Kool Keith, Get Your Groove On

On... on... [repeats]
(It's been a code blue! It's been a code blue~!
Comin from The Commi$$ion department!)

[Kool Keith:]
You're not the proven worth it
You're worthless, you hurt this
You catch the tubercu's, your rap style straight circus
Con from Tom, wishin you can survive on a cruton
My enemies walk out and move on
The bar you get your booze on
Straight shot and wooze on
Anybody on the mic then who's on
Come up with him you lose on
Walk your dog, let him get his poop on
The first, you can't get your group on
The beats sync up, I got my loop on
Had the audacity, I'm jazzy, the duke's on
Throw up and get my puke on
Jimmy Goretex you put your boots on
Let the taste bruise corn
Rappers want that truth song
Walk by the cabbie, I cruise on
With black socks all the time, no shoes on
Pay respects and get the dues on
And if you gamble?
You ain't a winner, you get your lose on

On... on... [repeats to fade]