

Smut Peddlers

"Back From The Pad"

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(featuring Kool Keith)

Kool Keith...the original Adam West

New York

That's right

Back from the pad

(the finest tuned rapping machine)

Back from the pad

James Brown I'm not

Trying to be Sly Stone on the microphone

Xerox you're just a clone

Setup your tone, kids come take your phone

Two years in rap, your music is all wack

We could settle it fast

or I can blaze that ass

We could pump the pump...shotgun make you jump

Switch the beat, your whole steelo incomplete

Hard and soft, you come off like papercloth

Rough like stuff, like H&R puff and stuff

Comical raps, your voice tones sound like

Undercover you gay with black motorcycle jackets

Who want it? You frontin'

you suckas don't want no ruckus

You like your peanutbutter in the kids chocolate

you better stop it, choose another topic

I'll light the kid up, and tell his drunk man "sit up"

You catch the hiccups and runnin' through the Dodge pickups

[Chorus: repeat 3x]

Back from the pad

(the finest tuned rapping machine)

Skill for skill

Your tactics, you need more practice

Theatrical shows, costumes and fake actors

I went to housing projects with pee on the mattress

No time here

Don't bring no corny kids rhyming here

"who dat dat dat" -- your confidence sound wack

Your mack is weak

Animated -- you shouldn't speak.
Macy's bag, you getting jerked
Feel my receipt
Tap the beat, your rhyme packed like a parakeet
You want that, you get that
your ex partner with that
Your crew is booty butt
Rookies all need to get back
Cars come, most of yall coming down
Cadillacs burn and most of yall start to turn around
For sweet tips, I step out with three clips
Ammo's in glove, you're soft like the soap Dove
You don't need it
Paramedics get your head rubbed
Face on the missing list
Your picture on the coffee mug
You try to be different...aint none of yall acting bugged
You study my style like reels on the catalog
Image to a T, a thousand kids try to be me

[Chorus]

Show to show
Mic stand, don't need no band
Catch you in progress
Bob like a secret fan
Girlfriend excited,
don't get jealous tell your man
I move up, don't wreck shit turn the groove up

[Chorus] - repeat

2001
Kool Keith
Eastern Conference

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