

# Kool Keith, Extravagant Traveller

Kool Keith  
Checkin out of the Venetian Hotel  
That's right, flight to Africa  
Mastercharge  
Yeah..

Chorus: Kool Keith

Extravagant traveler, Puerto Rico out to Africa (4X)

[Kool Keith]  
MC's is wack, I'm lookin at the Robb Report  
Eighty-thousand-sixty-two Bentley  
Owner of the Houston Astrodome, Don King represent me  
(?) bus with gold trim and you can't act up frontin on your lemon  
Legend status with keys to the MGM Grand  
Got your wife and kids holdin my poster, grabbin my hand  
All I hear is a bunch of wack primetime MC's sayin  
I hate him cause he's great  
He's on all the billboard and the highway  
Face is on soup cans and milk crates  
Resteraunts with movie theaters in 'em  
Continental airlanes, planes we buyin off the lot  
while y'all rent 'em  
Excursion flights with Bill Clinton  
Takin fine girls out to Washington to get they extensions  
Usin my TV phone I see girls in they thongs  
fantasizin while they home alone  
Pack my bags - I need room service

Chorus

[Kool Keith]  
Cause my face is in the newspaper every week  
Pronounce words right - ask Jesse Jackson how I speak  
Sign my autographs for Jagged Edge and Sisqo on 125th Street  
Red carpet on the sidewalk  
I gotta step on it before I talk  
Part investor of the Utah Jazz, I'm the real king of New York  
London cashmere, walkin around with Guiliani regular football shirt  
Tailors grab my Armani, maids cook dinner  
Sauteed fish and shrimp  
Dallas Mavericks want me as a baldheaded five-eight guard  
with a ninety-five inch vertical, Vince Carter respect my legs  
Ask Shawn Kemp; (?) and the NBA commissioner  
takin pictures of me in front of Nell's  
Special election day got chocolate girls with flowers dresses on  
You would swear they Naomi Campbell and Nia Long from section 8  
Yes, I guess

Chorus

[Kool Keith]  
Bustin no freestyles, lookin at you in the back of the car  
Rappin for twenty miles  
I'm sittin in the back of the limo with the fly brim-o  
Me in a black Cadillac, Elliot Ness  
Sendin rappers with doo-rags an S.O.S.  
You wanna rap big man? Take Mickey Mouse off your chest  
I let you wear your vest; plaid shirts or stripes  
is that the way your stylist make you dress?  
She should be sued for that  
Contract renewed for that  
And on stage, you should be booed for that

I'ma tap you in the back and let everybody know they wack  
Yo SkyCab hand me my platinum suitcases

Chorus