

## Love L. O. D.

Keith Murray

Yo, I seen them motherf\*\*kers out in the street  
Them pussy asses  
(Man, f\*\*k them niggas anyway)  
Hood rats and those fat roly polly punks

Yo Kel  
(What up?)  
Yo answer this question  
Why are we the nicest in this f\*\*kin' profession?

Yo, it's um, simple philosophy  
Doe, ray, me, fa, so, love L.O.D.  
(Yeah, yeah)

Aye yo 50  
(What's up?)  
Answer this question  
(What's that?)  
Why are you the best in your profession?

Now when I'm creepin' on a bitch MC  
Doe, ray, me, fa, so love L.O.D.

Keith Murray  
(Yo, what's up 50?)  
Answer the question?  
(What's that?)  
Why are you be the sickest in this profession?

I been all around the world hearing the wack MC's  
It's doe, ray, me, fa, so love L.O.D.  
(Aye yo)  
Ask yourself the very same question  
Why are we the wickedest in this profession?

I'm breaking back with Def Squad constantly  
Doe, ray, me, fa, so love L.O.D.  
Any nigga want to step, get busy  
Doe, ray, me, fa, so love L.O.D.

I be the bushwa freaker  
Coming through your speaker  
My jams be getting stronger  
While your shit be gettin' weaker

Now Kel be playin' kids like the New York Knicks  
Taking it to your ass with these rhymes and shit  
'Cause kids contradict themselves when they be rhyming  
Sounding like shit, off beat with no timing

Now soon as I touch the paper  
See you later  
I shut your lights off like a blackout  
So hit the circuit breaker

I'm the worst trouble you ever had vocab like knife stabs  
Comin' wild killin' in a paragraph

Holding niggas ransom, it runs in my blood  
Maybe my grandson might be wild like Charles Manson

I be the gimmie, the got ya  
Been blastin' niggas way  
Before the remix I shot ya  
The proper hip hopper

Fading 'em in the Palladium  
And bustin' each and every nigga, bubble in the Tunnel  
Now, after the sunshine comes the rain  
Hold up, wait a minute, let me back up and just explain

I been all around the world, what battle me?  
Take this autograph home and give it to your family  
All I hear is booty stinkin' ass wack MC's  
Strictly doe, ray, me, fa, so love L.O.D.

Nigga your life means nothing to me, challenge L.O.D.  
The average nigga style sucks like a hickey  
50 G, the MC's brain buster, mic crusher  
Dirty money quicker picke upper, crew duster

Now that L.O.D.'s up in this motherf\*\*ker  
Leave a known rapper with broken English  
Like smooth da hustler

Same thing make a nigga laugh  
Make his ass cry  
He rolled a seven I bet it all he turned around  
And rolled snake eyes

My thinking cap is bigger than a f\*\*kin' Sade's  
Stay all-terrain, rainin' on all parades  
The street is my bed and the corner is my pillow  
I'll kill your f\*\*kin' ass and for your crew I'll do ditto

I'll leave a nigga dead and stinkin' take his soul  
Cha-boom, cha-boom fill him up with holes  
Natural born killer, killer than the rest  
(Where you at?)  
East coast to west

I keep it real kid  
I freak the flow until it's naked  
Niggas get panicked and frantic  
And can't take it

I been all around the world, what battle me?  
Take this autograph home and give it to your family  
Def Squad's the family, you don't want to see  
Strictly doe, ray, me, fa, so love L.O.D.

Kel-Vicious  
(What up Keith?)  
Answer this question  
(What up?)  
Why you so f\*\*kin' nice in this profession?

Aye, yo 50  
(What's up?)  
Answer this question  
Why you so nice in your profession?

Aye, yo Murray  
(What's up?)  
Answer this question  
(What's that?)  
Why you so nice in this profession?