

# Everybody Playin' Here

Kool Keith

Yo I ain't hearin nothin, Kool Keith in the place  
I'm a be all up in your face  
Yo, I'm a tell you, I don't wanna hear what you got to say

'Gwan from here, forget the all-star game  
Light your ass man with flame, urinate in the brain  
Ladies react move with panties off with the prawns  
Imposter from the Barbados  
Private jets shock your island  
40 Oz. undercover with a cashmere  
Your fake Gucci glasses, your jacket's made out of reindeer  
Jealous, I know you act like you don't hear  
Top controller, winey waste  
I'm not impressed, beyond your fat stomach  
Twist your tiny waist  
Jacket and juice leave your bad mouth with a bad taste  
We keep it clean, no passin gas or sardines in here  
No girls with a lack of hygiene with sardines in here  
Yo, you know Garland, open the roof, crack the beer

It's apparent, tell no shame in here  
Everybody know the game in here  
Know you playin in here, what you sayin in here  
You're playin here

Like Free and Mary J. Blige, AJ look like the Predator  
#1 With the tec-9 in the duffel bag, I'm your competitor  
Bounty catcher master, you face me in America  
You know you guys rhymin little gay for commercial  
Deep in the industry, the anal crevices  
Y'all date men, your bodyguards too busy datin trends  
The kid on the mic, your hype man goes the other way  
Santa Monica butt boys  
Fly your girls in from Chicago, Illinois

Ask the judge right here, don't budge right here  
Y'all light in the ass, featherweight, fly your kite here  
Bird figures, y'all ain't all that, don't let me reveal you  
Cap peel you, top of the mansion butt boys  
Earnin for girls, y'all strut boys  
Play your right hand side with Tonka toys  
Walkin back and forth like Enoch against your crew  
Sayin "crush, kill, destroy"  
Asian girls relax on Soul Train, you're stiff  
Eat your bok choi

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Special effects make most of your average rappers with pastel colors  
Wallpaper in your background, I P-I-S-S on you  
Game benefits, collect C-I-S-S on you  
Don't need one mic there, I'd rather vomit on two  
People suck! Are you down? I'm in your area  
You bad, the more the merrier

Santa Claus, put flammable fluid to your claws  
I break all sissy laws  
Treat you like a prosti' on Sunset, you bet  
I know you're in the back of the aisle, your girdle's wet  
You got the nerve to move and listen to Keitho Sweat  
Look around yo  
You're like the girl who used to sing a long time in Florida  
I call you Anquette

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