

Kool Keith

"N.B.A."

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Yeah.. a message to the N.B.A. ("well that's alright")

The National, Basketball, Association
We begin ("well that's alright")

Your man is a tourin nigga, six-foot-eight floss nigga
who carries champagne in the club with Coogi sweaters
Borin nigga, no game havin

Less rap skill, N.B.A. nigga with a studio you ill

Don't you know my game terrorize
Six-foot-three guards on the microphone, my lyrics kill

Why don't you awkward niggaz stop rhymin and take a
birth control pill

I'm not impressed with your full court press
Jackson got you gassed, ask Phil

can step up to the foul line for an AIDS test
Girls with Tyra Banks weaves, and Lisa Raye's
complexion

My jewelry like big trucks

I don't care if you flash your Milwaukee Bucks

Even bodyguards couldn't protect you ducks
I care less if you a Trailblazer

My cris-cross on girls is sharp, y'all get cut off with a
razor

Even if you have braids like Latrell

I got more numbers in my system than Pacific Bell
Pass the basketball around and go tell

Smoother than Rick Fox puttin on his hair gel

Groupies don't have to know me, just swallow my

sperm when you blow me

Keith look in the club for your celebrity jump shooters

Tall lean men who can't read books to they kids need
tutors

You cats got the nerve to try to stop my tomahawk
dunks

by e-mailing, golddiggers on computers

Leap over y'all with color and fashion

Lame assholes in black pinstripe suits, keep steppin
and passin

Beyond the youse-a-baby, you broke finished payin for
them car notes

I'm the championship niggga youse a loser ("well that's
alright")

P.I.S.S., on the N.B.A. ("well that's alright")

N.B.A. niggaz!

National Basketball Association
N.B.A. bitches! (N.B.A. play)

National Basketball Association
(The N.B.A. Association..)

{*singer ad libs*

(N.B.A. niggaz, house niggaz, slave owner niggaz..)

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