Yeah Yeah U Know It

Keith Murray

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Just blaze, you son of a gun
Yeah, yeah, you know it, ain't scared to show itWe do dis' like we want to an' don't give fuck
Yeah, yeah, you know it, ain't scared to show itIt go 'Lights, camera, action', you're on
"Excuse me, Murray, but your ah ah ah on"
I spit the ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, word bond
'Cuz cats out here don't be sayin' jack boneI get raw an' explicit when I spit it on the mic
Old folks say, "That boy need the Lord in his life"
Nigga, think you can phase me?
But nigga, you must be crazyIt go, "Est loco, dame un beso"
Dominican girls, them call us Negro
I short pony, short camel toe
The reason why, man? I don't knowNo matter where I go, here I go, there I go, I'm propa
An' keep shit poppin' like Orville Redenbacher
More freaky deaky wit' the speachy
I stay off the meat rag B, exactlyWe do dis' like we want to an' don't give fuck
Yeah, yeah, you know it, ain't scared to show it
We do dis' like we want to an' don't give fuck
Yeah, yeah, you know it, ain't scared to show itSermon, bless a flow, you know, God sent me
Time is money an' my time cost like a Bentley
I'm dope, oh, yeah, you know it
Got a infrared beam, ain't scared to show itPeep it, check my movement, this here, feel rite
Check his cap, make sure his pill rite, boy
You a fake thug wit' a deal
The only gang you represent is Sugar HillYou cats is kittens, boy, drink this milk
Put down that Hennessey, son, ya killin' me
Dub, I snatch the corn from the children
Stashed it in ya homeboy's buildin'Stop, he's killin' him, somebody call the cops
Yeah, call 911 an' watch no one come
That's to show how nice I am
The fifth group Russell, signed to Def JamWe do dis' like we want to an' don't give fuck
Yeah, yeah, you know it, ain't scared to show it
We do dis' like we want to an' don't give fuck

Yeah, yeah, you know it, ain't scared to show itIn the bed, I'm the Marathon Man, Redman
Hittin' more walls than aerosol cans
Don't I? Yeah, yeah, you know it
An' when I fuck, ain't scared to show itAn' when the Brick's outta control, barricade the city
There's an outbreak in ya outta State Committee
You seen it, yeah, yeah, you know it
An' if you got it, ain't scared to show itYou want the bad guy, here I am
I got them hoes on gilla-cam
Throwin' they drawers in the ceilin' fan
You as small as a kilogram
I'm a plane ridin' over Colombia, ya' middle manI'm the boss, Docta Binaca
Shut up all the gossip, bring the rasta
I whoop ass like Ike Turner any day
When I stomp MCs out, I yell, "Annie Mae?"Whether I'm hot or not, pigeons gon' flock
They gon' get that wig done fa' diggin' on Doc
Find me 'round the aisle in frozen food
Because I am so cool, cool, cool, coolWe do dis' like we want to an' don't give fuck
Yeah, yeah, you know it, ain't scared to show it
We do dis' like we want to an' don't give fuck
Yeah, yeah, you know it, ain't scared to show itWe do dis' like we want to an' don't give fuck
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