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 laters
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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