

Kool Keith, Shit Expands

(feat. Mark Live)

Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens Manhattan, Staten Island
Keith! In the house

[Kool Keith]

It ain't about the bitch with a wig like she comin from China
Y'all fronted in rented Benzes with Avis on 'em
No breakfast, I'm goin home, fuck Chelsea or diner
Let the guys with the chrome buckets expose the cuffs, be a co-signer
I'm in your ass man, close like your Starter jacket liner
Dr. J sharper, plug your asshole up with a tub stopper
Your wife's a New York City Breaker
Your baby's mom is a pop-locker, know the metropolitan area
Custodian nigga, you sanitation worker shit cleaner
Floor mopper, look down on the city with binoculars
Piss out at choppers
Defecate 80 thousand feet in the air
I flip your small game, take your small urban territory
Put the street in the air
My shit rise, increase like subway fare
Scuffle your dinner wear
Your sneaker line ain't makin it, I piss on four pair
You know the big-head boy from the projects, retarded motherfucker
You know you be in child care, you better stay there
Your crew get picked up with shitty diapers from daycare
Your foe be his crib death
The top rappers receive hot dogs up they ass, they get F
Mark flush the toilet, you shit next
Expand your stomach range with tummy pains
Shit in the back of your Bentley when it rains
Leave your wooden panels with shit stains
Throw the turds out the windows
Watch them bounce in the carpool lanes
Hot 97

[Chorus: x4]

The shit expand, over your Jacob the diamond watch
The penis is loose, we piss in your hand

[Mark Live]

Yo... yo where's the block at? Uhh
They say 106th & Park is on, I'm mad, fuck it it's on
I haven't heard a hard record in years, uhh
Everybody dancin, Harlem Shakin, strip Free naked
And put a pole up, and watch the ratings go up
And if AJ steps, take his Jacob and slap off the makeup
I'm in the crowd like Lee Malvo, with a sniper rifle
A hockey mask, a butcher knife
Yo who knows what I'll do
They sellin dreams with a rap battle - uh-huh
Look - yeah - you rappers are kids, and rappin with a rap rattle
... nobody ever comes out - that's right
No twelve inches, no fires, no jets
Early retired, no links
No chains, no videos, no baguettes - uhh
"Don't Speak," uh-huh - I'm gettin Gwen Stefani
She's tossed up, sellin pussy like every week
So don't fight me - uhh, you can hype me - that's right
I'm liable to go out with a terrorist style
I'm liable to flow out with a terrible style
Viacom bought you (suckers)
I'm outta here nigga I'm changin the dial

[Kool Keith]
Hot 97

[Chorus]

[Kool Keith]

No more cars and shit, we suicide bombers
Nigga, walk up in your radio station
We get gas from the gas station nigga
You better ask public relations, blow out your DJ booth
With hats off, like motherfuckin Dr. Seuss
No buckets, strictly bombs under the North Face goose
Caught you with acid baby
We put it in your motherfuckin orange juice
Fuck a turned up cap
How bout a burnt up motherfuckin baseball cap
With a whack-ass rap
We detonate with three sticks of dynamite through your turntables
Blow out your ass crack
You ain't the motherfuckin pimp, you ain't the motherfuckin mack
Review this right, you gon' drink a daquiri
Are you gon' come back to me
Are you gon' get smacked from me
Fuck around look how you act to me... bitch... Hot 97

[Chorus]