

Kool Keith, Bamboozled

Yeah, the diesel truckers, with, Kool Keith
Marc Live, Jacky Jasper
We come international, and rational

[Kool Keith]

I saw the Grammy's, I wasn't impressed with that
A lot of stylists overdressed that
Was I wrong? Who was the best at
Two cases on Stoli's, eight thousand for this man you owe me
I left the V.I.P. section lonely
Me, white folks, Don Juan played the back
The women chose me over guess who? Pretty Toney
Kid I got your lady signed to Sony
Girls tell Bobby I'm the real tenderoni
New York's best verse carrier
You better scoop her, before I marry her
Award winnder without rims
Tap your dimepiece without spinners
JVC, LL soapbox with the antennas
I get hard on aspirin cups filled with Guinness
The Ernie Onassis, with masters, with Marc and Jack Jasper
Sunday clean gators on the pastor
Go 'head player, youse a wallflower
Scared to talk to her, I'ma ask her
Rep it at the casino, walk in your presence
Miami's biggest problem
Whack rappers want me out the game like Al Pacino

[Chorus 2X: Jacky Jasper]

We pop bottles, washed up models (bamboozled)
Runny makeup, celebrities, uncensored
Paparazzi, Sunset Boulevard
Forty-second street, Las Vegas, South Beach

[Jacky Jasper]

I seen a lot of rappers turn soft, I turn my TV off (uh)
And thugs got commercials (yea) thugs in commercials (uh)
And everybody's chick turned gladiator and shit
No pimps, no hustlers, yo where's your whips
No Maybachs, no Lambos on the field
Towncar, ridin Music Express
And yo' the winner is - effervesence (that's right)
Your rhymes didn't win, your rhymes didn't get shit (oh!)
They like the way you move in tight suits (that's right)
And gay-ass 70 boots
You the best example, yo the industry is whack yo
Now you can bet your label and your Phantom on that
See rappers don't want no parts of men
They zombies, +28 Days+ all over again
Everybody's scared, runnin again
They bonecrush ya, monkeys in the cage again

[Chorus]

[Marc Live]

Celebrity nigga, broke a MC pimp nigga
Show up on the scene (nigga)
Trackin cream, so obscene
You can't come clean, fast money I fiend
I know the score, your mother-in-law
My money is more, she's leavin him poor
I know the game, ask Rick James
I don't complain and I won't explain
Go fetch, I draw the sketch

You won't catch, I got the niche (bitch)
The chips won't switch, she's not a bitch
I'll take the chips, she's on my dick
They flowin in, steppin on up the money out
Hiccup, bitch shut the fuck up (what)
What is wrong, income's right
The street's my wife, the street's my life, uh

[Chorus]