

Kool Keith "I Don't Play"

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[kool keith]

Yo yo yo

Worldwide, worldwide

Kool keith in bronx housing

Ninety-nine, 2000

As we get biz, yeah

I'ma let you have it

Let's do this

Yo, my life is clientele, while pro people talk about me
Cut empty pocket, shark faces like electric sockets
Sideburns with afro, nasty pro, throw like rollo
In wells fargo, cashin checks while you tryin to borrow
My game is cut through, plastic come, we can see
through

Disco music, jazz loops, I ain't tryin to be you

Nineteen-ninety-nine, 2000 black, new design

My head is on right

Back up kid you wasn't born right

Playin center I block your wack raps like bill cartwright

Pick up your rebounds, plastic soft production sounds

All mc groups will be cartoons like mother goose

No joke I bust back

Kid for real, watch your buttcrack

Entourages, movin neighborhoods like mr. rogers

Slam rhymes on concrete, mash em up in car garages

Cadillac spin, open magazines, vibe again

You're jealous stare lickin, paws like you're rin-tin-tin

I'm back again, I stop your programs like gentle ben

Yeah (yeah.. yeah.. yeah..)

Chorus: kool keith (repeat 4x)

I'll be the man, watch your backpack, pen and pencil

School today! grown man, I don't play

[kool keith]

Back up the turnpike, watch mad max turn into you

Get gassed at truckstops, leave diesel fuel, burnin
through you

I come to boo you, best believe, I'm a damager

Cancel shows, interviews, I don't need no manager

Slash fan, half of y'all, think I'm the elephant man
Look through my records analyze me like I'm michael
jackson
Collect my vinyl dj moves spinnin on my wax and
Groupies in line, camera flashes, I don't need the
action
Sweaty hotels, dumbbells, I'd rather shop in modell's
While y'all wear backpacks, with corny macks, rollin I's

Cd's get melted, ask your favorite rapper, how he felt it
I turn on others, light up this, when I'm cookin muffins
That's on the grill, make your girlfriend buy my ampex
reels
Pay for studio time, droppin verse with dope words
I'm on the real herb, pick up mics you got some nerve
Rahway state prison bring my projects in the music
business
That's if you with this, yo craig, there will be no witness
I'm comin through with bronx crew, a black, boo-ba-
babboon
Tecs in my pockets make your feets dance, do the
lockin
Yeah (yeah.. yeah.. yeah.. yeah..)

Chorus

[kool keith]

Yo, what are you doin lookin in my closet?
Why are you tryin to try on my sneakers?
Stop lookin around in my kitchen
That's right it's honeycomb up there, raviolis
Everything a regular man eats
I'm not the elephant man, whassup?

You don't scare me, I'm the man that bought your girl
some hair
Walk in giant arenas and stop your show at madison
square
With security, you can't call the secret service
Got your roadie cases packed up, your bookin agent
nervous
Backstage passes special units break your fendi
glasses
Cancel your flights, town car, see me in the brown car
Rip up your passport, I follow you through kennedy
airport
Lock up the gates, town seize up, like norman bates
Book hotel niko change my face up, in puerto rico
Julio gongado bumpin beats, in a el dorado
I'm movin swiftly, the game is fast, very quickly
Greyhound bus tickets, I'll vick you for the whole

season

That's the reason I'll be easin, eatin cheese and
That's right kid, yeah (yeah.. yeah..)

Chorus

Yeah, that's right, watch your backpacks
For the nine-nine to the 2000
From bronx housing
Housing..

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