He's Back

Keith Murray

Yo Rock, cue me in, we got that funk
Murray's packed with funk, you need to know
We got the funk for yo' ass, let's go

Yo, a lot of rappers holler tough stuff, they don't live it
When you hear me emceein', I'm speakin' from experience
Keynote speaker, Rock funk freaker
This lecture is conducted from the mic and through the speaker

Now who gets weaker, not this dunn
Look I'm never shook down even when I was on the run
I'm a rebel, I love rebel people
You're not equal, you damn creep you

I wake up in the morning with my game face on
And play hard all day, word is bond
By the way whatever happened to word is bond?
The brother Ak lied to me during Ramadan

I'm takin' no prisoners, takin' no shorts
Still drink Old E, cans 40's and quarts
With creativity and original thought
And a twist of fate I twist your face, don't get caught

Yo, we got the ghetto funk, you need to know
Where the funk is at, funk dat, bump that, Murray's back with that
Funk to make a person catch a heart attack, he's back
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We got funk for y'all, stank ass, c'mon
Yo, here's what I'ma do for you
Choke you out 'til your lips and your face turn blue
Oops, now look what you done made me do

I did it again and the joke's on you
I'm more than official reputable undisputable
Lyrical phrasologist, you know how I do
Not one of you or any combination of you

Can ever mess around, boy you know how I do
Dialectical linguist, unlimited thinker
Descriptive mental photographer
L.O.D. and P.P.P. gets it on

We strong to cause bodily harm to King Kong
Stock lock and barrel, empty, reload whoa
This funk here glocks up, c'mon
I'm not an R&B, pop star, rock 'n roller

I'm a underground rapper with a chip on my shoulder
You mindless, spineless, jellyfish
I eat MC's which is my favorite dish
I sailed the seven seas, pack 'em in like sardines

And eat fruit right off the stress tree

Keith kill beef like Mad Cow Disease, spazz on me?
Negro, some say I'm sarcastic with a bad reputation
But ignore 'em, don't listen, they Mr. Murray hatin'

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This is to my Negroids, spaniels and Caucasoids
Even chisel-faced, hardcore, rap B-Boys
With my high wire, tightrope, trampoline style
Tear your ass up with service and a smile

I'm the local hero, global player
Make your grandmother get up and do the Murray rainer
Grab you goin' to a death row like an alligator
Good God, my Squad got too much flavor

Rainbow style like a pack of now or laters
This funk shit gon' shake the equator
My Squad stay true to the game
We the trillest mother-effers this side of the grave

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