

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 roolly 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?