

14th Song On The Album

Kool Keith

Yeah, the 14th song on the album
Yeah... Kool Keith
My flow is cut even like Steve Harvey's toupee
Ask Tech & Sway
Christmas all year long, I will ban Santa
I don't care if you perform your first hit in the Copacabana
I study the weight class, watch 'em bite behind the neck
You gotta stick and move
Don't let a gorilla get you against the ropes, with a banana
The same rappers hate my twist and turns
Awkward Uptown Bronx style, star vocals jab like Tommy Hearn
Extravagant lifestyle rap, only the poor people love it
Your refurbished talk is not my concern
Spray Polo cologne on you well
You don't wanna step in the lobby when a professional check in the hotel

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Don't let the trophies and awards fool you
With the wet behind your ears organization, who's gonna school you?
I'm a true inner city scout
With version talent that's not ready, you're gonna lose too
Waste a lot of distribution money
Another face on the magazine out of nowhere
Lookin retarded and funny
Two kids 19 years old with long sideburns
Look like my grandfather's dad, fresh from go 'head and brag
Drop them same lyrics, a tough guy, I kill everybody glock drag
In a garbage bag, wipe your buttcrack with a zig-zag

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White tie affair, I ban your tux
You think you're doin somethin eatin at the Grand Deluxe?
Your verses to me is worth 10 bucks
With a corny image that sucks
I pray heavy by the pond, I find those Donald Ducks
Who move in armored trucks
Uncircumcised cats with lame tracks
Got the nerve to press CD's and try to go to wax

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The 14th track on the album, whassup J you did a good job