

# Still The Best

Kool Keith

Yeah

American and European national champion  
cool Keith you know who I am  
The master man Willie Biggs big status  
Droppin nine six and seven big status  
Skill.. lotto winners

I taught New York City the five boroughs how to rap  
You can take that back and pull them thongs out your rectum crack  
I'm +Poppa Large+ big daddy big penis in a Caddy  
Retro petrol I run that whole metro politan area,  
burnin ya, the style is scarin ya  
You don't know, and half of y'all brothers can't flow  
I'm Texas Swift, down South, they call me Frankie Joe  
Keep pushin rigs, Mack trucks, drop off your girl's wigs  
I'm strictly business, no gimmicks, a rhymin expert  
No common style, or wack logo, cheap hip-hop shirt  
You best to be prepared, paperclips, on your mouth  
I rock Virginia, tag Atlanta, 95 South  
Then hit Miami, let the girls feel my stiff jammy  
I'm national kid, girls like the way I dress

[Chorus: x2]

I'm still the best, I'm still the best, East to West  
Joe Kingpin, big stack, money Willie Biggs  
Superfly get back, your whole group is Freddie's Dead  
Rap style pee stain, like yellow spots on your bed  
I'm Jay Gloom, on the strets, still walkin doo doo  
You can't stop me, step off, now let your girl jock me  
I ride a bus and tail just like a Kawasaki  
motorcycles with big gloves, I'm here to damage ya  
Political style flop, your child play is amateur  
Yo take that word, I rip your anus, youse a herb  
I get in rectum, zoom focus on your whole room  
Wear green capes and walk in clubs like I'm Dr. Doom  
Handblock double switch monkey style, flying horsemen  
Crab leg, walk on top of rappers, then I cross men  
I be the Silver Surfer, glidin with a fly leather  
Wig, gold chains, my glasses fog in the rainy weather  
We do this like Brutus, I make you say, "Who dis?"  
The man on the mic's right, cover your styles tonight  
I do my duty destruct, take skin off your booty  
Masquerade man is ill, Keith spinnin reel to reel  
Who play the number tonight? I put six on a five  
Shoulda combined, go ahead baby

[Chorus: x2]

Big Willie, Big Willie  
Big Willie-heyyyeah-heyyy  
Big Willie, Big Willie  
Big Willie heyyyyyyy

You're not competition, no joke, I know your kinfolks  
That sloppy Gotti style just a bowl of Wheat Oats  
No matter how mean or point blank hard you look

I cover my eye, retarded bugged like I'm Captain Hook  
Like Vincent Price, I'm nice, I bake and coke you twice  
Your crew is rat turd, your parakeet flow is bird  
At my night show lick my pubic hair, tell me word  
I'm basic nasty, with tight moves, smart like Lassie  
Classical winner bass, pumpin while your sound is thinner  
I kick back, with drawers off, invite your girl to dinner  
Get sexy raw, the champagne pours even more  
No forcefield, I rhyme erotic, feel myself on tour  
I'm so delicate, countin cash, too intelligent  
Yeah, I bought the dream book  
Gon' play what I got to play tomorrow  
Do this right, yeah

[Chorus: x2]

Best, East to West  
Best, East to West, Big Willlliehaeyyy  
Best, East to West  
Best, East to West, hooo hoo ho hoooo  
Best, East to West  
Best, East to West, hey hey, hey hey, hey hey