

Kool Keith, Dark Road

[Reverand Tom]

New Line Cinema, presents the Dark Road
Starring, Jean Claude Van Damme
With Wesley Snipes, Morgan Freeman, Kool Keith
Robin Williams, with special guests
No Name and Knobody, from Thee Undatakerz
Dark Road, coming February 22nd at a theater near you

[Verse One: Kool Keith - Reverand Tom]

I'm tired of rap, I don't even like makin records no more
I quit, y'all don't know, a long time ago
I'd rather hang in strip clubs in Detroit and Chicago
I hate lookin at rappers who freestyle
Walkin around the same block, they still gonna be there tomorrow
Battle back and forth, East South West and North
With 40 thousand records I don't need to record no more
Two million or better, three {?} on tour
Nothin to prove, live in the Bronx, y'all show me hardcore
Been around Europe, all over the United States
Jay-Z, Rakim, KRS, you ask Big Daddy Kane
I'm Artis Gilmore, block shots everybody comin down the middle lane
Promoters don't call me no more
Gun toters will call you when I'm poor
Walk up to your Bentley, get out, everybody get on the floor
Whether actor or singer, you could be extra
And feel the tec-9 texture
With ups on skinny legs, baldhead like Patterson Projects
Nate Archibald, y'all think I'm Clyde Drexler
Walk up to your radio station with sawed-offs, speak with the Winchester

[Chorus: Reverand Tom]

We about gainin, reignin
Puttin in pain in, tamin
Who's rappin lame and, playin
We about gainin, reignin
Puttin in pain in, tamin
Who's rappin lame and, playin

[Verse Two: M-Balmer]

Now, let's let the session, keep verbally manifestin
Ain't no question, how many niggaz we nut testin
Burn Krush Groove, wettest loop, don't know why you mask too
Nobody and ain't nobody comin with it so keep second guessin
110 let the games begin
Another rhyme leave 'em all behind
Live on stage or any other time
You can not affect me
Messed you up when you found out that nobody was carin
Now feel me, kill 'em though, Ms. Ghetto Phenomenal
Bangin on those that oppose this
vocally chose, who got the flows, can you handle those?
Bringin heat from the streets of S.C., that's me
Niggaz be tryin to see me, but they can't get with me
Now what?
Well it's the Mistress, blowin in like El Nino
Throwin blows to yo' cerebral
Ms. Kill 'Em Though, Ms. Ghetto Phenomenal
Bangin on those that oppose this
vocally chose, who got the flows, can you handle those?
Bringin heat from the streets of S.C., that's me
Niggaz be tryin to see me, but they can't get with me

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Thee Undatakerz]

Stop all the silly games, suck my gat if you hatin
I don't care if you rich famous, I'll still send you down to Satan
Breakin all public laws just to get my paws on a grip
I'm a dog from L.A. streets, but I still love runnin with crips
Runnin with clips, fully loaded, automatic, without no tips
Them hollow point silver bullets, that'll bust yo' head if you trip
I'm on a West coast mission, we throw my set up in yo' face
Got a problem let me know right now and we can go settle it Ace
I move with Manny Green, B-Stro Brown, Thug Life Mopreme
Razor Blade, Major Seven, Mean Yo and Big Chachi
Future Free from the pen, we hit the streets like gorillas
Knuckles scrape across the concrete, we on the hunt to get mo' scrilla
With Thee Undatakerz, monster like Godzillas on the mic
You wanna see us, you might die, whether day or night
Now scatter the light, but we still come out when it's dark
Vampires stalk the streets, alleys of L.A. to New York
(Central Park, what?)

[Chorus]