## Kool Keith, Little Girls

Yo Keith man I just turned off the TV man Kids out there be thinkin they hardcore man We gotta do somethin man, yo Do it

(Little girls.. think they're hardcore..) [x4]

## [Kool Keith]

You got nine cars, tons of champagne, by the cases Two thousand people killed, fake murder cases Videos exaggerate things you never make Your style is all tissue, chocolate fudge cream cake The companies back you, people out there wanna slap you Original fraud, funny with a mic cord Persuadin kids that you hard, every stage you tour Cold scared you in a motel, you can't come out After the show, with panties on, you hurry run out You petrified hallucinatin thinkin hardcore You got the style now, you have to roll with 50 people Lookin hard and mean, you ain't pullin triggers Did you pay your bodyguards, for actin hard? You get pistol-whipped, booty tapped, face scarred Down and out, with camouflage gear, and no war You ain't in the army kid...

(Little girls.. think they're hardcore..) [x3]

## [Kool Keith]

Now your show's packed up, you're gassed up I'm there you're scared You just turned twat, looked away feelin weird You on the walkie talkie standin close near the door Thinkin bout your records how you pop doo-doo more Posses wait in Texas, Detroit for the bumrush You bringin rubber, your crew is nervous smokin dust You perpetrate your front, show your teeth, smokin blunts Rappers cancel shows, ran away with stunts Your manager scared, with ghetto mugs starin at him Your crew pressured more, to even act harder You took New York, down South them folks, wasn't havin that Three kids from D.C. pulled out, what you laughin at? You ran out, funny style, girl style, panty style Freestyle the same style last week you was bitin off that kid Bo Peep With no panties on, your rectum got torn Rearranged, I caught you after the show Naked out, butt out, cracked out, with two rolls of film Tryin to sell pictures of your lover with you, molestin your little brother I smacked you and stole your pistols

(Little girls.. think they're hardcore..) [x4]

## [Kool Keith]

Tommy, didn't I raise you to go to Catholic school?
But mom, I gotta keep this up, this is all a front
This is just gimmicks to sell my records
The people don't have to know
I mean really, that's just me, even though we're soft
Me and my friends all of us
We just make money, that's all, it's a gimmick