

Kool Keith, Women Turn On Your T.V.

[Kool Keith]

Don't hurt 'em - don't hurt 'em
Kool Keith... yeah
New York City in the house
California in the house
Texas in the house
Miami in the house

Forget sneakers that look like hot dogs
Yo fam, you hear me chewin your chicken gizzards
I'm more reptile than 10 of your Timberland boots
is worth one pair of my lizards
Just order your two-piece Kentucky Fried to go
That watch on your arm you said it was real? You lied you know
Actin like a Spanish guy goin crazy over one girl
The latest thing in New York - overprotective insecure asshole
A J-Lo lookalike with a Burger King stomach
Man go ahead and hide your ho, my flow hit Mexico
And enter Puerto Rico like Tego
Rewind no fast forward, a lot of stamps on my passport

[Chorus x2: Kool Keith]

Woman turn on your TV, channel 7, ABC News, don't you see me?

[Kool Keith]

So what you didn't vote for me, I'm Congress
My pee stains tag your white Dodge Magnum
Make the girls come out and say what's that on your armrest?
Security forces, ask the fire department I alarm best
With overcooked mushrooms, and turnips
I woke my kids up, y'all tryin to battle me all night
Suckers went to bet on the pro
9 million rappers, fell asleep with cigarettes in they hand
Let they babies burn up
Your girl ain't payin attention, who that on the bell?
Yo let my cousin Verne up
Alright, y'all get enough to build your concern up
Adjust your football game, break your PlayStation controls
Y'all know my highs, gorillas can't feel my lows
Cineplex status

[Chorus x1.5]

[Kool Keith]

Remember I'm Boston, they Bernie Williams
With a sweat over your ties, two outs in the 9th inning
Most of y'all stuck in Jeopardy
I answer you quick, shock you like Ken Jennings
You can't touch the mic lookin like the face on the penny
Goin against nuclear power
Marble floors with ceramics, I defecate in your shower
It's not about comin off the head of the testicles
My job is to make a foe write one verse for 30 hours
No fancy restaurants, and botanical gardens
A lot of guys with fake talk
I see 'em all out there with pink GMC trucks
Hand another man flowers, my competition wear haltertops
And sport backs with a lot of powder
Change your exits, comin up the road on your navigation
Meets the rerouter

[Chorus x2.5]