# Straight Loonie (feat. feat. Jamal)

## Keith Murray

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Testin', one, two, three, whoa, I flow rhymes wicked
And bust some to keep me uplifted
It flows to my braincells like from smoke
I'm no joke, I make an old man croak because I'm loc'I'm wild, psychosomatic, I got gats
Stored in my attic, for any crazy bastard
It's all in the mind, when the E drops a rhyme
My freakin' frame is like a pair of Calvin Klein'sI drop flows through Customs and get sniffed out
Like I stole somethin' when I'm bustin'
I'm Don of mic with this shit
I rock on, to the breaker one-nine ya dig, yeahErick Sermon got funk for days, for those who wanna
Backstab me in the back, like the O'Jays
Can't get these nuts on the real
It's gonna be a cold day in Hell before the E drops the steelI still rock with My Adidas
With Run-D.M.C. and Jay, my niggaz packin' heaters
So get off, get off and if you want the real scoop
On the E Double, check the soundsI rise my eyes burnt like cherry
Get wise to my style more fly than Halle Berry
I don't know so I'm sayin' bye-bye
Until next tryDef Squad, is in the house, yo
Green Beret, is in the house, yo
L.O.D., is in the house, yo
Keith Murray, is in the house, yoAnd Jesus is a fuckin' puppeteer, the devil cut my
Sights off and I'm runnin' wild in this atmosphere
For mad niggaz it's curtains
I'm losin' my mind in this biological universeIn my dreams, I'll be gettin' away, drivin' a hearse
So when I get to hell, I'm stabbin' up the devil first
And leavin' the skull decapitate his ass, catchin' wreck
Rip off his head and shit down his fuckin' neck, bitchFrom the little voice in my conscious
I might just leave a crazy-ass unconscious
And Y, is a crooked letter like my alibi
A psychic couldn't tell the science of my mind
This man gets the wealth and y'all can all eat shit and die

'Cause I'ma gets mines, bitchWest coast, is in the house, yo
East coast, is in the house, yo
N.Y.C., is in the house, yo
Lil' Jamal, is in the house, yoBiddi-bla-ba-ba-ba, how ya like the Squad now?
I'ma come down to represent the juveniles
I kick styles that niggaz can't fuck with
'Cause when I come down, I cold wreck the whole shitNow who the fuck wanna see Jamal, I fades 'em all
And any nigga that step up, he's sure to fall
Now I come down to be the illest, the realest
Any nigga that step up, I'm ready to peal hisCap, sit back relax and dwell on the shit
'Cause I be the illest little kid, I'm ready to rip
Any motherfucker that wanna step nigga
I'll let you know where the weapon is kept, how the fuck you figureThat you can fuck with me, I be the illest B.G.
Bustin' from Philly, chillin' up in Cali
Sally from the Valley, fucked me and she burned me
So you know I got the illest and I earned my props BFo sho' I'm ready to rip any MC that step
And let them know where the weapon is kept
You punk bitch and I hit a switch
Any motherfucker step, I dump him in the ditch, trick

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