

Destiny's Child F/ Master P

"Still the Best"

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[Kool Keith]

Yeah

American and European, national champion

Kool Keith, you know who I am

The master man, Willie Biggs, big status

Droppin nine-six and seven, big status

Skill.. lotto winners

I taught New York City, the five boroughs how to rap

You can take that back, and pull them thongs out your
rectum crack

I'm +Poppa Large+, big daddy, big penis in a Caddy

Retro petrol, I run that whole metro-politan area,

burnin ya, the style is scarin ya

You don't know, and half of y'all brothers can't flow

I'm Texas Swift, down South, they call me Frankie Joe

Keep pushin rigs, Mack trucks, drop off your girl's wigs

I'm strictly business, no gimmicks, a rhymin expert

No common style, or wack logo, cheap hip-hop shirt

You best to be prepared, paperclips, on your mouth

I rock Virginia, tag Atlanta, 95 South

Then hit Miami, let the girls feel my stiff jammy

I'm national kid, girls like the way I dress

Chorus: Kool Keith (repeat 2X)

I'm still the best, I'm still the best, East to West

Joe Kingpin, big stack, money Willie Biggs

[Kool Keith]

Superfly get back, your whole group is +Freddie's
Dead+

Rap style pee stain, like yellow spots on your bed

I'm Jay Gloom, on the streets, still walkin doo doo

You can't stop me, step off, now let your girl jock me

I ride a bus and tail just like a Kawasaki

motorcycles with big gloves, I'm here to damage ya

Political style flop, your child play is amateur

Yo take that word, I rip your anus, youse a herb

I get in rectum, zoom focus on your whole room

Wear green capes and walk in clubs like I'm Dr. Doom

Handblock double switch monkey style, flying
horsemen
Crab leg, walk on top of rappers, then I cross men
I be the Silver Surfer, glidin with a fly leather
Wig, gold chains, my glasses fog in the rainy weather
We do this like Brutus, I make you say, "Who dis?"
The man on the mic's right, cover your styles tonight
I do my duty destruct, take skin off your booty
Masquerade man is ill, Keith spinnin reel to reel
Who play the number tonight? I put six on a five
Shoulda combined, go ahead baby

Chorus 2X

Big Willie, Big Willie
Big Willie-heyyyeah-heyyy
Big Willie, Big Willie
Big Willie heiiyyyyyy

[Kool Keith]

You're not competition, no joke, I know your kinfolks
That sloppy Gotti style just a bowl of Wheat Oats
No matter how mean or point blank hard you look
I cover my eye, retarded bugged like I'm Captain Hook
Like Vincent Price, I'm nice, I bake and coke you twice
Your crew is rat turd, your parakeet flow is bird
At my night show lick my pubic hair, tell me word
I'm basic nasty, with tight moves, smart like Lassie
Classical winner bass, pumpin while your sound is
thinner
I kick back, with drawers off, invite your girl to dinner
Get sexy raw, the champagne pours even more
No forcefield, I rhyme erotic, feel myself on tour
I'm so delicate, countin cash, too intelligent
Yeah, I bought the dream book
Gon' play what I got to play tomorrow
Do this right, yeah

Chorus 2X

Best, East to West
Best, East to West, Big Willliehaeyyy
Best, East to West
Best, East to West, hooo hoo ho hoooo
Best, East to West
Best, East to West, heyyyy heyy, heyyy heyy, heyyy
heyyaheahhh

