

Kool Keith, Feelin' It

Now here's a funky beat, my rhyme is updated,
For soft Ducks, I played it, once,
A biter jumped on it,
Girls got stupid, freaks humped on it,
And from the back, I pumped on it, mostly,
With skills, top finesse, East to West, but I guess,
I'm right, while others are wrong,
Trying to teach, and using my song, along,
With your wickety wack, get back, sit back,
Sit back down and think about it,
Whenever you're dissing me, You are the roach,
Your six legs squishing me, and pushing me, steadily on,
Metaphor, predator, psyche more, on my tour brains get sore,
I'll be sure, I'm fresher, so tell me how I "do love you",
Ducks!, wack rappers around, in town never wearing no boots,
With torn Balis and sharkskin suits, rip a story,
Then do his auditory, Canal Street, is my territory, for gold glory,
Reaching my hand out, to smack rappers and making them stand outside,
Waiting for me, to tell them, my secret style,
And show them how it really is done, my son,
Now I'm back for you, and if you're bad I'm a smack you through,
A glass of rhymes, shattering,
Now you're cut up, say what up?
Shut up, 'cause I'm feeling it