

Kool Keith, Sweet Unique Pete

(feat. Black Silver)

Yeah! Kool Keith
Black Sil (yeah yeah) and company!
As we party.. two-zero-zero-zero

[Kool Keith]
Step in coat check, vocal supreme sound perfect
You wack man, haven't you heard this?
Matador king ladies swarm around me like Jon B
as I stop rappers tryin to copy Alpo(?) Rich Port(?) and AZ
My temperatures one-thousand-three
Look at these big head kids on labels tryin to MC
with a globe dome
I told you to tell that man to stay home
Tell Russell to call me with Sylvia Rhome
Gave him the gas, now he gotta pump in his ass
I don't care if you go out with Stacey Dash
Rentin cars, you tryin to copy Nas
Sound like A.G., you ain't my man from Cold Crush KayGee
Don't try to play me
You never made a record with Mo Bee, and Master P
I saw you on the Greyhound bus station floor
Layin down with a doo rag on like a circus clown
Strippers keep dancin around, I'm Bronx bound
Your fans catch migraines from me doin my thang

[Chorus x4: Kool Keith]

We sweet unique Pete
Look at these ladies massagin our feet

[Black Silver]
Yeah
Yo showdown, sho' shot, double-K, flow pop
Navigate, interactive flashback
Now who nice wit it? Spit it on the block daily
Product, never shady, slang the real
Send it to backstage, flame created a rage
Mays(?) bump that in my mezzanine controller
High-roller, program, this shit jam
to quick access, asses on my lap crouches
Dip through; y'all need a piece of this mental
plus a sip of this dick in your mouth
Either that or stop sleepin, peepin the next man's style
I elaborate on fraudulent and stick to the wild
Phone-tap, we order Ocean Spray with that
Fuji film, honey spread that
Finger the asscrack in fact I'ma bounce with that
(Yeah, bounce with that)

[Kool Keith]
Fuckin dancers back to back
Aww yeah

[Chorus Two x4: Kool Keith]

We're sweet unique Pete
Ladies massagin our feet