

Black Rob F/ Jennifer Lopez

"Urban Legends"

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[33 second instrumental at the beginning of the song]

{*scratched: "Here's a little story that must be told"*

[Motion Man]

No happy campers, rappers sit in dirty-ass Pampers
It's an assassination, public lies, now cover your eyes
My style gory Michael Edward urban Scissorhand cut
My Orenthal scamper, Hertz hurdles, slicin his apple
I'm on some tight lyrics like Bill Clinton get high and
snicker
I run the United States, front nut
guaranteed to get some focus from my folks in the cut
an'
they feel a partner
Runnin from home plate, goin upstairs like I'm
Galarraga
I'm not that sucker duck batterer that you can bean with
pitches
Spit in your mask like Romanowski did yo' face in public
Smack kids with fish wrap, I'm two rotations on the
pitchback
Exploit the frontline, yo secondary, throw salutes at
Too many rappers havin slumber parties smokin weed
I'm throwin stones and rappers pillow fight with all they
might
Pimp slap your whole Earth, her fat Aunt Jemimah ass
works
Rappers get touched, molested, used up, and left
neglected
And sell they Duke shoes for a tie in Cuban, Colombian
Paraphenalia, my styles cradle up your bald ass
Straight up I'll carry ya, and drop her off as human
waste
Go kiss your broad, and tell me how my crooked stick
taste

[Chorus 2X: Motion Man] + (Kool Keith)

Urban legend raps, with city slickin facts
(Collars with feather stencil brims to the max)
Urban legend stories, we gloatin, glory glory

(Men with styluses kid, act like you never saw me)

[Kool Keith]

Yo I'm very black, I move with skill on yo' wack ass
Kangols and bell bottoms, dressed like Grandmaster
Flash
Watch the kid get hurt my penis on his girl's anus
Ask me for autographs, the thongs are tight, gimme
the math
Check out the splits, saw your moms naked in Black
Tail
Hustler, Penthouse, they put your wife in Barely Legal
Openin legs with a pink shore and spreadin eagle
Whatchu want boy, on RapPages call me master
Stop actin pro, cause a lot of y'all, sound homo
Panties on patios, your aunt call me daddy yo
MC's get mad, see me naked at they grandma's house
She's 59, pumps off, Nicole is lookin fine
Got Tina Turner cookin pancakes up on the burner
What's up son, gettin jealous, feelin your mom's buns
Go play your PlayStation, go study aviation
I need some privacy, drawers off, new sensation
Three eight depth with porno movies tryin to show me
booty
I call Motion while your sister rubs in Jergens lotion
*69 got the rubber on, eatin popcorn
Most rappers out with cold hands, eat my nuts warm

[Chorus]

[M] Urban legend raps

{*scratched: "Two cool brothers that were put on
hold"*}

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