

# 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 bond I 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 hand Goddamn, 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 Wonder  
Hey, 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 Luke For 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 trigger Is 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 yeah Verbally, 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 Maximus  
My 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 Man Computerized 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 in Next 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 bruisein'  
My style gets respect fifty Muslims You hang on strings like loose ends  
With my hands on the nine  
Watch yo nugget bitch  
I get 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  
How's that? 'Cause I gets busy with mines  
It's Keith Murray I 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 beautifulest thing in this world  
Is I shitted and y'all was with it, dig it  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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