Bom Bom Zee

Keith Murray

Yo this is Keith Murray and Hurricane G with the bom bom zee Trey deep takin' to the streets We straight ball hoggin' word up Niggaz know what time it is Straight up Straight motherfuckin' Def Squad L.O.D.

We can stand in the water and can't get wet Def Squad always got some fly shit on deck

Gloria!

Hey funny, what's up with that money grip, yeah Get hip to my tune and yo watch me flip the master, the ultimate funk, freak-er I'm unique, I got soul out my sneak-er A dope female, with the fat tail I never liked college, so yo, fuck Yale! If you don't know me by now I'm Puerto Rican (When the track be creepin she be freakin when she speakin!) The Bad Mamma Jama, still bust the grammar Fuck the bullshit, let's get legit Yes me the Hurricane yo I pack skills So I keep on steppin like I'm doin drills Hut one, two, charge enlarge God damn, so don't fuck around with the jam! Sit back, relax, niggaz and watch me kick it Don't flex, in my pocketbook I pack a biscuit I blow your ass out (click click booyaka) How's that? Now peep the size of my gat I'm gassed, so motherfuckers kiss my ass My whole ass; my entire big fat ol' ass!

Keith Murray run this motherfucker! (Hell motherfuckin' yeah!) Keith Murray run this motherfucker! (Hell motherfuckin' yeah!)

Keith!

The mad matador metaphoric mergers like traffic car tires squeal Not havin' it, bashin your style I'm somethin' drastic Biblically, theoretically, practically speaklin' who want to step in the helm of the realm of the Def Squad crew (Def Squad!!) I shoot the gift like SWISH drinkin Olde English Nigga you wish you had the style, more distinguished than this Pissed ain't the word so observe, how I break your flow down through science, and kick you to the curb Firsthand dirt and jungle poetry You see me, G, we or E and somethin' out this anatomy Found the words of motherfuckin' technology (Like that) and we out

It's the bom bom zee, oh yeah With Keith Murray, and Hurricane G For y'all that don't know, ya betta ask somebody!