

Kool Keith "Static"

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Yo, Sadat whassup?
Yo, I'm right here
I got these two girls
They ready to roll up the highway with me

Oh really?
I'ma get a little bit of gas
Think you can make that trip or what?
Yeah, I definitely can, you know that's a fact

Of course
Alright I'll be back in a few minutes
I'ma go back to the gas station and get some gas and
fuel up
Alright, I'ma get some [unverified] and all that

Static, we bring trouble to your right side
Hey, as I think to myself what a wonderful world
Static, we bring trouble to your right side
Hey, Keith I just met this chick, why am I arguin' with
this girl?

Static, we bring trouble to your right side
Man, we here we just livin' positive
Static, we bring trouble to your right side
Hey, we givin' it all and that's all we got to give

Bumpin' systems, rollin' down the street in Detroit,
Michigan
I switch again, bucket seats with my girlfriend
Wearin' Paco in a Bronco, cologne is Pronto
Movin' quickly like the Lone Ranger, X is Tonto

Back up the turnpike, Oldsmobile's roll with two pipes
440 engine blowin' wind, through our hair extension
Two bags of six packs, with .38's, wrapped in gift packs
Big attitude she's on the two train, I roll like Mad Max
Keep it simple baby young girl, now squeeze yo' pimple

How dare you walk around ignore the First National
Bank
My name is unknown,[unverified] die my family call me

Hank
I go way back, like you still shop at Alexando's
Buy your sandals for your little son, named Romandos
Watch your step Theresa, chew up on your slice at
Easter

Can you surround me in the black tan
My living room, trips to Cancun, with these eighty
ladies
The Jefferson's to the Brady, Sanford and the Son
I want the whole world and my old girl back

She left me for the postman, now she send me letters
I got a bottle of Grand Monet, drinkin' in the stairway
With the wizard Kool Keith, and I'm SPORTIN my rhymes
Funeral chimes signal the beginnin' of the end

Cowboy with more in, with my private dancin' chicks
They live way out in the sticks, but I put em in the mix
(Uh, huh)
Took em to Reno in an old Camino, gamblin' in a casino
The movie's Al Pacino

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Got my check cashed, you posin' new, stop actin' girl,
like a fool
Got the Benz on loan, Sadat rollin' by your school
You brought your frontin' friend Gwen, beggin' for the
Benjamin
I'll see you a ten, with a haircut, like Scottie Pippen

My man Mark riffin in the backseat, my cousin Clifton
You get me pissed and wearin big gloves like Sonny
Liston
Leon Spinks with afro on, ready to rob the Brinks
I see you got your thongs out, Daisy Dukes and buns
out
You call me when you broken hearted, when your
money runs out

Back from the [unverified] you did it girl the blind way

Hold your horses, and evil forces
Don't press star for Pathmark, I'll be home after dark
I'm tired of Pop Tart

Yeah, I'm touchin' Gwen with the butt love, the rubber
glove
I'm touchin' that ass she swingin' her hair, claimin'
she's an actress
But wasn't she that same chick I seen with the black
dress?
Traded the ninety-eight for the sixty-eight Mustang

Me and Keith at the bar, do they know who we are?
Apparently, because all the drinks are free
It's, "Our house, in the middle of our street"
And when you come in here you better wipe your feet

I'm from Albuquerque, New Mex' to the great state of
Texas
I rode across on a gray horse, [unverified]
Get to the sauce and add spaghetti, non-pork
(What?)
I'ma own New York, with a big spots of the BX
And German outposts, with the communists close
(No doubt)

I'm verbose, I host, the most, y'all should roast me
People watch closely and rewind me on the tape
Study this here, then look and listen
Take a step back and watch the black pearl glisten

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