

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