Danger

Keith Murray

It's gonna be that shit, it's that shitLounge homeboy, you in the danger zone
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Lounge homeboy, you in the danger zoneLounge homeboy, you in the danger zone
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Lounge homeboy, you in the danger zoneKeith Murray is this mic phychosis
I break your best rappers off thousands of pieces
I'm on some other shit splittin' wigs with my penmanship
Kick flows harder then the music, so feel in your head and chestAnd pass it to the next
They gave me 5 mic checks and all due respect
So please fill it up and check the antifreeze
'Cause this nigga Keith drop mad degreesI launch tomahawk missiles when I talk with permiscuesus
Intelligence like Mr. Romp
From New York unto the world over
I walk MC's like Jesus walked on waterAs my airy frequency reigns through the galaxy
I easily gets busy and takes 3
I'm the nicest MC on this side of the peninsula
Stuck in the perimeter like a ninjaLounge homeboy, you in the danger zone
Lounge homeboy, you in the danger zone
Lounge homeboy, you in the danger zoneThe Def Squad MC's is shittin' on your new transmitters
Not quitters now forgetters
Runnin' deep like rivers, word 'em up, what is
My delivers, which is givin' crews the shiversI'm like a mad scientist with this son
I concock some shit that'll bust the sun
I got the stunky, funky, illest funk flow
For the glamorous scandalous world of radioSo how you want? Headcreads or ceelo?
I gets root deep like cavity crates
Rockin' motherfuckers directly to sleep
A tybarrious rebel without a pause for the causeAnd no claws the style is the son of noise
But peace to the hardcore the outlaw raw
Bug youngblood thugs, strong as [Incomprehensible] 64 ounce jugs
In the realms of the dangerLounge homeboy, you in the danger zone
Lounge homeboy, you in the danger zone
Lounge homeboy, you in the danger zoneBust the contrast and how I forecast
Supersonic, hyperphonic goin' on that ass paragraph
With the million dollar bionic, metaphoric, lyrical math
Generating off the chronicBy cooling in the dark path and the drug rath of the ath
And the ill shit that I craft

It's labeled as sick logic to the critics of the didicks
But they don't know the half of the halfThe apparatus status of a maddisist
I conquer up a new style, puffin' ganja over the hook
Causin' more trauma with my mouth then the stealth bomber
Killing every style in the bookLike it's goin' outta style tomorrow
My style is coming from down south and cross yonder
I drop the dope shit for masses and non-believers
Like spiral passes to butter finger wide receiversAs my photo type sound gays, leis and hoes
My style probe to the farthest reaches of the globe
Payin' dues got me cockin' tools, you fuckin' fools
I'm rippin' crew and no exception to the the goddamn rules
This is dangerLounge homeboy, you in the danger zone
Lounge homeboy, you in the danger zone
Lounge homeboy, you in the danger zone
Lounge homeboy, you in the danger zone

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