

# What A Feelin'

## Keith Murray

Kaboom! Guess who stepped in the room?  
Lookin' like the creature from the Black Lagoon  
There's gonna be a 187 real soon  
If some niggas don't give me some elbow room  
I'm runnin with the Legion of Doom  
Like a pack of wolves foamin at the mouth on full moon  
I track range between space and time  
And push back like receding hair lines  
That's the essence of the effervescence  
At this melodic dynamic shit progresses  
A mic murderer for hire  
As I sit back and watch your little gimmick backfire  
Under the circumstances in any order of events  
I be with sick niggaz rollin thick  
Dissin the system got America mad at me  
Like my name was O.J. SimpsonMy style is all that and a big bag of chips with the dip  
So fuck all that sensuous shit  
The astronomical is comin through like the flu bombin youMy style is all that and a big bag of chips with the dip  
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The astronomical is comin through like the flu bombin youMy style is all that and a big bag of chips with the dip  
So fuck all that sensuous shit  
The astronomical is comin through like the flu bombin youGet off my d.k., you pitty pat bitch, stepped into the  
party  
People wonderin' if I'm a start some shit  
Prisoner of the media very often  
Cause people be blowin shit out proportion  
False information and bogus arithmetic  
Got everybody stuck on stupid, misinterpreting shit  
How could I? Why should I damage my career?  
Over a nigga that'll probably bust me out of fear  
Don't let your mouth get you into somethin that your ass can't get out  
When I see you, I'm a pull your dreads out your scalp  
Caution code red  
I could kill you now but instead I'm a put this thought into your head  
I got the illest crew in the industry  
We could go to war for 30 years like foreign countries  
Yo, slow your roll  
Cause I don't really think you know with what you dealinMy style is all that and a big bag of chips with the dip  
So fuck all that sensuous shit

The astronomical is comin through like the flu bombin you  
Man, fuck bitches, I'm getting money  
And laughin at these clown ass niggaz like they funny  
The grand imperial with milky material  
I be the surprise in the bottom of your cereal  
One thing I gotta say, my Squad never lost it  
Unlike you corny MC's out there who Farrah Fawcett  
Can't rhyme, runnin your mouth all the time  
While Def Squad sit back and enterprise perfect crimes  
Got the Funk Lord squeezin the life out of keyboards  
While each MC tear the frame out of mic chords  
Yo I was in the bullpen with them niggas pullin heists  
Grown ass men crying like little mice, but I'm a bounce true indeed  
Cause punk ass only bagged me with two ounces of weed  
Now I'm back in the city lights  
And all I can think about is keepin it tight

Songwriters

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