

# 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's I 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, yeah Erick 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 steel I 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 sounds I 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 try Def 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, yo And 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 universe In 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, bitch From 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, bitch West 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, yo Biddi-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 shit Now 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 his Cap, 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 figure That 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 B Fo 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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