

## **Kool Keith**

### **"Girl You Know"**

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You know the outcome

Girl, you know the game and when you start to run

Who is this new guy? Thinkin' he's funky

He ain't nothin', girl, you know

Rappers who freestyle forever

Can't afford to buy a cup of cocoa, admire my leather

Your girl get wetter, touchin' my custom made chains

Your lip gloss on my Italian sweater

I know you hate me already, go debate me with Freddie

DJ's gonna act like little feminine in more places

Bought the high heels, on the hard concrete

Remove your women's bra, feel chest

Wipe your eyeliners off your baseball cap

The Starter jacket don't match yo' faces

You put the thongs on, move your panty protectors in  
the right places

Terror in America, feel my drama, defecate on your  
baby's momma

I sport the real gators, Lou Casey and Tony Llama

Y'all act like divas with a flat ass like Madonna

Party whereabouts, don't ask me

Hold your Zippendales, this ain't Chippendales

Y'all Flippendales, move slow like snails

Thongs show your girl's tails, y'all blaze L's

Girl you know, the man ain't funky

But the brother is whack yo

What you tell your man, girl?

Remington blows with shells

Big Hank movin' dank comin' up the road with a full  
tank

Make your girl buy another drink

Joe Grieco, we break neck-o, hand your wife the  
peppermints

Who represents y'all can't close to me one inch

Y'all need to sit down on the wood like Johnny Bench

Y'all know the Borden family, your fiance drive a Camry  
Your hype man name is Annie  
Your producer in the background wear the black  
panties  
No time for the clean up service or nannies

Girl you know, the man ain't funky  
But the brother is whack yo  
What you tell your man, girl?

Feeble position wackster, what's up blackster  
Lyrical master, asshole plaster  
You a known hitter, with the first base glove  
Your mom with the catcher's mitter  
Pamper for your babysitter

Foul smells, your house smell like cat litter  
Don't get bitter, I move and get rid of  
Can't flow average, maverage  
Rabid food, vegetable particles, final cabbage  
You got the nerve to rap like you live in Paris

Standard reels, I clown dummies  
When your first advance is in your deal  
Stage level, stiff with no skills  
A bird with beak and bills  
I crush you from New York  
All the way out to Hollywood Hills

Girl you know, the man ain't funky  
But the brother is whack yo  
What you tell your man, girl?

Kool Keith, whatever, like rappers say  
Like Big Daddy Kane say rappers steppin' to me  
They wanna get some, you know the outcome  
You wanna get some, you know the outcome

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