

What You Doing

Kool Keith

Bench press nine tons
Bench press...

See when I come and rap they can't sit no more
Girls get constipated
Everybody you know, they can't spit no more, constipated
Backed up
The underground ain't shit no more
A bunch of cocksuckers, whack backpack motherfuckers
With no solid balls behind the music
Them bullshit
Y'all artists, out now is made of rubber
Y'all criticize the stupid fucker
Suck a transexual dick with your roommate lover
The lyrical king step over your stomach
Your bitch sit proud, with two seats
with spare ribs stuffed in her mouth cheeks
You cheap bastard
What you got to give besides an e-mail address
Underground bounty hunter
Piss on a two tonner
A Minnesota Viking offensive kickoff purple rainjacket
8,000 yard a day runner, yellow flag facemask
Your quarterback is fucked up by a psychologically disturbed fi
eld goal punter
Hit you in the helmet with a construction hammer
Metro North to Grand Central
Charge away motherfucker change my voice up screwed

So you download me schemin, dreamin, cry teamin and feemin
Your favorite MC changed lanes niggaz
I shit off communication while y'all buy merchandise
And join fan clubs, drink from the fountain of hell
Listen to these niggaz I stay away from crumb shitters
What y'all doin rappin polluted rap
Wit'cha leg snapped like an animal in a media trap
Your face need to be slapped
Out of a gift wrap, you riff-raff
Half and half, no comedy Laugh Factory
Soft spoken chatter, pack of some diseased fam
Pay your salary nigga, that's the same shit you bummin
Frontin down the river, don't squawk
You scared soulless walkin around still fascinated by your whac
k-ass, glitter
Corn heart doin samples that tell motherfuckers
Let the Brisco start, the post-printer