

Midtown

"Kool Keith Model Android #406"

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[C.Gee] Yo whassup Kool Keith?
[Keith] Sup Ced Gee?
[C.Gee] Yo man I want you to bust this beat out
like a rappin android, youknowwhatl'msayin?
It's on you..

[Kool Keith]
I'm like a frequency, causing interference
With static, my apperance is dominant
with a prominent intro-duction
I do rhyme construction
Wear my boots, for no interruption
on the microphone, model 4-0-6
2-38, four-thousand five, 81
Seven kilowatts of power
Charging every hour
My Earth mission -- I'm here to devour MC's
Toys and predators
Small rappers, fake competitors
I'm bigger, and hard as a rock
Burn through steel, and brains I knock
like Enoch, when I crush and kill
Get ill, in time destroy anyone
who steps in my radius scanners
As the rhythm advances
My rhyme flow, creating your dances
You follow, increased metaphors
Scan control, your brain is sore
and hurting, while alerting the rest
I got the flames, and melting the best
of the wack ones, now who is left?
You hear me clear, are you blind or deaf?
Insane, as I go in your brain
Through innertubes, my style remains
topping, express not stopping
Rap janitor, suckers I'm mopping germs
I'm using Pine Sol
Ajax, and cans of Lysol
for parasites, metropolitan termites
New York City, national invites
East coast, West coast can slow down

beats per minute, and watch me throw down
papers, a suitcase with rhymes
For every state, zone and different times I'm attacking
all around the globe
Or is it people, my mind will probe
through Jupiter, and those who are stupider
You must learn as Technics turn
I am the fire and brains will burn
and bake, like a Tasty Cake
I'm leavin scars, and ears will ache
in all sections, I'm causin infections
You're now lost, I'm givin you directions
to my skill, total connections are far
beyond and out of reach
You are the dog, and I have the leash
to each, yes - every one of you
Step back cause the wizard is back
Kool Keith!

[C.Gee] Model 406, Android styles
Yo that was fresh man
[Keith] Straight to the auditory canal
[C.Gee] Yo man bust this man
They call me Delta Force One, all-star
I'ma get some of the next one
Yo Moe Luv, release the groove over there, c'mon
[Keith] Aight, T.R. Love in effect
[C.Gee] Yo let's do this man, we out

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