

We can make this shit hot or we can keep it cool
But as soon as a nigga violate the rules
I get the spot hot quick, (Yo, Kel be illin' and shit)
Cause I be comin' down the block with the pistol grip
With all this violence in the world
How could I not be a crook?
I could stick a nigga up with my mean fuckin' looks
Make a bitch drop her draws
Grab the microphone and pause
There's many casualites of war
Killer Kel is at the door

Hook

Keith Murray:

I be the mad, mad scientist, mad conquering
Getting quick dough like off-track betting
Overall you niggas be dead on arrival
Meanwhile me and Kel be buggin' off survival
My supporting cast will bust that ass
I got a beeper and a phone but you can find me on the
Ave
Y'all niggas definitely ain't got nothing fur us
We'll take it to the streets on Stallone and Chuck Norris

Kel-Vicious:

You can wake up call, I got the intchy finger ya'll
Can't be sleeping on the block cause that's when I
clock
And it's New Jack City
Smackig Motherfuckers out like bitties
Boy your bad, boy your rude, boy our vicious
Fuck it, niggas get bust now for lookin' suspicious
I got a 9, pack 9 lives like a cat
Word is bond, niggas try to bust I bust em back
And I don't give a fuck about me or you
I damage your whole family plus your crew

