Kool Keith, Kiss My Ass

[Kool Keith]
Yeah, motherfuckin Kool Keith
I'm doin this motherfucker
I'ma get in this motherfucker
I'm worser than chocolate Ex-Lax kid
I'll blow out your asshole
On some Mt. Helen volcano type shit
Dare your girl to try to act fly at the Nassau Coliseum concert
Defend your emotions when I attack
Fuck the words of the monkeys back and forth
Singers and rappers, I'm guaranteed like "5 Fingers of Death"
Reach in your stomach with the iron fist
You can't fuck with the iron wrist
Cup of soup noodle niggaz
Talkin shit, you on my lyin list
Your makeup is Mac
Everybody against the wall, before I piss on your buttcrack
Plastic bastards
I cover your staff members with battery acid
Five people in one motherfucker I'm drastic
Like a bitch who do a fast kick

[Chorus]
Kiss my ass nigga (kiss my ass nigga) [x3]

[Kool Keith]
You get meaner, with that bullshit you talk
Tie rappers up in the basement like preacher
Scrub your fuckin forehead with brillo pads
Gasoline is my ammo
Wipe you motherfuckers up with glass cleaner
Three bottles of Pine Sol, shit on your mixtape
I'll catch you at the mall
Lookin more fake whack-ass wigga
I used to shit on your babysitters
Shut the fuck up, piss all over your transmitters
Motherfuck a garbage-ass nigga
Screamin over your music, FUCK YOU
New York makes you bitter, type of faggot ass nigga
To sit in cat litter, everybody suck my dick
Playin one or two niggaz
Look in the mirror doc, I'm on your time clock
Always inkin a deal
Urinate on your paper when I sign dots
Your CD's up at Universal in a cardboard box
Stop fuckin borin me
With overnight niggaz, with no stories
Motherfuckers gettin they first model bitch
I'm on Simmons level, I shit on your Pave jewelry
From the Brightling to the Jacob to the Rolex
None of these Sesame Street Big Bird Oscar niggaz can fool me
Been eatin chinese food, with Greg Nice
Can't stop the fuckin hustle, my lyrics are Smooth B

[Chorus]