

Smut Peddlers, Back From The Pad

(featuring Kool Keith)

Kool Keith...the original Adam West
New York
That's right
Back from the pad
(the finest tuned rapping machine)
Back from the pad

James Brown I'm not
Trying to be Sly Stone on the microphone
Xerox you're just a clone
Setup your tone, kids come take your phone
Two years in rap, your music is all wack
We could settle it fast
or I can blaze that ass
We could pump the pump...shotgun make you jump
Switch the beat, your whole steelo incomplete
Hard and soft, you come off like papercloth
Rough like stuff, like H&R puff and stuff
Comical raps, your voice tones sound like
Undercover you gay with black motorcycle jackets
Who want it? You frontin'
you suckas don't want no ruckus
You like your peanutbutter in the kids chocolate
you better stop it, choose another topic
I'll light the kid up, and tell his drunk man "sit up";
You catch the hiccups and runnin' through the Dodge pickups

(Chorus: repeat 3x)
Back from the pad
(the finest tuned rapping machine)

Skill for skill
Your tactics, you need more practice
Theatrical shows, costumes and fake actors
I went to housing projects with pee on the mattress
No time here
Don't bring no corny kids rhyming here
"who dat dat dat" -- your confidence sound wack
Your mack is weak
Animated -- you shouldn't speak.
Macy's bag, you getting jerked
Feel my receipt
Tap the beat, your rhyme packed like a parakeet
You want that, you get that
your ex partner with that
Your crew is booty butt
Rookies all need to get back
Cars come, most of yall coming down
Cadillacs burn and most of yall start to turn around
For sweet tips, I step out with three clips
Ammo's in glove, you're soft like the soap Dove
You don't need it
Paramedics get your head rubbed
Face on the missing list
Your picture on the coffee mug
You try to be different...aint none of yall acting bugged
You study my style like reels on the catalog
Image to a T, a thousand kids try to be me

(Chorus)

Show to show

Mic stand, don't need no band
Catch you in progress
Bob like a secret fan
Girlfriend excited,
don't get jealous tell your man
I move up, don't wreck shit turn the groove up

(Chorus) - repeat

2001
Kool Keith
Eastern Conference