

Dr Doom Kool Keith

"Sideline"

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yeah what's up what's up money

It's Kool Keith

You ever go to some girl's house

and they act like they livin lavish

two thousand extreme with space chandeliers (space
chandeliers)

I mean rugs

I mean just everything all over the carpet (yeah)

With updated nineteen seventy five music playing

I pulling all your programs (all programs)

That's right all you materialistic robots (robots)

prepare

Verse one:

Yo I seen ya girl last night

Flat butt is wack, skinny hips

Bald head weave with the ashy lips

Wig in the back seat

With pay-less shoes on her feet

Dirty Jeans

With mildew spots in the washing machine

Roommates with no place, babies crying, pissy
pampers

Roaches and flies funky panties hanging out the
hamper

Three big head boys, but one's got to go to school

Her youngest daughter hair braided, lookin like a fool

Empty refrigerator

Family chew up now an later

No TV, just me there and the MC

No gas, electric work

The house smell make my head hurt

Spots on the carpet,

Station wagon at the supermarket

With stamps on deck

With beads around this girl's neck

I crack a forty ounce

Watch the ants, mouses bounces

Yeah Yeah

Chorus: (x4)

I bring the ruckus straight from the sideline

The year two-thousand

Verse two:

Daisy Dukes with stretch marks

Her hair back in a bun

Cookin pork and beans

Some stale franks in the sun

Kids ain't listenin

Little Danny's got a hard head

Bugs are crawlin

Cables all smell like pee in the bed

Old clothes ain't clean

The bathroom scent is all toes

Athlete's feet

No door mats with water off the street

Spraying the fungus

The living room is humongus

School lunch on the floor

Baby vomit atomic, Raviolis

With an old bowl of guacamole, Cap'n Crunch

No milk, Chase it with some fruit punch

Dishwashing liquid

Cups of grease

I ain't tryin to get whipped

Straightening combs, I think

Hair is all over the sink

Tampons in the garbage can

The house is hot

Rent no fan

Air condition is doomed

With blunt smoke is in the room

Fix all your nose snot rags

Pouring cheerios

No toilet tissue

Baby wipe, your mom left a missile

Acting fly I scoped a monkey

With my human eye

Dead up i'm serious

The meatloaf ain't got me curious

Dry turkey wings on the couch

The cat ate everything

You think you livin

Tryin to dress up like Robin Givens

Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah

Chorus: (x4)

Verse three:

No bills are paid

just cabinets packed full with Kool-aid

Wonder Bread I throw back

Just missed over ya head

Sardines with old shrimp

Tuna fish is ludicrous

Idaho potatoes

A bag full of spoilt tomatoes

Neighbors borrow, send the kids over need sugar

Little Tonika's at the door her face full of boogers

Colt forty-five on the table

A six pack of Miller

Fake Barbecues

Honeys walk around like gorillas

Stretch marks in action

Stomach bumps look like mumps

Popeye's chicken on the stove

With the puppy lickin

Everybody watching black and white tube tonight

No color intentions

Plastic bag hair extensions

I grab a record from Rick

Play the Fifth Dimensions

Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah

Chorus: (x4

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