

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

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