

Oh My Goodness

Keith Murray

Yeah, this the build up, oh no, you knew we was coming back
But you ain't know we was coming back like this
C'mon, it's gon' be a problem ya'll
Yeah, uh huh, Keith Murray, uh huh, Def Jam, yeah, Def Squad
Keith Murray gon' make you go uh, uh, uh, uh
Yeah, Def Squad gonna make you go ah, ooh, ooh, ah I come on stomping mud holes in tracks like Timbaland
The producer and the booth, niggas so don't get cute
I come through in the coupe with the chopped off roof
Humiliate you then blast you in your birthday suit You a small side order of apple cider
I'm a three hots in a cot dungeon rider
My hardcore street team crash the party with Def Jam
And incorporate murda like Gotti How about in back of the yellow cab like Seinfeld
Chew you like little neck clams on half shells
I got a hypochondriac flow that get real ill
Get nauseous to the beat, I spit sick at will And the time has come and your shit is sour
You need to turn your flow up an hour
Give you a permanent lean, like the Pisa Tower
With a hoes that will wet you down like a cold shower Yo we got the shit on lock, uh huh
Come through and blast the spot, yeah man
And my name is the record, so check it, when I put it on record
Everybody say, "Oh, my goodness" And my folks if you with me where you at? Yes sir
If you love what I'm doing holla back, talk to me
And when I step on the scene, a lean mean wrecking machine
Everybody scream, "Oh, my goodness" And yeah, I hear you talking motherfucker write the check
And if you in the house then protect your neck
I'm 'Mister see you anywhere it's gon' be a showdown'
So ya'll better have lyrics when I come 'round Cause I ain't lost a battle since God knows when
Some niggas tried to front but they gots no win
Taught how to prevent to lose and handle the win
Like birds are made to fly and fish made to swim Wait a minute, homie you don't really know me, homie
I'll take you to a picnic boy you lunch meat
With my dazzling appearance and my world wide clearance
I am treacherous, inferior, impermanent, impetuous I rock like an archaeologist
Draw a picture like a forensic artist, perform like a dramatist
I'm fabulously wicked, miraculous
Rustic, majestic, ridiculous, oh, my goodness Yo we got the shit on lock, uh huh
Come through and blast the spot, yeah man
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Everybody scream, "Oh, my goodness" Keith Murray gon' make you go uh, uh, uh, uh
Def Squad gon' make you go ah, ooh, ooh, ah
Oh, my goodness
Keith Murray gon' make you go uh, uh, uh, uh
Yeah, Def Squad gon' make you go ah, ooh, ooh, ah
Oh, my goodness And you in line motherfucker like them people in court
So when I see you I'm a pop your top like a cork
I pack flow like ammo, spit like camels
Come through and bless your whole crew like achoo But some still wanna holla, pop they collar
Fucking with me like I run a funeral parlor
Linguist, lyricist out for chips like Estrada
Bilingual emcees even couldn't even couldn't do me nada With this mic I'm handy, flows be dandy
It's a full moon and hoes wanna fuck like Brandy
Yeah, I've been hated on, you probably heard it
And I kicked their little ass but them niggas deserved it And I'm still in the hood and I still rep the hood
Still tee'ing off for a long green like Tiger Woods
I ain't even gotta say it, ya'll know when it's hot
So ya'll go back up in the vocal box Yo we got the shit on lock, uh huh
Come through and blast the spot, yeah man
And my name is the record, so check it, when I put it on record
Everybody say, "Oh, my goodness" And my folks if you with me, where you at? Yes sir
If you love what I'm doing holla back, talk to me
And when I step on the scene, a lean mean wrecking machine
Everybody scream, "Oh, my goodness" Uh, uh, uh, uh, ah, ooh, ooh, ah, oh, my goodness
Keith Murray gon' make you go uh, uh, uh, uh
Yeah, Def Squad gon' make you go ah, ooh, ooh, ah
Oh, my goodness Yo, what up this is DJ Already Dead
This going down, you know who that is
That's Keith Murray in your ass
Nigga like a hemorrhoid It's going down, all you young ass niggas
Understand this these are classics
I don't care how much money you give to the radio station
You ain't never gonna be this hot, oh, my goodness

Songwriters

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