How's That

Keith Murray

Funked out, word is bond, word is bond
Then you ayah ha
In the mother, in the motherfuckin' house
With a dick in your mouth
Word is bond, word is bondI freak a technique goin' way back like Just-Ice
And don't think twice because I'm nice
I come from the Mothership, unknown to man
With a blunt in my hand, a mic in the other handGoddamn, I slam, I jam like this
Sure nuff, my rap style is Cold Crush
And plus, I tears the roof off the mothersucker
My brother, fly shit that makes Stevie WonderHey, who can it be now watch out
It's the E live in 3-D with Keith and R-E-D
I gets down for my troops
And I ah, get-it, get-it, get-it like LukeFor those, who don't believe my skills get these
I got mad expertise, for all you duck MC's
I'm funky like G Thing my nigga
I wanna know who's up in here, before I pull the triggerIs New York up in here? Hell yeah
Is Def Squad up in here? Hell yeah
Is NJ up in here? Hell yeah
The Green Beret's up in here, hell yeahVerbally, I sew the brains up like Trapper
John M.D. got nine millis made of lacquer
Count Dracula, back with the, tow-truck with the
Get Biz like Mark fuel-injected like MaximusMy style sicker than an AIDS victim drinkin' forty-five malt liquors
I roll the spliff up
The underground, slam, shock like Shazam
Check my Jams, get Def when I kick Methods like ManComputerized Robocop sounds, I drop in sequence
Funky to death, so ask that old bitch where the beef went
When I do 'em, I glue 'em, stick 'em like Patrick Ewing
My shit bumps like Puerto Rican people moved inNext door, I get raw with the grah
Call four-one-one 'cause I'm Ghetto Red Hot
Bo bo bo, Funk Doctor Spock catch a bruisin'
My style gets respect fifty MuslimsYou hang on strings like loose ends
With my hands on the nine
Watch yo nugget bitch
I get busy with minesHow's that? 'Cause I gets busy with mines
How's that? 'Cause I gets busy with mines
How's that? 'Cause I gets busy with mines
How's that? 'Cause I gets busy with mines

It's Keith MurrayI come rollin' in when I see that low flow
Heckuva foe, heard a gun and settled for a metaphor
I'm naive between the sleeves of the sheets
Murderin', who should ever try to fuck with meMurray word is bond, gets it on
And ready to blow any nigga out the cypher of the sniper hype at dawn
Long live Def to the Squad
And we smokin' everybody out there, shit, it ain't that hardI brings classic drama microphone embalmer
Have your momma beg behind bars for your kidneys tomorrow
My murderous apprentice E Dub
Makes hard funk beats that I become part ofWhen I be like A E I O U or battle
Niggaz be like who, who, who, who, who like night owls
The most beautifullest thing in this world
Is I shitted and y'all was with it, dig it

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