

**Jerzee Monet F/ DMX****"Keith Murray & Redman - Freestyle"**

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(Keith Murray)

[Funkmaster Flex cuts and scratches "Live up in this piece"]

Live up in this piece

I'ma set off like this, check me out

Now who's these crazy niggaz, drinkin

crazy, pussy, out of crazy straw

Thinkin they crazy hardcore, crazy metaphor

Matter of fact I think them niggaz is gay

Always having a party with no DJ

[Protect Ya Neck instrumental comes on]

When I rap competition be like "What Squad be on it like that?"

Man, pssct, fuck that

We stay with the lethal dosage

Click on the mic MC's run like roaches

Now they got me up in England my jewels be dangling

While my single be singling

I come with the hardcore

Redman please come off the wall with some more

(Redman)

Yes y'all I come down with the ruckus

Don't y'all know I be the nigga jammin y'all like

Smuckers

Freeze, come consecutively like EPMD LP's

Robbin y'all for cheese, now yes y'all whaddIdo

Fuck you and you drink the Olde E brew

Down with Funkmaster Flex yes who's next

To get they whole set burnt like Waco, Tex

Now, I comes down with the sound

Def Squad represent, yes we extra swift

We comes with the boogie, fuck all you rookies

We some tough cookies on the mic dynamite

(Keith Murray)

We here to make a dollar out of fifteen cents

And let our balls hang like we on the toilet takin a shit

Styles is all that, and a big bag of chips with the dip

So fuck all that sensuous shit

I represent intellectual violence

And leave your click holier than the ten  
commandments  
Like Redman I shift with the Ruck  
If your if was a spliff we'd be ALL fucked up  
No need to ask who is he so we get busy  
Scuff our Tims on the boulevard of MANY rough cities  
I'll have to Norman Bate ya I love to hate ya  
Cuz youse a freak by nate  
Can't make the face ya brain erasure  
Drink your lyrics down straight with no chaser  
My verbal combat's like a mini-Mac to your back  
As soon as one of you niggaz try to overreact  
The L.O.D. love good confrontation of amp  
Break your motivation murder your camp  
For the jealous, overzealous, we top sellers fellas  
Blow the spot like Branford Marsalis  
Niggaz comin through and acting wild  
Redman smack the smile off that kid

(Redman)

The Funk Doctor Spock pumps a thousand watts in your  
vest  
Watch, what level next, I'ma take this ghettoness  
A little something for the wicked and beyond  
Trapper John can't find the sickness in this song  
So I bomb ALL these hyper MC's  
These Def Squad mentalities, leave your ass calm  
Smoke the chalm I got alms like Vietnam  
I bought a bag of herb from Ricardo Montalban  
To fulfill all these fantasies on the island  
To come back home wildin with chrome cash and  
diamonds  
In fact I keep you half-stashed in the seat  
Plus you boo boo kept shit locked down on the streets  
Peep, how I get funky with techniques  
This bass I rock, this bizness I rock, make crack junkies  
respect me  
Then commence to beat an instrumental  
With pads and pencils and MC's go incidental  
Motherfucker keep the fuckin beat on deck!  
While we wreck his whole fuckin set!  
[Flex mixes into the Zulu War Chant]

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