

On Smash

Keith Murray

Yeah, what's up, Busta Rhymes, Keith Murray in this bitch
A busa bus, yeah, Flip Mode meets da Def Squad together once again
2003 muthaf**kas, yeah all runin' through you
Welcome home Keith Murray, ah thank you baby
Streets mission nigga, let's give it to 'em, check it, check it, yo

It's flip mode we be all over the place
Quick to lay niggaz down and lawnmower they face
Fuck your bitch before she go to her wedding
Fuck around and beat you're ass with two sticks
Just like the number eleven

And yo I f**k with your current and I f**k with your spouse
And f**k y'all niggaz up for talkin' shit in your own house
We see y'all niggaz bounce and say one
You even got no kind a line a credit in the hood that you from

I keep my doe stacked for them niggaz
Spot faggots everywhere like I keep a low jack on them niggaz
Pretty bitches sprinkle on they channel
After we f**k 'em all in the club frontin' like they pussy don't smell

Then they call me mister nice guy like Daved Chappelle
How we just be pounding the pussy and makin' it swell
Fuck that flip mode never fail how we successfully banish bitch
Niggaz till we see 'em in hell

Now, guess who's comin' through the streets
With heat and fire that make the people
Say that them niggaz got it on smash
You know them niggaz got it on smash
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Yo, it's Def Squad we be all over the place
Hog tie, split your back fold you in a suit case
Yeah it's the Mr. Keith Murray and Mr. Beef Curray
Don't worry come through and crush your bur berry hat like blueberry's

And all those waiting the waiting is over y'all
If I don't come wit some sick shit I ain't coming at all
But listen you my brother and I love but you pitiful
And getting in you're ass is so therapeutical

And just think these hoes be trying to prink
When they know they look just as stink as Hellery Swink
And cheating rappers make me madder than M&M
The night he saw Kim kissing that Arabian, I ain't go forth

Pistol whip you, catch a case, get probation violate
For smoking more trees than Dionne Warwick
The way I be shittin' on the mic I gotta laugh

And use a whole roll of tissue to wipe my stankin' ass

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Ah yo, first of all my rap style is not compatible
When white boys come around they be like yo Kell your shit is radical
My hang 10 surfs up I left them clueless
Not that many MC's out there can do this

This the same old G Darrly mack da old E
And I don't need your back da Gat can hold me
Ain't state I ain't been without the mac 10
Kell Vics muthaf**kin' yeah, I'm back again

Now every time I grab the microphone I set the shit on fire
'Cause yo I ain't no joke I'm sharp like barb wire
Machine gun Kelly so don't get jelly
'Cause bitch you, can put it in your mouth, like Akinyele

You he's fakin' da funk take these nigga home he drunk
Before he wine'd up in my trunk
I gotta left that will fracture your chest and crack ribs
L.O.D. motherf**ker we gonna see you again

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Yeah, Def Squad, Flip mode, L.O.D., P.T.P
You know we got it on smash, street niggaz, got the streets on smash
All ya fake ass up there front, we'll come through
Y'all know what to do, don't worry, Murray vision ain't blurry, ay yo E