

## **Kool Keith**

# **"Make Up Your Mind"**

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Yeah, so you called me last night  
You was kinda confused huh? You didn't know what to  
do  
All excited over these football players and baseball  
players  
Whassup? You lookin' for a million dollars or  
somethin'?  
Man you kinda confused

Freak mode, I'ma have sex, so let 'em feel  
Touch my private, my thing made of steel  
Shootin' gizm, she ride like a Geo Prism  
I'm out in Cali, San Bernardino Valley

I'm on the hill, not North in Pete skill  
Big Willie servin', now tell me how you femmes feel  
I'm in the Cadillac, drivin' in a drop top  
People don't know my style, watch when they heads  
bop

I'm on the highway, girls pull 'em down my way  
Credit cards and checks, man she get paid on Friday  
The woman's out, the Phantom pushin' more clout  
I'm watchin'? With Sam, drinkin' guinness stout

Bourbon booze, green alligator shoes  
Union commissioned sex, government intelligence  
What you see girl, that Benz is irrelevant  
Materialistic, ugly man is plastic

No class, in a suit, cost rather cheap  
Got the nerve to blow the horn and he try to beep  
Interfere, in my spot and he's comin' here  
She's in the white boots, breathin' in my ear

Make up your mind, who you want to pump the butt  
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No affections, condom style, I got no yeast  
Worldwide trunk funk, no jazz on the East

Breakin' honies down, mackin' here to Petersburg  
Virginia Slim, turn the freaks out in Lynchburg

With brown bootie, Joe Smith, hit from Pittsburgh  
The right player, even if I choose odds  
Let me shuffle jackpots, women pick the cards  
Your hydraulic butt, bounce like a six trey

I'm on the case, jealous man steppin' in my way  
Hot pursuit, why she play herself? Get the boot  
Actin' like Troop, he say he signed with a group  
He wrote for Babyface, did songs, toured with Snoop

Lyin' to you to get thrilled  
Droppin' them old lines, his breath smell like doodoo  
I got a style if a brother wanna know  
Smokin' that stink blunt, you still sniffin' blow

Nose runnin' on time with green slime  
Step in the club, I throw urine on your mind  
Big Luciano, diamond rings on the grand piano  
Girls flock and guys hop on the other jock

I'm in a two door, with bass comin' through your block  
Sound kicks, I got the fly broads in the mix  
California butt, MC's suckin' more what  
Like Gerald Levert, you try to make it work

Jheri Curl Jones, spendin' cash on a skirt  
Plan to win, whassup with Uncle Ben?  
Brother is sly, fatback bacon  
Still fakin', his voice chords achin'

You know I'm perplex, exotic on Ampex  
Dog style champ, hittin' booty for butt sex  
I can't disguise myself like Michael Jackson  
The flasher, are you ready for action?

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Make up your mind, who you want to pump it

I got a summons, my clothes is off, I'm butt naked  
In a discotheques, don't tell me ladies can't take it  
Just to have my drawers in a overcoat  
My El Dorado lean, the black caddy float

Down the hill with Frankie Dolla Bill  
Honies in red zone, tell me how them drawers feel  
Suckin' on the hippie, on the Mississippi

Econo Lodge, a cheap way to get a quickie

Five and five, equal ten  
Add twenty up, I'm back in the spot again  
Blowin' it up, I drop my own bomb  
Two big green mitts, and tails on my arm

You in my way my man, yo B excuse me  
I didn't call your girl, why accuse me?  
I think you're insecure, not sure  
If your girlfriend's home, if she's knockin' at my door

Back in your ride, no apartment, no place to wash  
You can't clean, tell 'em black  
He don't know yet, my discipline, how to act  
Stack with fume, and twenty-four flicks  
You can't win, takin' shots like the Knicks

I'm old enough with skills to be your daddy  
Go ask grandma, your freaky Aunt Sally  
Pretty woman standin' there with her ugly man  
I don't want to shake his hand

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