

# Kool Keith, Girl You Know

(You know the outcome)

Girl you know the game, and when you start to run  
Who is this new guy, thinkin he's funky  
He ain't nothin, girl you know

[Kool Keith]

Rappers who freestyle forever  
Can't afford to buy a cup of cocoa admire my leather  
Your girl get wetter, touchin my custom made chains  
Your lip gloss on my, Italian sweater  
I know you hate me already, go debate me with Freddie  
DJ's gonna act like little feminine, in more places  
Bought the high heels, on the hard concrete  
Remove your women's bra, feel chest  
Wipe your eyeliners off your baseball cap  
The Starter jacket don't match yo' faces  
You put the thongs on, move your panty protectors in the right places  
Terror in America, feel my drama, defecate on your baby's momma  
I sport the real gators, Lou Casey and Tony Llama  
Y'all act like divas with a flat ass like Madonna  
Party whereabouts don't ask me  
Hold your Zippendales, this ain't Chippendales  
Y'all flippendales, move slow like snails  
Thongs show your girl's tails, y'all blaze L's (L's)

[Chorus]

Girl you know, the man ain't funky  
But the brother is whack yo  
Ah-what you tell your man girl?

[Kool Keith]

Remington blows with shells  
Big Hank movin dank comin up the road with a full tank  
Make your girl buy another drink  
Joe Greico, we break neck-o, hand your wife the peppermints  
Who represents, y'all couldn't close to me one inch  
Y'all need to sit down on the wood like Johnny Bench  
Y'all know the Borden family, your fiance drive a Camry  
Your hype man name is Annie  
Your producer in the background wear the black panties  
No time for the clean-up service or nannies

[Chorus]

[Kool Keith]

Feeble position wackster, what's up blackster  
Lyrical master, asshole plaster  
You a known hitter, with the first base glove  
Your mom with the catcher's mitt-er  
Pamper for your babysitter  
Foul smells, your house smell like cat litter  
Don't get bitter, I move and get rid of  
Can't flow average, maverage  
Rabid food, vegetable particles, final cabbage  
You got the nerve to rap like you live in Paris  
Standard reels, I clown dummies  
When your first advance is in your deal  
Stage level, stiff with no skills  
A bird with beak and bills  
I crush you from New York all the way out to Hollywood Hills

[Chorus]

Kooooooooooooooooool, Keith, whatevah

Like rappers say  
Like Big Daddy Kane say rappers steppin to me  
They wanna get some, you know the outcome  
You wanna get some, you know the outcome