

# Kool Keith, Dark Thought (Outro)

Kool... KEITH! Lost Masters  
Part 2, you got Part 1  
Part 2... yeah

[Keith randomly computerizes his voice - this may not be accurate]

I'm in danger of the tricks forever  
Piss on you more, if you get better  
You don't wanna fuck around with the professional work  
I'ma wipe my ass tonight wit'cha white Coogi sweater  
Shit inside your {?} if your limo  
Push the club cheesehead nigga, put up or shut up  
Mash all disease nigga, you ain't no MC nigga  
Fuck up your studio time with a bullshit rhyme  
Up in the limo since you was nine  
Mountain climbin with dimes  
Ladies know I'm simple with mines  
New York bitches is too slow for me  
I shit on your face on national TV  
Let the public see me piss on the Hollywood sign  
My construction booth stomp on these beats hard  
Fuck you I work overtime, at the check cashin place  
I spray your bitch ass with mace  
Barfin these Wendy's hamburgers  
all over your Reeboks and all over your face, BLEWAAWHH  
Whack-ass nigga all over your shoelace  
Too funky two-face, too funky for you stiff motherfuckers  
I got too much bass, call me Ace  
La-Da-Da-Da, nigga, nothin but Prada nigga  
Play this shit in the club, we need bud!  
Piss on motherfuckers in the curtain  
Light a match, pour gasoline on your fuckin rug  
Urinator, gators piss on the back of your denim suit  
HA HA HA! You got the dog shit on the back of your heels  
Fucked up position, the shoe man  
Can't take care of the back of your sneaker  
The maximum smell, blow your asshole out the box office  
Like Jaws, I bought a retarded shark  
Retarded in the dark, movin shit off your tugboat with gills  
You fuckin with Hennessy? I don't fuck with cocaine  
I don't need the fuckin ecstasy pills  
Top notch, unequal, it's hot in here  
Crowded house party with eight thousand people  
Urinated in the fruit punch, while y'all light and blaze blunts  
Krispy Kreme donuts, you boxed up stale bastards  
Like Captain Crunch, champagne fuckin security put on ice  
Designer nice, the waiter lookin for the tips  
Make her pay up twice, purple trainin on precise  
MTV material, platinum nigga lot of flashes  
Zoom on your fake asses, bouncers lookin for VIP wrist passes  
Dark corners brothers  
Temporary secretary, workin at Warner Brothers  
I'm warnin others, admire the fakers, buffalo wings nigga  
You in the front seat, front row, watchin the fuckin Lakers  
TV screen, overnight basketball fan  
You ain't no overnight basketball man