

Kool Keith

"Bow To The Masta"

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That's right y'all, the K double-O L, K-E-I-T-H (South Bronx)

I'm in here, I'm a let you know (I started rappin')

I can tell you can't rap, look at your engineer:

A Japanese guy with glasses on with straight leg jeans and a beer

Got you on Hit Factory with four groupies with acne

Thinking you recording a masterpiece, chewing peanuts in your session

I'm a learn you a lesson: all y'all can't write

You just a new group with an ordinary gimmick and radio and poster hype

Now that 3,000 people lost their jobs, I'ma see how your record do

But you're stuttering out your boo boo, can't give a decent interview

I was always wondering about you

Your whole group evolving different images around me

Acting like they don't copy me when they see me

You've spent your whole life listening to "Critical Beatdown"

You's a secret fan; every time I create an A.K.A. character

Most of you groups out there are so wack, looking at my shoes in my videos

The back of my album cover, and stealing my marketing plan

Like you inventing something new to the company and in reality you're clones of me

(Y'all can't wait for my album to come out to steal something new)

You should bow to the master!

(Worship me, worship me, worship me, worship me)

(Repeat 4x)

I pity the untalented, half of y'all creativity is to steal duplicate

The clothes I wear, call your promotional staff to get you out

Quick in the magazines to perpetrate me on your

Ampex reels
On tour most MC's draw sketches of me and watch
what I'm wearing
I found out why rappers look at me jealous and keep
staring
Comparing me to themselves from a distance when I
walk offstage
Your record label, your group, and your fanbase giving
me a standing ovation
In the Chicago Bull warmup suit and a bald head like
Michael Jordan
Six-time championship of the league, four million
groups in the industry

Rakim and Canibus is the only ones rapping pro speed
I average 52 rappers per game, I put you to shame
Now you gonna sit in your used Expedition and act like
you don't know my name
I don't have to battle anybody nor freestyle
Half of your flows are written by rookies working
Montreal Expos
I don't care if you act wild, bring your raps to the studio
I'ma get in your booty, yo
I'ma set up a bag of dust on the console
So you can do this, light up, and smoke, yo, cause I'm
no joke yo
I might ride on the cycle level 3, vomit when you go in
the booth
Your product manager is going to say, "Yo who is he?"
(Yo who is that, man?)

You should bow to the master!
(Worship me, worship me, worship me, worship me)
(Repeat 2x)

I don't play with skinny legs and the water head
Time after time you don't know what I'm thinking when I
come
Into your studio professional with a white man driving a
Continental Lincoln
Groupies look at me, y'all don't pay me no mind
I'm about to tear a new ass in this kid, he'd better not
let me rhyme
Yeah, take a break, order some blunts
I'm about to get up all in your fronts
With your body shaped like Mitch Green and Tony
Tubbs, you don't want this
Go in the corner with your stomach hanging, gold teeth
looking sneaky
I'm a let you know how be, G
No matter how much your styles change you can't see

me
Believe that, light up your ass souped up
Stand behind your backup, with your acne-faced
girlfriend
You're gonna get a lot of feedback
Test the best, you're gonna have water on your
kneecap

You should bow to the master!
(Worship me, worship me, worship me, worship me)
(Repeat 2x)

Yeah, I'm sorry Blaze Magazine, I'm first
The other 49 rappers are behind me, what?!

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