Kool Keith, A Black Kid Who Think He's White

[Kool Keith:]
Oh~! No
Kooooooooooooool, Keith
The Personal Album

Been there, before where you're tryin to go
You're not the main attraction, why you actin like the show?
First let's start with how many people you know
You need juice to rock, boost to rock
You still drop names occasionally, to advance off your block
How many CD's can you stock?
You'll be dissapointed with aftershock
A inner city person, that think they Woodstock
You're over the hill, over the bill
Type of pedestrian, to force the look preppie, you can't be Phil
The A Street look, don't take you up the hill

[Chorus:]

[Kool Keith:]

Bad upbringing left you cold, accepted by few
Looking in the mirror, you don't know you
No soul wit'chu, avoiding your uncles and aunts
Stiff on the dancefloor, you're buying straight leg pants more
You connive to settle the score
Everyday is drizzle for you, rain and fog I fizzle for you
You think woman adore you, many don't hear you
A lot ignore you, a baby with a pacifier
You think people gotta be there for you
Mom's biggest baby, drivin that woman crazy
You're not innovative, you're lazy
I made you, you didn't make me, you underestimate me
Even with overweight wannabe millionaires you couldn't fake me

[Chorus]

[Kool Keith:]

Where's the proper respect? A guy with no manners
Can't stand the soul food, rather go out Von Dutch
Don't know the real from the fake, lookin for a big shot
Will the misfits fail, I know you better you won't get the Hollywood break
The superstar birthday party, blow out a celebrity cake
Whatever you got left, is not that hot
One flight of steps, milk the cow for what it's worth
A cursed person, to your last breath
Many floss at the pubs, the effort you give is F
Go home clean up your room, straighten up your mess
Straighten up your mess

[Chorus]