

## Seattle Tacoma

Kool Keith

Yeah

Tacoma Seattle police

Had to come get my bags right in front of Hooters

The whole restaurant watchin

But I'm here

I will find my prey

International, or domestic

The underground is on level E

Most rappers rap on level B

That's considered G.O. proposition

Freestyle competition

You win a Volkswagen on MTV hosted by D.D.

Diamonds spilled around the bars, Parve on the Magnum

Pee-pee the request by NBC

The cheese caviar for the dancers, the high-end romancers

Turn off their tracks

Octapawn is gone, 39.99

Motel on the highway, the "Thong Song"

with Christinie drinkin a martini

You say it's that Millie crochet'n with the yarn

The false don, and a herb, that's right

I'm Agron, a.k.a. The Fonz

Bounce with gator sneaks, handsome good C-notes, the bomb

And vogue 'em out, take 'em to dinner like Don

Shawn know who I am, serve me Grey Poupon

Flavor extra-bration

Mess around you catch a laceration

The voodoo come Hatian the top which he popped maker

You the lagoon faker, I might sign again with a major

Panties gotta be sweet, they can't come in fishy flavors

Everybody's gettin big

Mom give me more potatoes

Jump out and train at the gym with an El Ness brim

In the Phantom with the original fantastic Orangemen on my side

that look like rocks, chicks say he's with Ben Grimm

Ex porn star

Three bottles on ice, look fox he got the rocks

See with the cinnamon, salmon cakes relaxed

I cook on top of your cassette tapes

With Denny's chocolate

I'll force you off the highway for two spicy chicken tins

And two milkshakes

Amino acids can't cover your lip then milk weights

Six pounds, I'll face your anorexia Hollywood phony legs

You better buy Tony's legs

I'm out to bang, two hammers in your Dell

Find you upsidedown in China like David Sucko in a Honda XL

Non-stable crab lice

Get your face changed, movin in different hotels

I guarantee liars'll see "Fright Night"

You cats cover your calves

Comin around with dogs, the gun'll bite