

# Kool Keith, Knock On The Door

[porno movie sex scene for the first 0:29]

[Kool Keith:]

The world gon' criticize, talk  
Lean over with a trenchcoat  
Cross they arm like Peter Falk  
Inspect my shit, dissect my shit  
Like the nurse takin samples of my urine bottles down to the hall  
... I'm a New York lyrical king monster ball  
These niggaz can't be serious with flowers on they shorts  
Playin volleyball  
Oversaturated shit on the street, I'm tired of y'all  
With goo gobs, of applied shit  
That's that in-house spit  
Oh you on some gangster shot shit~?!  
Go 'head, tie him up, make him eat his own defecation  
Faux minks, 90 degrees, on probation  
Cab comin down, Adam and Clayton  
The bitches pry for IHOP-pers  
Elephants with baby fat jackets  
Big ballers pull up bomb bacon two eggs with cheesy-reezy  
Baby fuckin with niccarightus make those, 8 tons of fun's woman  
That cook fit and lift dumptrucks become sleepy and lazy  
Six quarter peas by yourself for weight loss programs in New York  
Obesity motherfuckers even Sam, know you're crazy  
Sixteen Fellis, wrapped around don't phase me

[porno movie sex secen for the next 0:29]

[unknown rapper: maybe Keith with his voice altered]

CD's caters as these stanzas quantize this shit  
Let daylight this document sunrise the shit  
I love them sun visors when I spit  
Off the curb with mines I step into major great dane shit  
Saw the muzzle off, that nigga piss on your pit  
'Til he shake nervous  
Watch him bark in the storeroom bear a frown worthless  
Cops pull me over with 6 dogs in the truck  
Bitch in the front, with them titties out, shirtless  
I'm a fugitive with my hands on the gas pump  
When I lay words down your ass jump  
Like Mike from the foul line, ballers scrape the balls  
Speakers don't make economical bastard  
Instantly Alpine, cell boost niggaz  
Y'all do cheerleader rhymes, studio scared growth  
Look over your shoulder, can't flow niggaz  
in the maxi-coat, maybe mink  
I can't wait to sport my shit in front of basketball players  
And open Dom bottles around Tiki Wiki  
Cognac frontin ass with the conseeki  
With Mike Jack's father fuck it I'ma fire Casey  
That's for Joe Jiggy, you sit on your ass with spider webs  
Because you never made it pro niggy