

Black Rob F/ Jennifer Lopez**"Souped Up"**

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[Kool Keith]

Man, I turn on the TV man

I was in the mall, one of the rappers I seen

up at the mall wearin the gold chains, one of the guys
from BET

Man them boys is souped up, just

I walked up to one with my wife, asked for an
autograph

He turned his back to me {*scratch: "Because I am so
cool!"*}

I waste no time tellin you in front of your ugly girlfriend
you can't rhyme

Smack your engineer with a tall can of Olde English
beer

Urinate on your SSL board and your lyrics sheet

Defecate in the hood at your store for leavin your fans
butt-naked with a box of Pampers in the middle of the
street

Blow your socks off, send the girls you take to
exquisite resteraunts

to Pink Hot Dog, exclusive company just miss the
masses

Talk to white girls with flat stomachs, no stretch marks,
with black girl asses

Upscale extravagant, no autographs

Tell the Backstreet Boys I'm arrogant

Lady singers and rappers, I'm Keith Livingston your
lawyer, I'm gonna work you

My job is to give you a Benz, close your publishing deal
while I jerk you

The contract's ready, you already signed the first two
Your buttcrack is I'ma put you on Rap City with Tigger
and hurt you

Nothin to reimburse you, my voodoo curse you

Anything that come out I will alert you

Turn your ass around like a marble head baby and burp
you

Smack you, beat you with a telephone cord, I can reach
you

All I hear is "yo stop Keith, stop it Keith"

[Chorus 2X: MOI]

[K] Arrogant, autographs, them ni'az can't sign them?

Souped up, souped up

[M] While I stay in demand, your naked wife knows I'm
cocky

Souped up, souped up

[Motion Man - instead of last line]

Yo I drop in buttwipe, doodoo Charmin under pillows

That dude who fairyland turd drop with big words

Expose my other self, drippin off the bedspread

Stank bed, you smell 'em in your head, screamin

when you wake up cause it's obvious, I'm really really
really funky

Typical Motion tantalizing, climbing up the track

The jock's on, rappers watch me in the field shakin pom
poms

I got a whole section of 'em loaded

Bowl reflectin to the rhyme I wrote it

Like Dr. Doom, sandwich up the rotor, no appetizer

Just a full course meal fillin statements from the
Motionizer

Gorilla grip, I grab rappers by they dry lips

Straight thug a bear hug Grizzly Adams couldn't tame

Wild from Animal Bill, also precise

Yo mami cosi en carne, yo papi usted Y spice

Cause I been spyin on her, extremely relyin on her

Your sister too, now whatchu wanna do? (You wanna
do)

I fuck a n'ia like Chitty, Ohana too, followed you

In the air like a molecule

The standard prototype, explicit rap extreme and
souped up

[Chorus]

{*scratched: "Cause I am so cool"*)}

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