

# Rhymin' Wit Kel (feat. Kel-Vicious)

Keith Murray

Come on, yeah Who you wit? Where you at?  
Who you wit? Where you at? I'm stanking strong, 23 years old now  
With the big, bang boogie and the big pow pow  
Ay, yo, you Kel, not much, just keepin' it tight  
With the Philly Blunt King gettin' high as a kite I got no time for bullshittin', I have to start  
lickin'  
'Cause niggas get jeal off the shit Kel be kickin'  
Get your free head ups, 'cause I'm seven foot tall  
And I ain't scared of none of ya'll  
This shit is off the wall  
I be the genie in your lamp, the face on your stamp  
The hip-hop rocker stompin' all through your camp  
We went from smokin' weed in bullen therapy  
To takin' suckers out on national TV  
So on and so on, furthermore in other words  
We kick niggas heads to the curb Who you wit? Where you at?  
Who you wit? Where you at?  
Who you wit? Where you at?  
Who you wit? Where you at? I shook hands with all across the land from here to Japan  
Back to the motherland up to Canada  
Nigga I, Jeru the Damaja  
Your rap style is weak and it has no stamina Ay yo, this is for the big quzzlers  
Gun smugglers, drug jugglers and chelua puffers  
Mister Armor to all, you gonna take a fall  
For tryin' to walk before you crawl  
We'll kick 120 rhymes in 60 seconds  
Niggas standing on the sideline feeling disrespected  
While I dissected your shit get ejected  
I got Kel-Vicious the malicious next to wreck it We can make this shit hot or we can keep it cool  
But as soon as a nigga violate the rules  
I get the spot hot quick, yo, Kel be illin' and shit  
'Cause, I be comin' down the block with the pistol grip  
With all this violence in the world How could I not be a crook?  
I could stick a nigga up with my mean fuckin' looks  
Make a bitch drop her draws grab the microphone and pause  
There's many casualites of war  
Killer Kel is at the door Who you wit? Where you at?  
Who you wit? Where you at?  
Who you wit? Where you at?  
Who you wit? Where you at? I be the mad, mad scientist, mad conquering  
Getting quick dough like off-track betting  
Overall you niggas be dead on arrival

Meanwhile me and Kel be buggin' off survival  
My supporting cast will bust that ass  
I got a beeper and a phone but you can find me on the Ave  
Y'all niggas definitely ain't got nothing for us  
We'll take it to the streets on Stallone and Chuck Norris  
You can wake up call, I got the intchy  
finger  
Ya'll can't be sleeping on the block 'cause that's when I clock  
And it's New Jack City, smackig motherfuckers out like bitties  
Boy your bad, boy your rude, boy your vicious, fuck it  
Niggas get bust now for lookin'  
suspicious  
So I got a 9, pack 9 lives like a cat  
Word is bond, niggas try to bust 'em bust 'em back  
And I don't give a fuck about me or you  
I damage your whole family plus your crew

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>