

## **Kool Keith "Lyrical King"**

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[Kool Keith:]

(Everybody know that) the lyrical king  
(Everybody know that) lyrical king  
(Everybody know that shit) the lyrical king  
(Everybody know that) lyrical king  
(Everybody know that)

Little kids get scared  
I smack the shit out of a monster when I devour  
That's why I shit on Austin Powers  
Watch niggaz get souped up and comfortable like the  
Plymouth Prowler  
No homerun bastards, I line up everybody like a fouler  
Like they mix baking soda and pasta  
Only thing these motherfuckers touch, is Tide and soap  
powder  
(Fuckin soap powder!) Microphone perpetration I see  
through  
I want my vocals up louder  
Bitch I write some verses with high octane curses  
Popeye and Kentuck' sponsor  
I turned down deals with Church's  
Y'all fucked up cause the Colonel made the purchase  
I can't no longer support 50 thousand MC's, homeless  
and worthless  
The shit department, I thought you was a delivery  
Packagin, I put you in charge, alright supervisin piss  
My messages get across state to state when I shift doo-  
doo  
out on freight, I take a break  
Laugh at you assholes, with club soda and lemon cake  
Listen close, examine is that the star flow?  
While you talkin baboon shit on the radio  
I cancelled seein ducks at the magic show  
I know some Mexicans that shit through, the custom  
sunroof  
Butt-naked in Barstow  
With bloodhounds on the back of the graffiti Air Force  
Nikes  
That bark low, remember you fuckin with somebody pro  
I shake the piss off my dick, on your album intro  
Next time you tell the engineer to bring it in slow

Toy-ass niggaz, I been past niggaz  
Test crash dummies, I know people that work with  
these, crash niggaz  
For the last 6,008 months I've been hearin trash niggaz  
With fucked up paparazzis  
That think they clownin big-head motherfuckers  
Hot vaginas under they crotch  
I like when they bullshit on the mic, and play hopscotch  
Touch the controls, adjust your platinum and gold  
Put the coke all up in your fuckin nose  
Don't sleep you better take that No-Doz  
Ain't no motherfucker pushin kilos  
Ask the motherfucker next to you, he knows  
Raggy-aggy, wear your pants baggy  
In front of your used Jaggy  
You ain't 24 track you still macky  
Opposite dress that's tacky  
Y'all fuckin with Jonathan Braggy  
Basket of bread you grabby  
Your fuckin sides are overweight, can't come in here  
lookin stupid and flabby

LYRICAL KING~! (lyrical king)  
LYRICAL KING~! (y'all know, lyrical king)  
LYRICAL KING~! Motherfuck it

[voice lowered:]  
Lyrical king  
You know the lyrical king when you see him  
I don't have to reveal myself to motherfuckers nowhere  
ever  
When I walk in the room, you rip your motherfuckin  
papers up  
You shut the studio time down  
You get that motherfucker out the booth  
You tell that nigga he's whack  
You let motherfuckers know, who's in the motherfuckin  
back  
You serve that coffee, you serve that tea  
You let a motherfucker know he's comin out the fuckin  
teepee  
Fuck you motherfuckers, and all you whack-ass  
motherfuckers  
You know who the motherfuckin lyrical, motherfuckin  
king is!  
Suck the dillz

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