Some Shit

Keith Murray

Yo, this shit right here, is some shit, some serious shitYo, the fact that I'm down with Def Squad's hard to determine
Till you see me hoppin' out the coupe with E Sermon
Or hoppin' out the Keith Murray suburban
Or hoppin' out the Lex Land with Redman, wildin' and cursin'
My thought process is mysterious like the lochness
My furious mindset is complex
Killin' shit like a carnivorous militant prehistoric monsterComin' to stomp all over you hip-hop conference
Landed in an unidentified flying object
Turn you into an unidentified frying carcus
The smell of raw flesh make you nauseous
Acidest arsonist, burnin' your bones to carbon and phosphorus
My metaphors sting like after haircuts when
The alcohol is applied to the raw skinSo whoever wanna battle get blasted
Get your teeth enamel shattered, shitted on like pampers
You had a bad bitch, I left the back twist
I stuck my dick in everything from asshole to the nasal passage
Dug her out all day, then changed my sperm DNA
Now she got nobody to blame
I been spittin' raw, what the fuck you think I'm livin' forThrow me in jail, I'll do a prison tour
For wannabe hard niggaz, insecure niggaz
With they heads to big for they neck to support niggaz
Three in the squad plus me equal four members
An extra addition for any special force mission, man listenAin't these niggaz on some shit
Keith Murray, Canibus ain't no stoppin' it uhhLet me draw a brief description of what happened
I was rappin', niggaz got the scrappin', guns got the clappin'
Three-fifty-seven degrees I was separated
Have bullets deflected metal, bodies decapitated
Gush, a nigga got struck as I lookI caught the next guy runnin' by with the metal hook
Blew his back open, blood gushed on my face
A bitch fainted 'cuz she seen I enjoyed the taste
The case is that I split your melon
And feed it to the jigga-boos wit fried chicken wingsI'm wildin' for long island, I turned and took Charles Ferguson
And open fire on any trains now
You may never know who's in your shadow
You punk ass niggaz just best stay shallow
And hollow, if you wanna live to see tomorrow'Cuz ain't no sun comin' out tomorrow
Yo, I might do something y'all niggaz might regret like

Blast you in your face and disregard your vest
I'm pissin' and dissin' off of recognition and niggaz to listen
Just to let you pussies know how I'm livin"Cuz I return like the Jedi, with my dead eye
Leave niggaz to die, peace to niggaz up in bed-stuy
Oh-ah, this that type of shit that make them niggaz wanna wet it
Word up, got me ready to set itSeems I steps with aggression
To any bitch who think they nice in this profession
What? What you think you're wrecking?
I break your style down to little fragments
The pain is permanent, so spare yourself the embarrassment
Buck-fifty 'cross the faceFollowed by knife wounds to the chest for you attempt to retaliate
I noticed all you bitches flows is based around clothes
But Deja Vu got something for you stankin' hoes
Studio gangsta bitches I diminish ideas of bringin' beef
Before the thought even finishes
I wanna see red, blood from a chicken headFor I wild the fuck out like the grateful dead ha
This wild style must run in my genes
Because my sister's in the county
And my brother just came home from green
I strike like the black widow, through the underground radio
Kitto and still stack dirty ditto

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