

# Kool Keith, Rundown

[Kool Keith:]

You don't wanna fuck around when I strike at piss range  
You know the verses I come at you, this strange  
When I bring the headaches and upset stomach pills for the cramps  
And two boxes of sanitary bath tissue, to wipe your ass  
You can't front on me you big-head motherfucker  
Bitches love it, the bell sittin on the top of they nose  
Irish Spring, around the pubic hair with Johnson's baby oil  
On a Hercules cock they robot  
And score service order gas masks on my face  
Fly as a German model  
Camcorder with her tight-ass pussy shaved up to her asshole  
Drinkin her mineral  
The water, the general  
John, A, show y'all some Cleveland cavi shit  
Rappers ain't down  
Got that God damn thang wastin champagne  
You bet those sneakers on yo' feet and that whack-ass chain  
I'm havin mo' fun than the bra, no Cherry Lounge  
You with boring girls buyin bottles an' shit  
No time for local bastards, I'm on some international shit when I spit  
You on the FDR Drive flossin Goodyear Blimp  
I'm with a bitch in Paris, tomorrow a party in Germany brunettes  
You hear, you never saw  
Look ten times better than Eva Longoria  
Flat stomachs and apple asses  
What the fuck you tellin me, you see me, yo  
You better come out and thaw, like some meat, Kennedy  
My luggage, I don't fuck with these puppets  
X-ray my shit through the machine  
Why you go to to the movies  
With a gorilla with orange hair, glued on top  
Off her black hair  
That look mean backwards motherfucker, what'chu think you mack there?  
Sittin in your fat chair, eatin ribs all day  
I wonder do these, cats care  
I weight advances  
I wait for you to take your chances  
And Humpty Dumpty quit it, Prego carriages  
My poems increase, above averages  
People hatin doin that ordinary miserable shit  
Walkin around like savages  
I'm intrigued by myself, fuck your bullshit statuses~!