

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]