

Kool Keith "Keith Turbo"

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New York City

(Keith Turbo)

You're listening to the number one, the one and only

(Keith Turbo)

Keith

(Keith Turbo)

Turbo

Pontiac, GTO

That's right, we do it like that

Keith Turbo, the new man

Here we go

Move in close range with the ARTCC

Air Route Traffic Control Center

I freeze MC's at maximum degrees

[Unverified] from the street

When I ripped apartments and the Corman suites

Two and a half units available, bass you can't trace

Your girl staring in my face at 7,000 feet

Turbo jets in the cockpit

You flock with weak kids on the block with

For protection I'll ruin your whole section

For major alteration

My final approach is to spray y'all

Attack ya like roaches

Don't step to me at the food court at the municipal
airport

Your unmatched performance can't stop my endurance

Runaway 18-L, pilot one, change in your slot

Number two you're through, discharging your battery

Stop rappin to me

New York City's number one MC, that's real G

Who's that kid B?

Passengers are in position

Change your whole vision

Commercial instructors, stop your stretch marks
Take off your shirt I see your ribs, fakin' like you
Tommy Gibbs
Technology program, you used to know
I used to study with Son of Sam, that's right

(Keith Turbo)
Pontiac, GTO
(Keith Turbo)
Pontiac, GTO

(Keith Turbo)
Pontiac, GTO
(Keith Turbo)
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Man
(Keith Turbo)
I can throw a hundred thousand pound walrus
Right through the walls, that's right
Mad like five gorillas in the vocal booth
(Mad like five guerillas)

It's all Turbo
Yo Mom Duke, pass me my helmet
Let me show these kids what to do
RPM 600 pound gorillas, 22 not hot

Engine accurate, GPS storm scopes on your folks
Monitors equal, my three million new fans are white
people
Geared toward the universe while black people think
the worse

Realistically expect my gross is twenty times your
checks
Triple that diamond around your necks, besides I hate
cars
You feel the turbulence, fasten seatbelts, close your
vents
Rugged horsepower, M-20-F, executive manifesting
you a lesson
False representation'll leave y'all sweating in the train
station

Remember I'm blacker than your used Acura
That's why I laugh at ya like a anorexic model on the
crack bottle
Y'all play Frankie Beverly I'm in the future with a Phaser
network
I bet ya I'll make your beck hurt

Endorsements from the universities can't stop my
abilities
Financial training on the campus
Shock ya like [unverified] did Kurt Rambis
Fax you that flight number, stand by frequency
Don't mess with me

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That's right y'all, it's all about NASA
When I ride around in my NASCAR
Don't think I'm Richard Petty or Bobby Unser
Or even Al Unser, it's all Indy 500 when I run around
You know it, I come with the fluid like Jackie Stewart

Keith Turbo
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