

# Oh My Goodness

Keith Murray

Yeah, this the build up, oh no, you knew we was coming back  
But you ain't know we was coming back like this  
C'mon, it's gon' be a problem ya'll  
Yeah, uh huh, Keith Murray, uh huh, Def Jam, yeah, Def Squad  
Keith Murray gon' make you go uh, uh, uh, uh  
Yeah, Def Squad gonna make you go ah, ooh, ooh, ah

I come on stomping mud holes in tracks like Timbaland  
The producer and the booth, niggas so don't get cute  
I come through in the coupe with the chopped off roof  
Humiliate you then blast you in your birthday suit

You a small side order of apple cider  
I'm a three hots in a cot dungeon rider  
My hardcore street team crash the party with Def Jam  
And incorporate murda like Gotti

How about in back of the yellow cab like Seinfeld  
Chew you like little neck clams on half shells  
I got a hypochondriac flow that get real ill  
Get nauseous to the beat, I spit sick at will

And the time has come and your shit is sour  
You need to turn your flow up an hour  
Give you a permanent lean, like the Pisa Tower  
With a hoes that will wet you down like a cold shower

Yo we got the shit on lock, uh huh  
Come through and blast the spot, yeah man  
And my name is the record, so check it, when I put it on record  
Everybody say, "Oh, my goodness"

And my folks if you with me where you at? Yes sir  
If you love what I'm doing holla back, talk to me  
And when I step on the scene, a lean mean wrecking machine  
Everybody scream, "Oh, my goodness"

And yeah, I hear you talking motherf\*\*ker write the check  
And if you in the house then protect your neck  
I'm 'Mister see you anywhere it's gon' be a showdown'  
So ya'll better have lyrics when I come 'round

'Cause I ain't lost a battle since God knows when  
Some niggas tried to front but they gots no win  
Taught how to prevent to lose and handle the win  
Like birds are made to fly and fish made to swim

Wait a minute, homie you don't really know me, homie  
I'll take you to a picnic boy you lunch meat  
With my dazzling appearance and my world wide clearance  
I am treacherous, inferior, impermanent, impetuous

I rock like an archaeologist  
Draw a picture like a forensic artist, perform like a dramatist  
I'm fabulously wicked, miraculous  
Rustic, majestic, ridiculous, oh, my goodness

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Def Squad gon' make you go ah, ooh, ooh, ah  
Oh, my goodness  
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Yeah, Def Squad gon' make you go ah, ooh, ooh, ah  
Oh, my goodness

And you in line motherf\*\*ker like them people in court  
So when I see you I'm a pop your top like a cork  
I pack flow like ammo, spit like camels  
Come through and bless your whole crew like achoo

But some still wanna holla, pop they collar  
Fucking with me like I run a funeral parlor  
Linguist, lyricist out for chips like Estrada  
Bilingual emcees even couldn't even couldn't do me nada

With this mic I'm handy, flows be dandy  
It's a full moon and hoes wanna f\*\*k like Brandy  
Yeah, I've been hated on, you probably heard it  
And I kicked their little ass but them niggas deserved it

And I'm still in the hood and I still rep the hood  
Still tee'ing off for a long green like Tiger Woods  
I ain't even gotta say it, ya'll know when it's hot  
So ya'll go back up in the vocal box

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Oh, my goodness

Yo, what up this is DJ Already Dead  
This going down, you know who that is  
That's Keith Murray in your ass  
Nigga like a hemorrhoid

It's going down, all you young ass niggas  
Understand this these are classics  
I don't care how much money you give to the radio station  
You ain't never gonna be this hot, oh, my goodness