Rundown

Kool Keith

You don't wanna fuck around when I strike at piss range
You know the verses I come at you, this strange
When I bring the headaches and upset stomach pills for the cram
ps
And two boxes of sanitary bath tissue, to wipe your ass
You can't front on me you big-head motherfucker
Bitches love it, the bell sittin on the top of they nose
Irish Spring, around the pubic hair with Johnson's baby oil
On a Hercules cock they robot
And score service order gas masks on my face
Fly as a German model
Camcorder with her tight-ass pussy shaved up to her asshole
Drinkin her mineral
The water, the general
John, A, show y'all some Cleveland cavi shit
Rappers ain't down
Got that God damn thang wastin champagne
You bet those sneakers on yo' feet and that whack-ass chain
I'm havin mo' fun than the bra, no Cherry Lounge
You with boring girls buyin bottles an' shit
No time for local bastards, I'm on some international shit when
 I spit
You on the FDR Drive flossin Goodyear Blimp
I'm with a bitch in Paris, tomorrow a party in Germany brunette
s
You hear, you never saw
Look ten times better than Eva Longoria
Flat stomachs and apple asses
What the fuck you tellin me, you see me, yo
You better come out and thaw, like some meat, Kennedy
My luggage, I don't fuck with these puppets
X-ray my shit through the machine
Why you go to to the movies
With a gorilla with orange hair, glued on top
Off her black hair
That look mean backwards motherfucker, what'chu think you mack
there?
Sittin in your fat chair, eatin ribs all day
I wonder do these, cats care
I weight advances
I wait for you to take your chances
And Humpty Dumpty quit it, Prego carriages
My poems increase, above averages
People hatin doin that ordinary miserable shit
Walkin around like savages
I'm intrigued by myself, fuck your bullshit statuses~!

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