

# He's Back

## Keith Murray

Yo rock, cue me in  
We, got, that, funk  
Murray's, packed, with funk (you need to know)  
We, got, the funk for yo' ass (let's go)[Keith Murray]  
Yo, a lot of rappers holler tough stuff, they don't live it  
When you hear me emceeing I'm speaking from experience  
Keynote speaker, rock funk freaker  
This lecture is conducted from the mic and through the speaker  
Now who gets weaker, not this dunn  
Look I'm never shook down even when, I was on the run  
I'm a rebel! I love rebel people!  
You're not equal, you damn creep you  
I, wake up in the morning with my game face on  
And play hard all day, word is bond  
By the way whatever happened to, word is bond?  
The brother ak lied to me during ramadan  
I'm taking no prisoners, takin no shorts  
Still drink olde e, cans 40's and quarts  
With creativity, and original thought  
And a twist of fate I twist your face, don't get caught[Chorus: Keith Murray]  
Yo, we got the ghetto funk, you need to know  
Where the funk is at, funk that bump that  
Murray's back with that  
Funk to make a person catch a heart attack (he's back!)  
Yo, we got the ghetto funk, you need to know  
Where the funk is at, funk that bump that  
Murray's back with that  
Funk to make a person catch a heart attack (you need to know)[Keith Murray]  
We, got, funk, for, y'all, stank, ass, c'mon!  
Yo, here's, what I'ma do for you  
Choke you out 'til your lips and your face turn blue  
Oops! now look what you done made me do  
I, did it again, and the joke's on you  
I'm more than official reputable indisputable  
Lyrical phrasologist (you know how I do)  
Not one of you or any combination of you  
Can ever mess around (boy you know how I do)  
Dialectical linguist, unlimited thinker  
Descriptive mental photographer

L.o.d. and p.p.p. gets it on  
We strong to cause bodily harm to king kong  
Stock lock and barrel, empty, reload whoa  
This funk here, glocks up, c'mon  
I'm not an r&b pop star rock'n'roller  
I'm a underground rapper with a chip on my shoulder  
You mindless, spineless, jellyfish I eat mc's  
which is my favorite dish  
I sailed the seven seas, pack 'em in like sardines  
And eat fruit right off the stress tree  
Keith kill beef like mad cow disease  
Spazz on me? negro!  
Some say I'm sarcastic, with a bad reputation  
But ignore 'em, don't listen, they mr. murray hatin[Chorus][Keith Murray]  
This is to my, negroids, spaniels and caucasoids  
Even chisel-faced, hardcore, rap be-boys  
With my high wire, tightrope, trampoline style  
Tear your ass up, with service and a smile  
I'm the, local hero, global player  
Make your grandmother get up and do the murray rainer  
Grab you going to a death row, like an alligator  
Good god, my squad got too much flavor  
Rainbow style like a pack of now or later  
This funk shit goin' shake the equator  
My, squad, stay true to the game  
We the trillest mother-effers this side of the grave[Chorus]

Songwriters

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