

Kool Keith "In Your Face"

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I'll get my manager crazy as hell, he'll pull steel
Show these sheisty people, the sawed off, the pump is
real
Then smack niggaz when they don't feel Keith's right
direction
Put niggaz in fear, the bullets in they head section

Pick up drug dollars, leave rings around niggaz collars
Front me cash, you catch them bodies, put 'em in a
stash
Never laugh at you, explain plans, what to do
Machine guns on tour, pajama for your soft crew

Don't step to me with shit the candle wax is gettin' lit
I'm solo now, and still money I have to fuckin' split
Business ain't straight in glamour world, fuckin' hell
gate
All these things I been through, your skull deserves a
metal plates

Not the platinum plaque, just gun staples in your back
Hung from a tree with rusty nails in your rectum crack

I get personal direct straight, I bring it forward
(Where?)
In your face
(In yo' face)

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For everybody a problem manager
30% get my photo session ready, songs to the fuckin'
president
I been spendin' my ASCAP, waitin' out there brain-

walkin'
Up with hit records on feet, in the fuckin' rain

Through merry-go-rounds, past politic circus
Then shift flop first, and now it's time that you work this
Suck my ass, we pass on acts if you think they good
Niggaz ain't platinum, they album still, went barely
wood

I bring your [Incomprehensible] down, samples now
you have to clear it
Niggaz talkin' shit like lyric records, I ain't tryin' to hear
it
Even if I'm deaf no mouth, one fuckin' ear left
You think they worth investments, hold your fuckin'
breath

You might as well bite Kane, Rakim, study G. Rap
I got some new shit, mental secrets for yo' ass crack
Let me get real, before that ass breach that contract
I got witnesses watchin', statements over budget

Don't try to hide behind that fuckin' mask now
Throw the pistols away, and hide the shit in the grass
now

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I'm sittin' quiet with tons of threats, and Baskin-Rob
Extortion is over, I cock back, you lose your fuckin' job
Two years of my time is precious in my kid's mind
With child support, I drag your coffins in the court

We even-steven, fuck that, my time and rent is short
I've been writin' songs, I'm calm, I'm a good sport
One year has gone by, with techs jam up in your eye
I'm on some clever shit, fuck it man, go 'head lie

I wake up six o'clock with triggers cocked every
morning
I'm no joke, you're bound to smell the fragrant gun
smoke
I'll be scrubbin' halls, wipin' blood off the office walls

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Yeah, yeah, let's get some fuckin' hit records goin'
right now
East coast to West coast, I don't give a fuck
His shit is wack, their shit is wack
That shit is wack over there, ain't nuttin' fuckin' movin'
Get some fuckin' bullets on the fuckin charts
Fuck that, let's do this
(Y'all ain't ready)

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