

KHM**"U Jerk Chickens"**

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[Kool Keith]

Yeah..

Keith... M Live... H-Bomb..

New York City!... NEW!... 2002!

I'll bust a Rolodex, co-sign with fat checks
Move in your spot next
Have sex kid, with your fine ex
Production level, upgrade, I'm on the stage next
Level gambino, throw bombs like I'm Dan Marino
Girls excited - quick, tell me man, what he know
From Dallas and back, Miami down to Puerto Rico
Top all the people, rappers know I got ego
Buick with 20's on 'em, Cuban ladies in the Regal
That's on the Ito, spicy hot like burrito
Las Vegas bosso, the Riviera my casino
Bedrock shocker, my pit bull - call him Dino
I'm mister arso, kid 'cause no one equal
Elly, I'm Carrie though - opponent walks, think I'm evil
Nicest devices, kid call me Mighty Isis

[Chorus] - X 3

(What 'chu want now? What 'chu want?)

Time tickin', keep it pimpin'

(What 'chu want now? What 'chu want?)

Time tickin', U Jerk Chickens

[Marc Live]

What's up ma? Ey yo the bar's on us
A lot of weed, drunk up, and cars all nuts
Listen and learn kid, we bag y'all stunts, don't front
Leathers and Gator's, and all blown up
Front of the club your girl's throwin' up
They - spillin' and talkin', we left y'all sluts
We - move to cities, gritty committee
Jet us in the box... you better have the rock
Listen kid, yo we made it and we laid it
I spit some venom on it, so sip some Henny on it
Flaunt my style, I know that many want it
Bad chick, she told me how to do it
Leather boots and rips, yo we ran through it

You can't fake it, your girl wanna get naked
Let's get his head breakin', earth shakin', gyratin'
We get the money then we fade the spot
Clear the club then we spray the lot, we major hot

[Chorus] - X 2.5

(What 'chu want now? What 'chu want?)
Time tickin', keep it pimpin'
(What 'chu want now? What 'chu want?)
Time tickin', U Jerk Chickens

[H-Bomb]

Sex flicks, black whips, curved hips, she trips
Fits, booty hits, whipped chicks, puffed lips
Flips cash, paparazzi flash, rubber mask, 747 crash
Cash I found smashed
Ask Guns N' Roses, rock the slash
Flew through Louisiana to practice voo-doo, screw face
Backstage place, full paid
Jacky Jasper, huh, she goes both ways, stays - fifteen
days
With Stan the white kid from the Sugar Ray's, slays
Samplin' jazz, corny blues, sound like Ma\$e
Tunnel fazes, over, off tour
We kick off Tim's, Gator's
Land Rover's hit corners, undercovers plugged
No weak covers, I'll unveil your persona, thugs
With metal, he yellin' hard, it should settle
Don't even get involved, don't even mettle
I got the powder, heat, and water on the kettle
Beautiful Courtney court me, in the lobby jocked me,
stop me
Big butt, G14, the hobby, yo knock me
But your off key, dress sloppy, your aunt, cop'll spot
me
Your man Lenny Kravitz a carbon copy
Yo Keith, pick up the phone, it's J, it's Jacky
They try to catch me on a two-way pager, they can't
track me
My hoes classy, refers nasty
Mules do drugs, runts, the passes - you got me?

[Chorus] - X 3

(What 'chu want now? What 'chu want?)
Time tickin', keep it pimpin'
(What 'chu want now? What 'chu want?)
Time tickin', U Jerk Chickens

(What 'chu want now? What 'chu want?)
(What 'chu want now? What 'chu want?)

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