

# Kool Keith, Giant Stadium

[Intro: everything said is echoed]

Yeah yeah yeah! Tri-state area

Live in New Jersey, and motherfuckin Giant Stadium

Live for the first time, live on stage the motherfuckin Commi\$\$ion

Ladies and gentlemen, ladies and gentlemen

Please stand in line, please stand in line

We just now been confirmed, that's tonight main event has been sold out

[Kool Keith:]

I'm that new fuckin product, they chose over Ray Allen

While the coaches scream

The uniform on each teams are cheap

Look at the roster everybody, this general manager signed got no talent

He's not thinkin I'm out to interfere with his offense

The league sees me, pull the rims out the glass like Dawkins

Bruce Rattner can't match the contract

Reebok's fuckin up, with bad shoes

My agent got me eight thousand one billion

A dollar deal just once a week to wear New Balance

You a freshman junior nigga the seniors keep you silenced

Graduation you not goin pro you won't make it H-O

[same rapper as Intro:]

Giant motherfuckin Stadium!

When you speak of legends make sure you mention my name

I'm the last don standin, when I spark the flame

My name been ringin bells before coke got stepped on

When Harlem was the mecca, out of town cats were slept on

Labels scared to sign me they say my shit is too raw

The only reason niggaz is still breathin, cause they roll with the law

People say I changed, but I'm just a little calmer

I clutch so many guns motherfuckers oughta call me Palmer

Think of somethin sweet I'll put 5, up in your cheekbone

I oughta get honored for every coward, I touched with the chrome

Dope seller, hood fella, some say I'm worse than Suge

I'm a Harlem Knight f'real 'til the day I'ma rep my hood

Check my file dawg I spent 12 years in a cell

Then it's back to clutchin heat, if this rap shit fail~!

[Kool Keith:]

Carbo-hybo-spaghetti will make you niggaz mo' stronger

Too much milk and powder will fuck up your muscles

I warned you, you can't play forward

and backaway with that bullshit, off the rim shot

Just got off waivers, I'll make your team hot

Coach you up and coming, give y'all the championship you don't got

Make your crew practice and run track a lot

You might pack a spot, win two games out of 160

It can't be

You know I can't be injured, before the season stop

Because y'all bitch up and miss me

Dunk on motherfuckers more harder when they diss me

Then chicken niggaz they turn crispy

I leave 'em sniffed up, alley where the piss be

They girl happy for pennies motherfucker count this G

Minutes on the court, you bastards can't get mad

I let y'all play a 2 or 3

Giant motherfuckin Stadium!

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