

## **Dr Doom Kool Keith**

### **"Brothers Feel Fly"**

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Yo I bought that album man it's wack man

I'm tellin you I don't like it

I'ma be honest man

Honest?

I'm dead up I'm serious

Serious?

I don't feel it man the drums are too weak

I don't feel the snares

Coulda used a different type of sample

You're wack man yeah..

Yo that kid is wack his father's wack

His group is wack that's word word black

I'm detrimental I hop up on this instrumental

Smack your face with mitts, a pile of grease filled with grits

Burn you like Teddy Pendergrass, tap you on that ass

I'm Big Jim, shut your mouth, call me Jimmy Steel

Don't freestyle, Chemical Bank, y'all keep it real

On Lollapalooza, their butts packed with German Lugers

On tour dates, stashin mad work in milk crates

Rock groups get smacked, speakers dropped, on they

back

Some damage I'm raw, kid the blood is on your  
kneecaps

Let's get scuffed up, your castle more than roughed up

Pockets with royalties, you gets, no loyalties

That's word bill, sell your house's mortgage off the hill

I'm for real necks, payin crackers for my Ampex

Yeah!

It's the brother feelin fly (brothers feelin fly)

It's the brother feelin fly (brothers feelin fly)

You got commercial records, no monies in your wack  
pockets

You get jerked, my Master-charge-Card's doin work

Eight thousand grills, all these Franklin heads, big  
head bills

You go 'head wrap balogna sandwich in yo' backpack

School kids up no joke on record labels, y'all still broke

Don't flex at me, who's this kid, standin next to me

I got versatile sawed-off shotgun WIC checks with me

Suckers I'm android, no time to feel paranoid

Blow out your face, pull your skull back, now give me  
space

My wig is ready, disguised, ridin on the subway

Baldhead on 42nd Street, down on Broadway

With Tony Lou, out of prison, my crew from Rahway

That's word Lou, I'm in New York, I'm here to see you

Cut back your weak tracks, and vomit on your vinyl wax

I'm here, like gladiator, air-conditioned central

You smokin embalmin fluid, elephants are mental  
I got dreams to wear your parts off your cash machine  
That's in the window me with bags, in the Wells Fargo  
Changin your incite, I'm high class, with appetite  
You no comp, for roast pigs, I delete  
Your style is backbone, my cab rides by your street  
Yeah!

It's the brother feelin fly (brothers feelin fly)  
It's the brother feelin fly (brothers feelin fly)  
I twist the bums out the project, elevator lights is out  
Y'all wanna step to Phi B, big like the ? family  
Holdin your ear, like you handicapped, you can't hear  
Touch up your young style delivery, don't appeal  
Follow through, instructions easy for your rap crew  
That's word, that kid you rapped, sound like BooBoo  
Stinky feet, with razor bumps, tryin to rap on beat  
I cut your fog lamp down like meat, cut, by the pound  
Heather B, step to me, with your thin sound  
Twist your knobs, your engineer, mixed like Baskin-  
Rob's

You on the charts, with just enough to Pop Tarts  
Publishin checks you signed off, you gets no respect  
You gets to lease the Benz, cryin loud with your WIC  
check  
No sale retail, deposit all direct sales  
Yeah! Check it

It's the brother feelin fly (brothers feelin fly)

It's the brother feelin fly (brothers feelin fly)

It's the brother feelin fly (brothers feelin fly)

It's the brother feelin fly (brothers feelin fly)

Yeah!

Yeah.. styles.. retarded..

Brothers feelin fly

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