

Kool Keith, I Don't Play

[Kool Keith]

Yo yo yo
Worldwide, worldwide
Kool Keith in Bronx housing
Ninety-nine, 2000
As we get biz, yeah
I'ma let you have it
Let's do this

Yo, my life is clientele, while pro people talk about me
Cut empty pocket, shark faces like electric sockets
Sideburns with afro, nasty pro, throw like Rollo
In Wells Fargo, cashin checks while you tryin to borrow
My game is cut through, plastic come, we can see through
disco music, jazz loops, I ain't tryin to be you
Nineteen-ninety-nine, 2000 black, new design
My head is on right
Back up kid you wasn't born right
Playin center I block your wack raps like Bill Cartwright
Pick up your rebounds, plastic soft production sounds
All MC groups will be cartoons like Mother Goose
No joke I bust back
Kid for real, watch your buttcrack
Entourages, movin neighborhoods like Mr. Rogers
Slam rhymes on concrete, mash em up in car garages
Cadillac spin, open magazines, Vibe again
You're jealous stare lickin, paws like you're Rin-Tin-Tin
I'm back again, I stop your programs like Gentle Ben
Yeah (yeah.. yeah.. yeah..)

[Chorus x4: Kool Keith]

I'll be the man, watch your backpack, pen and pencil
School today! Grown man, I don't play

[Kool Keith]

Back up the turnpike, watch Mad Max turn into you
Get gassed at truckstops, leave diesel fuel, burnin through you
I come to boo you, best believe, I'm a damager
Cancel shows, interviews, I don't need no manager
Slash fan, half of y'all, think I'm the Elephant Man
Look through my records analyze me like I'm Michael Jackson
Collect my vinyl DJ moves spinnin on my wax and
groupies in line, camera flashes, I don't need the action
Sweaty hotels, dumbbells, I'd rather shop in Modell's
while y'all wear backpacks, with corny macks, rollin L's
CD's get melted, ask your favorite rapper, how he felt it
I turn on others, light up this, when I'm cookin muffins
That's on the grill, make your girlfriend buy my Ampex reels
Pay for studio time, droppin verse with dope words
I'm on the real herb, pick up mics you got some nerve
Rahway State Prison bring my projects in the music business
That's if you with this, yo Craig, there will be no witness
I'm comin through with Bronx Crew, a black, boo-ba-baboon
Tecs in my pockets make your feets dance, do the lockin
Yeah (yeah.. yeah.. yeah.. yeah..)

[Chorus]

[Kool Keith]

Yo, what are you doin lookin in my closet?
Why are you tryin to try on my sneakers?
Stop lookin around in my kitchen
That's right it's Honeycomb up there, raviolis

Everything a regular man eats
I'm not the Elephant Man, whassup?

You don't scare me, I'm the man that bought your girl some hair
Walk in giant arenas and stop your show at Madison Square
With security, you can't call the Secret Service
Got your roadie cases packed up, your bookin agent nervous
Backstage passes special units break your Fendi glasses
Cancel your flights, Town Car, see me in the brown car
Rip up your passport, I follow you through Kennedy airport
Lock up the gates, town seize up, like Norman Bates
Book Hotel Niko change my face up, in Puerto Rico
Julio Gongado bumpin beats, in a El Dorado
I'm movin swiftly, the game is fast, very quickly
Greyhound bus tickets, I'll vick you for the whole season
That's the reason I'll be easin, eatin cheese and
that's right kid, yeah (yeah.. yeah..)

[Chorus]

Yeah, that's right, watch your backpacks
For the nine-nine to the 2000
From Bronx Housing
Housing...