

## **Kool Keith**

# **"Master Of The Game"**

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Yeah

(He's the master of the game)

From the South Bronx

I've been doin' this

(All the girls know his name)

All the way from the Northeast to the west

Down South Miami, Florida

(He's the master of the game)

Jacksonville

(Jacksonville)

Tallahassee

(Tallahassee)

Master of the game

(In the rappin' Hall of Fame)

Like Tag Team, back again

Here we go, with a flow, get dealt with quick

Now Joe, I know my rap style pro

Let 'em know with the quickness, y'all need to witness

Step to the side, y'all mind y'all business

Exercise, like physical fitness

Ride through, I glide through

Bass pump to the trunks inside you

We move it quickly, rap styles swift B

Cadillac rollin', neck full gold and crafty and nasty

Can't put it past me

Step with skills, better call your family

Turn adverse worse, climb in the first verse

Move when I back it up, attack and I smack it up

Girls connectin' it

Ultra legend and why y'all rhymes soft, fruity  
affectionate

I keep steppin' and boost my rep again

Speed up, go slow, you got the next then

Do the La Bamba, turn to Mexican

Swift to shift up, change the pitch up

DJ mix ups, your face get fixed up

Nuts get licked up, quickly, strictly

He's the master of the game  
(The Master)  
All the girls know his name  
He's the master of the game  
(The Master)  
In the rappin' Hall of Fame

He's the master of the game  
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I'm warnin', watch yo' backpack mack  
Yo' crack lack facts I attacks yo' wax  
So fast you press up mess up step up  
Through this when I do this

I'm the smoothest when I groove it speedy  
Turn back yo, don't try to be greedy  
Houston, Tex, out of New York City  
Girls get pretty, go lickin' them titties

Astrofunk it revolve in the trunk and party's live  
Might turn into somethin'  
Let them know though, I'm still pro dough  
Companies what, wanna sign me solo

It's Keith you need, let your man try to read  
Ease the bleed, shut up animal feed  
Step to Keith, let you know what it be G  
Cruiser shades, at the bar can't see me

Crispy atoms, grab 'em, pat 'em  
Suckers don't know, how bad I'm madam  
Turn and flex and servin' necks and  
Indiana wrecks then fools wanna flex

And y'all won't know when I pull up in a Lex  
And Master Cards with certified checks  
And bank bills, fly rims in the hills  
Y'all get cups, get more refills

He's the master of the game  
(The Master)  
All the girls know his name  
He's the master of the game  
(The Master)

In the rappin' Hall of Fame

Check your watch, now watch me partner  
Start to welcome back kids like Kotter  
Move your pants, while I rock a little harder  
Hoes and foes, hit 'em all with blows

Watch girls work it, movin' unopposed  
Hip to flip, throw the thing to they lip  
When I dress, yes, put 'em all to the test  
Rock a suede vest, pink jewels on my chest

Rappin', clappin', fingers start snappin'  
Watch how you actin', I'm rubbin' on the back  
And MC's is slack and your groups sound wack  
Where'd you turn B? Nobody burn me

Style get complex, why you concerned B?  
I'm your chalkboard, now you can learn me  
'Round and 'round and big bass soundin'  
Down South Hustler, big bass poundin'

East west, top down to the bone  
Motorola, on my cellular phone  
Change the tone, get up out my zone  
Movin' next to you, rhyme will flex to you  
Stop I'm overdue, jumpin' over you  
Status gold to the baddest bro

He's the master of the game  
(The Master)  
All the girls know his name  
He's the master of the game  
(The Master)  
In the rappin' Hall of Fame

He's the Master  
(Master, Master)  
Kool Keith  
He's the master  
(Master, Master)  
Kool Keith, Kool Keith, Kool Keith  
(Kool Keith)

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