

Kool Keith "Stop Frontin"

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[Kool Keith]

I wanna talk about Hollywood mon, y'know?

[Chorus]

Everybody's leasin, dey frontin
Car payments, dey wantin
Everybody's on the phone, dey somethin

(So what you sayin, so what you sayin?)

[Chorus]

[Kool Keith]

You're not that good on Tech
I'ma ask Sway, the Fantastic 4 every day
We know the worst rapper
If you hear the same records too much, get off the
dizzicko
You got men that suck the station off
A group of men and women that pay for airplay
That hit the station off on air day
Suck the program director's nuts
The right hand is slippery, relationship to DJ
If he's cautious, he'll go the other way
A West 4th Street connection
But payola baby need affection
Watch everybody in the music game
There's an undercover lover kissin, ask Lena
You got the contract, the label not satisfied
Everybody flout, spent 9 million to go gold
Ask Benny Medina
They flop, he flop, you know they got dropped
with an option to sign again
You jackasses won't never sing a rhyme again
Frontin on "That's How I'm Livin," in the mansion
Papers on your floor, you break out like Robin
You saw the international star, with Miss Givens
Straight behind takeout Jamaican posse with mad
triggers

[Chorus]

(So what you sayin, so what you sayin?)

[Chorus]

(So what you sayin, so what you sayin?)

[uncredited rapper]

I come with the clique if you slip get clipped
Money be flipped, the dope we ship
From Beach Street to Dancehall
Make the call, play the mall, we buy it all
This O.G. don't respect a suspect
You're low-tech, squash you like insect
You sniff blow, I count dough
A pimp with lamp to glow or grow
Get crunk, you won't make it to the trunk
I'm all you want, your boy's a punk
Popular and Briz, hers and his
The kid won't fiz, the kid's a whiz
Your career's coma, Tommy Mottola
Opiola, can't help you it's over
You're dismissed, don't return, hope you learn
H-Bomb, 7th Veil, our turn

[Chorus]

(So what you sayin, so what you sayin?)

[Chorus]

[Kool Keith]

He pays for the rotation
You pay for the relation
Your lyrics weak, the DJ must play
The town suffers, the people laugh at your frustration
Your vocals need Yugoslavia
Your rhyme need a vacation
When you rap I flip through the dials
18 million people change the station
Since the war, your rap's been depression
It's causing cities to suffer
Kids buy your whack CD, the families feel inflation
A recession like you the best and

[Chorus]

(So what you sayin, so what you sayin?)

[Chorus]

(So what you sayin, so what you sayin?)

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