

Lady Think She's All That

Kool Keith

See, it's not for everybody
But New York got these certain type of girls
See I'm not the problem
You don't put Keith in your mouth
You look mad, your face poked out
And I can't understand that

Girl you goin out every night with a twisted face
Lookin in the club for a husband
Baby you're disturbed and buggin, turnin off every man you meet
Your datin game is weak
Lookin for Mr. Right, Mr. See-Through, Mr. Light
Hussy you don't know everything, your mind stuck on some big wedding
White house, and white picket fence
Can't enjoy a simple walk at the mall, woman you on defense
Can't fight the evil, overweight with 5 stomachs
Classic New York girl, you're not a model, you're not equal
You're not equal

Lady thinks she's all that, and then some
You think you all that
Lady thinks she's all that, and then some
You think you all that

Dinner you eat entirely too much
You turn me off with stress wrinkles in your forehead
Your nasty mouth when you cuss
Think you deserve a limo when you originally just material for the bus
You never exercise but you want men to lust
Like it's strictly about you
Special things need a puppy dog to you
You mad, probably cause this song I wrote is so true
Just got a cellular phone like you doin somethin, brand new
You already dark like a salon, water tan
For overextreme actin your ugly rights, I oughta ban you
I know your kind

I complain because you think you look good
You don't even work out, you ain't everything
Searchin for a dumb-ass man, to put up with your suitcase full of junk
You're not exotic a regular squinched up face girl
If I was him I wouldn't buy you anything, unappreciative
And your dress style ain't creative
Poppin your Doublemint gum, makes your character ghetto
In reality don't get mad
I'm dealin with an undercover bum, a sassy ass
That needs more respect for herself
We as men deserve a quiet person, it's hard to find class