

Kool Keith

"Dark Thought"

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Kool... KEITH! Lost Masters
Part 2, you got Part 1
Part 2... yeah

[Keith randomly computerizes his voice - this may not be accurate]

I'm in danger of the tricks forever
Piss on you more, if you get better
You don't wanna fuck around with the professional work
I'ma wipe my ass tonight wit'cha white Coogi sweater
Shit inside your {?} if your limo
Push the club cheesehead nigga, put up or shut up
Mash all disease nigga, you ain't no MC nigga
Fuck up your studio time with a bullshit rhyme
Up in the limo since you was nine
Mountain climbin with dimes
Ladies know I'm simple with mines
New York bitches is too slow for me
I shit on your face on national TV
Let the public see me piss on the Hollywood sign
My construction booth stomp on these beats hard
Fuck you I work overtime, at the check cashin place
I spray your bitch ass with mace
Barfin these Wendy's hamburgers
all over your Reeboks and all over your face,
BLEWAAWHH
Whack-ass nigga all over your shoelace
Too funky two-face, too funky for you stiff
motherfuckers
I got too much bass, call me Ace
La-Da-Da-Da, nigga, nothin but Prada nigga
Play this shit in the club, we need bud!
Piss on motherfuckers in the curtain
Light a match, pour gasoline on your fuckin rug
Urinator, gators piss on the back of your denim suit
HA HA HA! You got the dog shit on the back of your
heels
Fucked up position, the shoe man
Can't take care of the back of your sneaker
The maximum smell, blow your asshole out the box

office
Like Jaws, I bought a retarded shark
Retarded in the dark, movin shit off your tugboat with
gills
You fuckin with Hennessy? I don't fuck with cocaine
I don't need the fuckin ecstasy pills
Top notch, unequal, it's hot in here
Crowded house party with eight thousand people
Urinated in the fruit punch, while y'all light and blaze
blunts
Krispy Kreme donuts, you boxed up stale bastards
Like Captain Crunch, champagne fuckin security put on
ice
Designer nice, the waiter lookin for the tips
Make her pay up twice, purple trainin on precise
MTV material, platinum nigga lot of flashes
Zoom on your fake asses, bouncers lookin for VIP wrist
passes
Dark corners brothers
Temporary secretary, workin at Warner Brothers
I'm warnin others, admire the fakers, buffalo wings
nigga
You in the front seat, front row, watchin the fuckin
Lakers
TV screen, overnight basketball fan
You ain't no overnight basketball man

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