

## **Kool Keith "Clifton"**

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Yeah, straight from the ranch  
Motion man  
J. reno, Kool Keith  
Kool Keith

I used to rock a booty butt banger with a hanger  
Snap back with back slaps, bypass them corny raps  
Perhaps some action, maxin' in the turb' relaxin'  
Unique investigator, sportin' more alligators

From here to Virginia clubs when I step up in ya  
Tell the maid from my toes to my shoulder blade  
Extreme act up on front stage, make 'em back up  
You get that workout that head piece gettin' slapped up

Now turn yo' lip up, you drop that mic, you turn yo' lip  
down  
I spin on stage like, blowin' mics, make you sit down  
From here to North Carolina, 95 to South Carolina  
Atlanta, Georgia, Florida flowin' down like I'm water

Mexican, Indian, fly girls, the Puerto Ricans  
Pum pum pump, the eight oh eight oh eight oh eight oh  
peakin'  
Now start spectacular, expert, them legs will work  
Bronx bomber watch' em strip Eddy tip that fine mama

Hydraulics expand, while drums bang like gap band  
I clap hand, take his mic, give him five to my man  
Switch his work to talent shows, I do concerts  
Light up shirts like fourth of July atomic fireworks  
Extraction attack, white backpacks on wack macks,  
yeah

Clifton, Santiago  
Keith, telavasquez  
(Psych)  
Clifton, Santiago  
Keith, telavasquez  
(Psych)

My name is Cadillac Clifton Santiago

At the bodega, I need a fat sandwich major  
You know my switches, impala drop, scrapin' sparks  
I mack these bitches, white Asian Puerto Rican

Black Russian Haitian with jungle fever, I ain't hatin'  
A cup more coppertone, I'm cappin' on your kinky ear  
Bitches they stare, 'cause I'm wild cock diesel  
Boy, hopin' that I recognize they girls in this song

Bodda boom bodda bing bodda bing da bing bong, yo  
check it  
I call up televas-quez, he's gettin' ass  
And when he finish, call up Santiago and bring the cash  
I'm out to desecrate, move wild western state

I got your sister lickin' ass, suckin' hairy balls  
My occupation downfall and bringin' niggaz bad luck  
My name is Clifton Santiago salesman at the mall  
I'm full [Unverified], a hundred niggaz deep up in the  
movies

Like Greg I'm groovy, yo, Bobby, sit and watch the  
movie  
And kick that hoe out with that one tooth, lookin' goofy  
She's on my tab, better make popcorn to pay her half  
They know I'm wild, I don't mess around with chicken  
heads  
Barney and Fred, Wilma, Betty, Bam-Bam, Pebbles

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Slidin' through the back of the do'  
You didn't see me in the midst with my pistol, ev dog  
Flyin' heads is my job, I will clobber you  
Walkin' backwards, chosin' jacket turn around

Gloves on, opposite hands  
Can you recognize me?  
I wear blu blocker shades so you can't see what I see  
Holdin' a mirror up, so I don't run into nobody

But I don't care, 'cause I know karate  
Vulcan pinch and that yoga too  
Don't you know I'm stretch Armstrong in the flesh  
With a mocha tan and a criminal mind?

Like chairhead Chippendale, yeah  
Comedy? Yes, no? Maybe not  
But if I got a lip don't zip  
Baggy jeans on, walkin' through a crowded room

Avoid all contact with me, click boom  
People scatter stop that chatter they resort to screamin'  
Am I dreamin', drunk or just zooted out?  
I need help call 9-1-1 pronto

My modus operandi is complete  
One down, many to go, others to show  
The argonaut is ain't no fuckin' circus sideshow  
Ringling and Barnum and Bailey we are not  
Wild kingdom mutual of northern cal

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