

# Kool Keith, Bob Boss

[Kool Keith:]

New York City, Bronx

Bob Boss, Bob Boss, Bob Boss, Bob Boss

[Chorus: x2]

Bob Boss, Bob Boss, Bob Boss, Bob Boss

[Kool Keith:]

Critics wait for me to drop, sit on the toilet and doo doo

Men write for magazines with G-strings

I'm not a Chicago bully, ask Phil

I got seven rings, the championship crown

Exhaust pipes, everything you let out your butt is brown

The enemas I give bring the paparazzis around

That sets me up for the cover of Vibe

Shake hands on the court

Touch your sandwich after I play with my penis

Where's your startin five

Who want Bob Couse, who wanna make Bob news

To match me you gotta pay Bob dues

I bring an NBA four with a dumb construction book

to the kids in your high school

Battle me son you must be high fool

With skinny legs disappearin from the cocaine

Your biceps smaller than your chain

There's a CBA team that might take you

You need protein, and food

Go home the power forwards and centers break you

Rub your face against the fiberglass

The coliseum's jam-packed

You can't rhyme your way out of a tiger's ass

[Chorus]

[Kool Keith:]

Girls want that massage

The man with the Dick Tracy Stetson

Bad kids I send you to the dean

The El Brothers rock the lime green

Sheepskin Tyra Banks at the Ecstasy Garage

Theodore on the turntables

Bob Couse from Prospect Park, with mean jeans

Ask Herc if he gon' let these rookies rock right now

They fans on my cock right now

I like the way you scramble and work kid

But I gotta shut down your block right now

You heard the boss, I said stop right now

My team used to catch you in the Cisco Fever

Your chain and watch on my neck

There's more guys like B.O. in the Bronx

Ask Sal, about my perfection

When the projects wait for superstars

With super cars comin out the T connection

Mess with me you be the first man with a C-section

[Chorus]

[Kool Keith:]

Now they gon' wear the aprons and stack pancakes they fakes

I'm the righthand man of Lenny, seven million cash

Who you think own the Ultimate Breaks?

Move with ultimate cakes, girls taste the gunpowder

Somebody gon' kill y'all, I heard y'all sellin flour

Golden seal, big substitutes, that's sugar you movin

I make you eat my boogers

[Chorus]

Bob Boss, Bob Boss, Bob Boss...