

Kool Keith, Can't Fuck Wit This

(feat. Marc Live)

[Intro]

Yeah! This goes out to all you fake-ass motherfuckers
doin your bullshit-ass parties (yeah, we in here)
You motherfuckers are fake, you look like it
We know you look like it
Look at your fuckin familiar face
The nine can't fuck with this, Hot 97 smell like piss (Casanova)
Latex on my dick, [?] on my wrists (on my wristssss)
Can't fuck with this, Hot 97 smell like piss (Gun Hill Road)
Latex on my dick, [?] on my wrists
Can't fuck with this, Hot 97 smell like piss (Newark, New Jersey)
Latex on my dick, [?] on my wristssss

[Kool Keith]

Hypin up niggaz too much, bullshit's goin down
I don't give a fuck about Howston Street
That's where they suckin dicks all day, niggaz meet
Play what you told to play, Flavmaster-ass nigga
You can't even cut straight, a DJ fast nigga
Y'all niggaz is monkeys with cups!
With that bullshit playlist, Arbitron even say you SUCK
Billboard hate you; you corny motherfuckers are fake too
Wit'cha robot format, stick a bomb on your asscrack
Who sponsor you motherfuckers, Speed stick deodorant
You motherfuckers yeah - you owe the rent
Get rid of your staff they make me laugh with that local-ass shit
Y'all play all day talkin shit
And sittin on the toilet even Clear Channel's mad
All y'all do is flush toilets and shit all day
Report some ol' bullshit to BDS, like y'all the best
Transexuals, walkin up there with a fuckin dress
Even Wendy Williams say you motherfuckers be up in girdles and bras
Gettin they fuckin nails pressed

[Chorus]

Hot 97 smell like piss
Latex on my dick, [?] on my wristssss
Can't fuck with this, Hot 97 smell like piss
Latex on my dick, [?] on my wristssss

[Marc Live]

Fuck if we ready it's war on the station
Taliban, car bomb the whole fuckin place in
Duct tape, the receptionist, boxcut up, the security
Gun down the P.D.; hold Angie Mar'
I strip her naked tie the bitch to the front of the door
I kick her face in; tie dynamite, to her nipples
I put a dildo in her mouth and if she moves flip the switch dude
It's doom, ayyo the end of an era
Backstabbin bastards, no-talent asses
Angie got a bastard child by Nokio (faggot)
That has-been groupie bitch shoulda fuckin known
Flex is a fruitcake nigga, fat faggot
Transvestite lover on Hunt's Point every night
Do a show with RuPaul, troublemaker, softest nigga
in the city, guys cum on his fuckin titty
The worst DJ on KISS, you owe Chuck Chillout bitch
You got nerve to act large trick
You duck and hide, too many niggaz gettin shot outside (Game)
You gon' learn when that car show gets interrupted
A news break, they drove a Navi through your fuckin gate

[Chorus]

[Kool Keith]

The type of niggaz y'all fuck with little kids havin incest
A couple of years ago y'all was the first critics with that bullshit
Talkin about down South was weak, y'all was dissin Mannie Fresh
Only when Snoop come to town, y'all play his shit
Actin like y'all supportin the West; lyin-ass niggaz
Frank Crock' tryin-ass niggaz
Slick suckin dick-ass niggaz
Nuts when they get into town; I was listenin to Master P and shit
When you motherfuckers was hatin 'em
Now all of a sudden Lil Jon is hot, and blew up
Now you gon' stand in the music bitch and act CRUNK
Now you tryin to get DOWN, late-ass nigga
I hate a fake-ass nigga, strawberry shake-ass nigga