

## **Kool Keith**

### **"I'm Hittin' Hard"**

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Ladies and gentlemen  
Gentlemen and ladies  
Adults teenagers adolescents and babies  
No if's and's but's or maybe's  
I want the whole world to rock today  
Because I said I was and always was  
The baddest rapper on the mic and I proved it does  
Make a difference  
On the way you think you syn-  
Cronize the wise tries  
To overcome the dumb the drum  
Beats a pattern that turns into  
A catalyst that'll just  
Grab your ear you had to hear  
A rhyme's contents  
Beyond nonsense  
If you're not convinced  
Get tense and wince  
Cause I'll make a skeptic  
Look epileptic  
Shake and brake like the holy ghost connected  
His body and soul  
I control  
His mind is mine cause my  
Rhyme holds  
Minds in limbo  
You resemble  
A clone of jim jones as them bones tremble  
Shakin' like a leaf in disbelief  
No chatterin' teeth  
Can cease pity or grief  
I got you flipping like a burger  
Head spinning like a top  
Weak at the knees  
And you're about to drop  
You can't find your heart  
You need a warrant to search  
Get off your knees  
Boy this ain't church  
You can pray if you wanna pray  
Say what you wanna say

Did you forget you was ambiguous  
You're gonna pay  
For doubting my rhyme  
You better freeze your thought  
Cause I read minds  
If you got caught  
I taught  
Lessons for second-guessing  
Reroute doubt  
I reprogram and deprogram about  
Two million fans  
Through rhythmic hypnosis  
Left in a state  
Of cataclysmic neurosis  
Neurotic from a narcotic  
Known as rhyme  
Addicted to rap  
And you're a fiend for mine  
For my rap info  
You're a nympho  
I'll raise the conscience  
And then hit them so hard with the rhyme  
I'ma leave you scarred  
Cause I don't just hit ya  
I hit ya hard  
I weave the bob  
To do the job  
Set you up with the left  
As the right writes hard  
Lyrics stick and move  
Behind the groove  
As the beat gets better  
The rhyme improves  
Adversaries prepare for a telling loss  
Bring a stretcher nurse and the smelling salts  
My rhyme is more  
Than a fight or a bout  
You ain't goin' down  
Boy you're goin' out  
No count necessary  
Cause you ain't gettin' up  
Bad mouthin' ends very  
Very very abrupt  
Thought patterns converted  
Through overt overtures  
Prepared your mind  
Much better for metaphors  
More rap classics  
Believe me there's no man  
Not bach brahms beethoven or chopin  
Polonaise would ever faze ya

Like I faze ya I amaze ya  
Ali and fraizer i  
Get deja vu from listening to  
The rhymes that cut like an uppercut  
And rings a bell too  
I come out smoking  
Hard from the first round  
Stinging like a bee  
And the bell is the worst sound  
Cause I don't wanna let up  
If you can get up  
I'm fed up  
The rhymes are sped up  
To mess your head up  
When the rhyme is over  
They tally the scorecard  
I get more points  
Cause you hit the floor hard  
But I'm hittin' hard  
The very last thing  
That you remember  
Is a rhyme in your face  
And the crowd yell timbre  
Then you fall in a dopefiend nod  
Cause I don't just hit ya  
I hit ya hard  
When I rain  
It's more like a hurricane  
You wanna dis  
Then think of another name  
Cause I go to work  
And my rhymes slam  
Put me to the test  
You'll fail the exam  
Cause that's the kind of test  
You just can't study for  
You're guaranteed  
To end up bloody or  
Broken twisted  
Fractured blistered  
Decapitated mutilated  
Violated it's the  
Kind of defeat  
That you just can't live with  
Try to compete  
But you just can't get with  
The mental master  
Hard-rhyme supremist  
My words have ya  
Mixed like a chemist  
My rhymes flow like

H-2-o  
Cleaned with chlorine  
To make green so  
The rhyme is purified  
You can't drink it  
Biters and suckers  
Don't even think it  
The green I made  
Is a money shade  
When the rhyme evaporates  
I get paid  
Then it's time to rain  
With the rhyme I know  
And like plants  
Watch my people grow  
I heal sick minds  
Like christ himself  
Touch the soul  
Like no one else  
There's only one  
President pope and one god  
There's only one rapper  
In that class  
And I hit ya hard

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