

Bob Boss

Kool Keith

New York City, Bronx
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Critics wait for me to drop, sit on the toilet and doo doo
Men write for magazines with G-strings
I'm not a Chicago bully, ask Phil
I got seven rings, the championship crown
Exhaust pipes, everything you let out your butt is brown
The enemas I give bring the paparazzis around
That sets me up for the cover of Vibe
Shake hands on the court
Touch your sandwich after I play with my penis
Where's your startin five
Who want Bob Couse, who wanna make Bob news
To match me you gotta pay Bob dues
I bring an NBA four with a dumb construction book
to the kids in your high school
Battle me son you must be high fool
With skinny legs disappearin from the cocaine
Your biceps smaller than your chain
There's a CBA team that might take you
You need protein, and food
Go home the power forwards and centers break you
Rub your face against the fiberglass
The coliseum's jam-packed
You can't rhyme your way out of a tiger's ass

Girls want that massage
The man with the Dick Tracy Stetson
Bad kids I send you to the dean
The El Brothers rock the lime green
Sheepskin Tyra Banks at the Ecstasy Garage
Theodore on the turntables
Bob Couse from Prospect Park, with mean jeans
Ask Herc if he gon' let these rookies rock right now
They fans on my cock right now
I like the way you scramble and work kid
But I gotta shut down your block right now
You heard the boss, I said stop right now
My team used to catch you in the Cisco Fever
Your chain and watch on my neck
There's more guys like B.O. in the Bronx
Ask Sal, about my perfection
When the projects wait for superstars
With super cars comin out the T connection
Mess with me you be the first man with a C-section

Now they gon' wear the aprons and stack pancakes they fakes
I'm the righthand man of Lenny, seven million cash
Who you think own the Ultimate Breaks?
Move with ultimate cakes, girls taste the gunpowder
Somebody gon' kill y'all, I heard y'all sellin flour
Golden seal, big substitutes, that's sugar you movin
I make you eat my boogers

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