

# Kool Keith, Keith Turbo

[Kool Keith]  
New York City! (Keith Turbo)  
You're listening to the number one  
The one and only (Keith Turbo)  
Keith (Keith Turbo) Turbo  
Pontiac, GTO  
That's right, we do it like that  
Keith Turbo, the new man  
Here we go

Move in close range, with the ARTCC  
Air Route Traffic Control Center  
I freeze MC's at maximum degrees  
??, from the street when I ripped apartments  
and the Corman suites  
Two and a half units available, bass you can't trace  
Your girl starin in my face at 7,000 feet  
Turbo, jets in the cockpit  
You flock with weak kids on the block with  
For protection, I'll ruin your whole section  
For major alteration, my final approach is to spray y'all  
Attack ya like roaches  
Don't step to me at the food court at the municipal airport  
Your unmatched performance can't stop my endurance  
Runaway 18-L, pilot one, change in your slot  
Number two you're through, dischargin your battery  
Stop rappin to me  
New York City's number one MC, that's real G  
Who's that kid B? Passengers are in position  
Change your whole vision  
Commercial instructors stop your stretch marks  
Take off your shirt I see your ribs  
Fakin like you Tommy Gibbs  
Technology program, you used to know  
I used to study with Son of Sam, that's right

(Keith Turbo) Pontiac, GTO  
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Man (Keith Turbo)  
I can throw a hundred thousand pound walrus right through the walls  
That's right  
Mad like five gorillas in the vocal booth [mad like five guerillas]  
It's all Turbo  
Yo Mom Duke, pass me my helmet  
Let me show these kids what to do

RPM 600 pound gorillas, 22 not hot  
Engine accurate, GPS storm scopes on your folks  
Monitors equal, my three million new fans are white people  
Geared toward the universe while black people think the worse  
Realistically expect my gross is twenty times your checks  
Triple that diamond around your necks, besides I hate cars  
You feel the turbulence, fasten seatbelts, close your vents  
Rugged horsepower, M-20-F, executive manifestin you a lesson  
False representation'll leave y'all sweat in the train station  
Remember I'm blacker than your used Acura  
That's why I laugh at ya  
like a anorexic model on the crack bottle  
Y'all play Frankie Beverly I'm in the future with a phaser network  
I bet ya I'll make your beck hurt  
Endorsements from the universities can't stop my abilities  
Financial trainin on the campus

Sock ya like ? did Kurt Rambis  
Fax you that flight number, stand by frequency  
Don't mess with me

(Keith Turbo) Pontiac, GTO  
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That's right y'all, it's all about NASA  
When I ride around in my NASCAR  
Don't think I'm Richard Petty, or Bobby Unser  
or even Al Unser, it's all Indy 500 when I run around  
You know it, I come with the fluid like Jackie Stewart

(Keith Turbo)  
(Keith Turbo)  
(Keith Turbo) [laughing]

(Keith Turbo) [laughing]

(Keith Turbo)