

Kool Keith, Maxin In The Shade

Hey girl, you frontin on that phone
That cellular phone ain't workin
What's that? Pre-paid, from J&J
And your voice mail is off, cause I called you

So you're extravagant, think you all that
There's some corn flakes in the kitchen
and turkey sandwich on top of the 'fridgeator
That's right girl, don't roll your eyes at me like a alligator
Put your Chanel shades on, walk with your thong in your butt
Runnin your fingers through your cheap raise(?)
Look at your girlfriend with her hair weave fallin out
On my phone, runnin up my bill
Talkin to broke-ass drug dealer friends
to Western Union you three dollars from Cancun
You're now in the red with your real hair stickin from under your wig
showin behind your head, with real, pimples on your face
You can't disrespect me in my place; them cigarettes smell
Lookin for NBA players to take you to eat and you don't even have gas
Actin pretty you need to pull over in Taco Bell
I seen your kind before with mice spittin
pumpkin seeds in your living room floor
I know your type.. I know your type

Maxin in the shade - I know your type
Maxin in the shade - I know your type
Maxin in the shade - I know your type

You can't even cook a hot dog or pour a glass of milk
You'd rather walk around with plastic coats over your head
in the rain lookin for a coach bag and Moschino belt
You need to see how McDonald's feel
Stop lookin around like you "Superfly" and Ron O'Neal
I'ma let you know how beef and a quarter pound is real
Now go get your autograph and take a picture with the Cheeseburglar
Let him know how you got your hair done
And you're movin like you're pregnant this month
with your +Belly+ stickin out like movie and soundtrack
You dress up with diamonds just to eat
Don't even finish your plate complete
When the bill come, you try to act like you can't see the receipt
Walkin up the block with Vivica Fox type girlfriends
Jockin a seventy-year-old man, in a mansion
with a seventy-five Rolls Royce, that look like Alfred Hitchcock
Maybe he can afford your liposuction stretch marks and tax deduction
The second verse is still introduction
So you actin like a sad puppy
lookin at me through the fish tanks like a guppy
(Why you have to look at me so stupid like that?)

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First of all I bought the food you didn't even say thank you
Now put on your bibs and chew your ribs
You got grease on your hand and your favorite skirt
I'ma call your mom after you get off work so your head hurt
You wasn't invited to the concert that's V.I.P. backstage
Who's this? What you doin here?
I'm ashamed of you, I'm bein straight
I hate you, I'm not gonna face you
I'ma take you to White Castle asshole
I don't wear platinum, I wear gold

My maturity ability is laughin at you like comedy
You need to sit down, pull out a Swanson TV dinner
Peanut butter and jelly'll fill up your belly
Bread in the cabinet start grabbin it
Kool-Aid and lemonade get comfortable under the shade
and let the barbershop, give your bob wig a tight fade

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You slept with the wrong man
All seven of your big-head kids are ugly [laughing]