

Kool Keith "Maxi Curls"

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I see maxi curls
(Yeah)
Players, activator
I see maxi curls
(Yeah)
Remote control alligators

I got skill, you're on my tip, now back off
Slack off, let me do this
And y'all turn the whack off
The radio stereo here we go, flow and blow

Puerto Rico, South side, Latin, you're feed pattern
Black people mingle, white people, buy my single
Bingo bangle, let go my steel Ego
Throwing rhymes in spirals like Joe Klecko

Miami Dolphin, now shut up
Close your mouth and
You be hatin', debatin', regurgitatin'
Ratin' latent, and perpetratin'

My album's love mics, tough like dirt bikes
You get frantic
New York City, run and panic
California, I switch up, boogie on ya

Like Don Cornelius, on soul train
And heads I clip off, in rap leave a bloodstain
A bigger pain, you would need Novocaine
Bite off Rakim, you copy Big Daddy Kane

You know my steelo, I rhyme against a million people
Who think they equal, disguising as Jamaican people
Fakin', funkin', you're pedigree, your beat is sunk in
Tonka toy of little boy, stepping down to Roy

I'm no joke, I rap for cash and you're buyin' a coat
Bronx bomber, superb on the freak momma
Stinkin' movin', my whole crew is comin' through
Yeah

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'Bout it, 'bout it, like Master P, makin' money G
No time for promos, get paid when I MC
You know my feeling, I'm dealing, with tracks so real
And radio blackout, your format, is not appealin'

R & B can step up, but can't compare to me
You oughta know how, I, feel
That's wack, with book bags, packed on your back
Video bop, my skin is black bet

Program your channels, your grandkids wanna see me
Freakin' status, freakin' styles, freakin' flows
Freakin' foes, freakin' lyrics, freakin' spirits
I make a def person hear it

Duplicate you demonstrate, what I used to make
Remakes I watch, your crew'll imitate
Motivate still skills to pay bills
Creative sauce, watch out, I'm your boss

On Panasonic like Steve, style bionic
You get to workin', your head bop, you not jerkin'
You be out lurkin' for danger, in my Ranger
You think I'm bugged man? With Cat woman, like a
stranger

Packed with speed, supersonic level Reed
Steelo jets and Bill Blass like rockets
In your pockets, damagin' your brain sockets
Yeah

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Like Mobile, settin' up shop in Alabama
For proper grammar, my style Arm & Hammer
Strong computer, underground like Roto Rooter
Fools critics they mimic, copy, sloppy

MC's get hurt, you blockhead, try to stop me

Digital thinkin', you're blinkin', career sinkin'
Old like Mod Squad, you rap like Lincoln
Sideburns turned, you catchin' ringworm

A heavy virus, worsen than, hepatitis
Schizophrenic like ten people out the clinic
Yankee Stadium uptown, you can't win the pennant
I do construction, you pack up your whole production

Your lips are ready, your girl has a nice suction
Pack her bags pack her bags pack her bags right
Pack her bags pack her bags pack her bags left
Your style is A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q,
R, S

Don't test, I taught you how to get your deals
You put my style on your reels
You went uptown, claimin' my sound
Get back, stay down

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