

# Kool Keith, Jocking My Style

(feat. Mr. Whitefolks)

[Mr. Whitefolks]

Hey y'all what's happenin you understand me?  
You know who the fuck this is  
This is Mr. Motherfuckin Whitefolks, you understand me?  
About to hit you with some brand new intro type shit  
for two thousand and fo', ya understand me?  
Y'all ready, and it goes somethin like this  
What you say, what you know, ho give me some dough  
Don't be slow, knee deep snow  
Social security to Edgar Allen Poe  
Nina Ross payin the cost  
Pussy without dick is pimpin that's lost  
Like a cell that's tossed  
Kris to the Kross, I'm a player that's boss  
Don't care what you say about me  
50 said I was a P-I-M-P  
It's that way Snoop, fucked your bottom bitch, Betty Boop  
Downtown in the loop, a loss you can't recoup  
Many are called but few are chosen  
Frostbite, and toes got frozen  
In here 'til closin  
Work keyhole, 'til I get in shape  
5th Avenue parade, ticker tape  
Straight laced, no chase  
Perry Mason took your place  
Perform plastic surgery, you got a new face  
Lollipop suckers, ice cold motherfuckers  
Haven't paid enough dues to be in this club  
Had to get a six inch sub  
All the whiteboys think they're cooler than me  
Impossibly impossibility  
Who would you rather be facin  
Freddie or Jason  
Do you like steak sauce on your steak?  
Are you real or fake? I'll pour the A-1  
And pimp on you, from day one

[Chorus: female singers]

Gimme my money, my weed, my drank - bitch!  
What the fuck you thank?  
It's, Mr. Whitefolks, and I keep it pimpin man  
La-da-da-deee, la-da-da-dahhh  
Chilly Chill, 7th Vail  
Kool Keith, and Mr. H  
Yeah yeah...