Manifique (Original Rules)

Keith Murray

If heads only knew!I make music of murder and mayhem for all of them
And murder ballads for sweet chariots
My second return like a unstoppable bullet
With wings my ears, ring your name when you speak of me in veinEnter the center like a big bread winner
So L.O.D. can eat that ass up for dinner
I come with high potent deadly quotin'
Avenue corrodin' street life shit to get you openNiggas pullin' stunts like Jackie Chan
Not knowin' that they fuckin' with the demolition man
I'm seen on screens and magazines
Pump, pump but peace to Queens
(Don't sleep)I hollar, 'Allah U Akbar', my peeps hold me down
In the roughest pair of Timbs that ever touched the ground
Huh, how's about a broken jaw
It's Keith Murray and I'm comin' in with the raw metaphorsWhen I'm alone in my room
Sometimes I stare at the wall
And in the back of my mind
I hear my conscience call
Keith MurrayRock, rock onOriginal rules, original rules, original rules
Original rules, original rules, original rulesNow here we go again, soundin' crazy but it's contagious
The sickest entertainer puttin' your brain though strainers
We smokes the choc', don't be afraid of the dark
Mentals get hit brain cells sparkPappers swear, they got the dopest jam on the shelf
But they don't believe that shit they own goddamn self
Last year, I was underrated but I stay dedicated
I'm so dedicated, I close my eyes, I'm incarceratedNiggas was amazed at the shit you was kickin'
But all you did was adobo the chicken
I'm taking over like the psychic network
I got the drop on all you niggas out there claimin' that you do dirtBut the truth hurts and it kills you to listen
Like the sound of hollow point tip bullets whistlin'
Every little breath you take
Every little gesture you make
Every little jack you fakeI be the expert mic gladiator
Pop shit on records, I'll cut your fingers off laterWhen I'm alone in my room
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Keith MurrayPump the new smash platinum single the thug star spangled banner
Illustratin' grammar in a hostile manner
Texas chainsaw cuts hard to the core
Makin' sure, they don't try to battle me no moreYou seem to believe, all you need is a rhyme and a dream
To defeat the all time great microphone supreme
But wake up 'cuz you playin' with the game of death
I'll smoke your body, ashes in a blunt and leave no evidence left
Straight ashes ashes, dust to dustI got you in my clutch, there's nothing further more to discuss
And it's scary though when the eeriest voice on the radio
Is in your hometown doin' the show
With the technique that I'm usin' choosin'
Abusin'Got more flow than D'Angelo crusin'
With poisonous venom
Oh my God, I get in 'em
Turn 'em out give 'em something good to talk aboutWhen I'm alone in my room
Sometimes I stare at the wall
And in the back of my mind
I hear my conscience call
Keith Murray

Songwriters
COLLINS, WILLIAM BOOTSY / MURRAY, KEITH / SERMON, ERICK / CROUCH, KEITH / SMITH, JAMES / JONES, KEVIN / PATTERSON, RAHSAAN / HAYWOOD, LEON / CLINTON, GEORGE / NOBLE, REGGIE / WORRELL, BERNIE / ERVIN, BOBBY / ETTINGER, STEVEN / PIERCE, DARRYL / SIMON, DWAYPublished by
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