

# Kool Keith, Maxi Curls

[Chorus: Kool Keith]

I see maxi curls (Yeah! ...)  
Players, activator  
I see maxi curls (Yeah! ...)  
Remote control alligators

[Kool Keith]

I got skill, you're on my tip, now back off  
Slack off, let me do this, and y'all turn the wack off  
The radio stereo here we go, flow and blow  
Puerto Rico, Southside, Latin, you're feed pattern  
Black people mingle, white people, buy my single  
Bingo bangle, let go my steel Eggo  
Throwin rhymes in spirals like Joe Klecko  
Miami Dolphin, now shut up, close your mouth and  
you be hatin debatin, regurgitatin  
Ratin latent, and perpetratin  
My album's love mics, tough like dirt bikes  
You get frantic, New York City, run and panic  
California, I switch up, boogie on ya  
Like Don Cornelius, on SOULLLLLLLLLLLLLL TRAIN!  
And heads I clip off, in rap leave a bloodstain  
A bigger pain, you would need novacaine  
Bite off Rakim, you copy Big Daddy Kane  
You know my steelo, I rhyme against a million people  
who think they equal, disguisin as Jamaican people  
Fakin, funkin, you're pedigree, your beat is sunk in  
Tonka toy of little boy, steppin down to Roy  
I'm no joke, I rap for cash and you're buyin a coat  
Bronx bomber, superb on the freak momma  
Stinkin movin, my whole crew is comin through  
Yeah..

[Chorus]

[Kool Keith]

Bout it bout it, like Master P, makin money G  
No time for promos, get paid when I MC  
You know my feeling, I'm dealing, with tracks so real and  
radio blackout, your format, is not appealin  
&B can step up, but can't compare to me  
You oughta know -- how, I, feel  
That's wack, with bookbags, packed on your back  
Video bop, my skin is black BET  
Program your channels, your grandkids wanna see me  
Freakin status, freakin styles, freakin flows  
Freakin foes, freakin lyrics, freakin spirits  
I make a def person hear it  
Duplicate you demonstrate, what I used to make  
Remakes I watch, your crew'll imitate  
Motivate still skills to pay bills  
Creative sauce, watch out, I'm your boss  
On Panasonic like Steve, style bionic  
You get to workin, your head bop, you not jerkin  
You be out lurkin for danger, in my Ranger  
You think I'm bugged man? With Catwoman, like a stranger  
Packed with speed, supersonic level Reed  
Steelo jets and Bill Blass like rockets  
In your pockets, damagin your brain sockets  
Yeahhhhh?

[Chorus]

[Kool Keith]

Like Mobile, settin up shop in Alabama  
For proper grammar, my style Arm & Hammer  
Strong computer, underground like Roto Rooter  
Fools critics they mimic, copy, sloppy  
MC's get hurt, you blockhead, try to stop me  
Digital thinkin, you're blinkin, career sinkin  
Old like Mod Squad, you rap like Lincoln  
Sideburns turned, you catchin ringworm  
A heavy virus, worser than, hepatitis  
Schizophrenic like ten people out the clinic  
Yankee Stadium uptown, you can't win the pennant  
I do construction, you pack up your whole production  
Your lips are ready, your girl has a nice suction  
Pack her bags pack her bags pack her bags right  
Pack her bags pack her bags pack her bags left  
Your style is A, B, C-D  
E-F, G-H, I-J-K, L-M-N-O-P, Q-R-S  
Don't test, I taught you how to get your deals  
You put my style on your reels  
You went uptown, claimin my sound  
Get back, stay down

[Chorus x2]

[Kool Keith]

Maxi curl, activator  
Brought to you by, Kool Keith