

# Radio

Keith Murray

Word, rock on  
All my peoples up top rock on  
All my peoples down low rock on  
All my peoples on the left  
All my peoples on the right  
Word up, Def Squad, rock on

Well, it's the supersonical ginintonical ask your chronicles  
Splatter crews all you hear is ahh and ouhs  
Time to face the music bring you down to earth like Poppa Smurf  
I'm worldwide like on the web in your turf  
With full fledged rap pack with anxiety attacks

For those that thought I wouldn't be back  
With that bone chillin' horror killin' all on goin' drama  
Save the rah, rah for your mama, braggadocios prone to static  
Come through the jam and wreck the mic by force of habit

Tantalizin' make you feel good like cryin'  
I can't be dissed so you can stop tryin'  
And Keith Murray will prevail  
So you can eat a shit sandwich and go to hell  
I keep  
I got the skunky funky illest funk flow  
For the glamorous scandalous world of radio  
Now this song is from all of us to all of them

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Yo, I throw the beat up in the cobra clutch  
Hit it with the Midas touch  
Dig up in the mic just like a gold rush  
Never ran, never felt the need to run

They know not to come 'cause they all get some  
I'm still fabulous still mackadoshis  
My DJ still cut it the closest  
So who's an error when's a never?  
I melt through your butter leather  
And then I splatter through your Gucci sweater

Deep as a river in a ragin' flood  
I come with open arms showin' nothin' but love  
Comin' less than zero, modern day hero  
Deliver hot shit just like Dominos

Keep it movin' or get it on 'cause money talks  
And bullshit runs the marathon, word is bond  
Non stoppin' mic shockin' bottles poppin'  
Word up, son, yo, we keep it rockin'

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I'm like a character and my life is a movie  
Groupies step to me, do me, try to sue me  
Because I make a record, got money in a car  
I'm a star, naw, naw, naw, that's bullshit, paw

In the black range look ya never ever worry  
Parked in the front I hear voices sayin' "That's Keith Murray"  
The name of the game is fame  
You know the price you recognize, the God like Christ

Masses of posses packed up schemin'  
Ladies love me they keep on screamin'  
Expressin' all the feelin' of the world today  
Some might listen to my music and try to say  
Nothin' other than "Yo this shit is dope"

And in the everyday life struggle Murray goes for broke  
From day to day, month to month, year to year  
I swear, I tear any mic any stage anywhere  
I be the standards of which excellence is measured  
So for me to rock all day it'll be my pleasure

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