

Kool Keith, Make Up Your Mind

[Kool Keith]

Yeah.. so you called me last night
You was kinda confused huh?
You didn't know what to do
All excited over these football players and baseball players
Whassup? You lookin for a million dollars or somethin?
Man you kinda confused

Freak mode! I'ma have sex, so let em feel
Touch my private, my thing made of steel
Shootin gizm, she ride like a Geo Prism
I'm out in Cali, San Bernardino Valley
I'm on the hill, not North in Peteskill
Big Willie servin, now tell me how you femmes feel
I'm in the Cadillac, drivin in a droptop
People don't know my style, watch when they heads bop
I'm on the highway, girls pull em down my way
Credit cards and checks, man she get paid on Friday
The woman's out, the Phantom pushin more clout
I'm watchin ? with Sam, drinkin Guinness Stout
Bourban booze, green alligator shoes
Union comissioned sex, government intelligence
What you see girl, that Benz is irrelevant
Materialistic, ugly man is plastic
No class, in a suit, cost rather cheap
Got the nerve to blow the horn and he try to beep
Interfere, in my spot, and he's comin here
She's in the white boots, breathin in my ear

[Chorus: Kool Keith]

Make up your mind, who you want to pump the butt [x4]

[Kool Keith]

No affections, condom style, I got no yeast
Worldwide trunk funk, no jazz on the East
Breakin honies down, mackin here to Petersburg
Virginia Slim, turn the freaks out in Lynchburg
With brown bootie, Joe Smith, hit from Pittsburgh
The right player, even if I choose odds
Let me shuffle jackpots, women pick the cards
Your hydraulic butt, bounce like a six-trey
I'm on the case, jealous man steppin in my way
Hot pursuit, why she play herself? Get the boot
Actin like Troop, he say he signed with a group
He wrote for Babyface, did songs, toured with Snoop
.. lyin to you to get thrilled
Droppin them old lines, his breath smell like doodoo
I got a style if a brother wanna know
Smokin that stink blunt, you still sniffin blow
Nose runnin on time with green slime
Step in the club, I throw urine on your mind
Big Luciano, diamond rings on the grand piano
Girls flock and guys hop on the other jock
I'm in a two-door, with bass comin through your block
Sound kicks, I got the fly broads in the mix
California butt, MC's suckin more what
Like Gerald Levert, you try to make it work
Jheri Curl Jones, spendin cash on a skirt
Plan to win, whassup with Uncle Ben?
Brother is sly, fatback bacon
Still fakin, his voice chords achin
You know I'm perplex, exotic on Ampex
Dogstyle champ, hittin booty for butt sex

I can't disguise myself like Michael Jackson
The flasher, are you ready for action?

[Chorus: Kool Keith]

Make up your mind, who you want to pump the butt [x3]
Make up your mind, who you want to pump it

[Kool Keith]

I got a summons, my clothes is off, I'm butt-naked
in a discotechque, don't tell me ladies can't take it
Just to have my drawers in a overcoat
My El Dorado lean, the black Caddy float
down the hill with Frankie Dolla Bill
Honies in red zone, tell me how them drawers feel
Suckin on the hippie, on the Mississippi
Econo Lodge, a cheap way to get a quickie
Five and five, equal ten
Add twenty up, I'm back in the spot again
Blowin it up, I drop my own bomb
Two big green mitts, and tails on my arm
You in my way my man, yo B excuse me
I didn't call your girl, why accuse me?
I think you're insecure, not sure
if your girlfriend's home, if she's knockin at my door
Back in your ride, no apartment, no place to wash
You can't clean, tell em black
He don't know yet, my discipline, how to act
Stack with fume, and twenty-four flicks
You can't win, takin shots like the Knicks
I'm old enough with skills to be your daddy
Go ask grandma, your freaky Aunt Sally
Pretty woman standin there with her ugly man
I don't want to shake his hand

[Chorus: Kool Keith]

Make up your mind, who you want to pump the butt [x6]
Make up your mind, who you want to pump it