

Destiny's Child F/ Master P "Maxi Curls"

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Chorus: Kool Keith

I see maxi curls (Yeah! ...)
Players, activator
I see maxi curls (Yeah! ...)
Remote control alligators

[Kool Keith]

I got skill, you're on my tip, now back off
Slack off, let me do this, and y'all turn the wack off
The radio stereo here we go, flow and blow
Puerto Rico, Southside, Latin, you're feed pattern
Black people mingle, white people, buy my single
Bingo bangle, let go my steel Eggo
Throwin rhymes in spirals like Joe Klecko
Miami Dolphin, now shut up, close your mouth and
you be hatin debatin, regurgitatin
Ratin latent, and perpetratin
My album's love mics, tough like dirt bikes
You get frantic, New York City, run and panic
California, I switch up, boogie on ya
Like Don Cornelius, on SOULLLLLLLLLLL TRAIN!
And heads I clip off, in rap leave a bloodstain
A bigger pain, you would need novacaine
Bite off Rakim, you copy Big Daddy Kane
You know my steelo, I rhyme against a million people
who think they equal, disguisin as Jamaican people
Fakin, funkin, you're pedigree, your beat is sunk in
Tonka toy of little boy, steppin down to Roy
I'm no joke, I rap for cash and you're buyin a coat
Bronx bomber, superb on the freak momma
Stinkin movin, my whole crew is comin through
Yeah..

Chorus

[Kool Keith]

Bout it bout it, like Master P, makin money G
No time for promos, get paid when I MC
You know my feeling, I'm dealing, with tracks so real
and

radio blackout, your format, is not appealin
R&B can step up, but can't compare to me
You oughta know -- how, I, feel
That's wack, with bookbags, packed on your back
Video bop, my skin is black BET
Program your channels, your grandkids wanna see me
Freakin status, freakin styles, freakin flows
Freakin foes, freakin lyrics, freakin spirits
I make a def person hear it
Duplicate you demonstrate, what I used to make
Remakes I watch, your crew'll imitate
Motivate still skills to pay bills
Creative sauce, watch out, I'm your boss
On Panasonic like Steve, style bionic
You get to workin, your head bop, you not jerkin
You be out lurkin for danger, in my Ranger
You think I'm bugged man? With Catwoman, like a
stranger
Packed with speed, supersonic level Reed
Steelo jets and Bill Blass like rockets
In your pockets, damagin your brain sockets
Yeahhhhh?

Chorus

[Kool Keith]

Like Mobile, settin up shop in Alabama
For proper grammar, my style Arm & Hammer
Strong computer, underground like Roto Rooter
Fools critics they mimic, copy, sloppy
MC's get hurt, you blockhead, try to stop me
Digital thinkin, you're blinkin, career sinkin
Old like Mod Squad, you rap like Lincoln
Sideburns turned, you catchin ringworm
A heavy virus, worser than, hepatitis
Schizophrenic like ten people out the clinic
Yankee Stadium uptown, you can't win the pennant
I do construction, you pack up your whole production
Your lips are ready, your girl has a nice suction
Pack her bags pack her bags pack her bags right
Pack her bags pack her bags pack her bags left
Your style is A, B, C-D
E-F, G-H, I-J-K, L-M-N-O-P, Q-R-S
Don't test, I taught you how to get your deals
You put my style on your reels
You went uptown, claimin my sound
Get back, stay down

Chorus 2X

[Kool Keith]

Maxi curl, activator
Brought to you by, Kool Keith

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