

Kool Keith and TomC3**"Feel Me"**

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[Kool Keith]

Executive chess

I play against a well trained animal, you move next

Stylist got you dress, like you comin in from Budapest

Lookin like Burt Lancaster

You slow to circle down backwards like a old lady drivin
a steering wheel

When Dr. Martin choose 'em they probably diss the
suits

I wish the competition create somethin new faster

Believe me, you'll find that place on Aster

The heavy and the deep sustain

I Kodak freeze your frame, pee on your righthand pinky
rang

Stop you while you recording nonsense insult your
character

Make you rewrite the whole thang

Reject the pie in the studio your mother bring

Show you gorillas when Rodney's not here

It depends on how many Burgers you produce, before I
let you be King

Feel the snap of the yellowjack', bee sting with guaze
pads

On your baggage claim bags, any object in my way who
brags

Sit on top of feminine, deoderant protective rags

Y'all face the awards on the podiums, thankin everyone
who made you

Don't forget your girlfriend, weightliftin boyfriend's
bonin him

The extra

[unidentified rapper]

It's Jahizzle your nizzle, tough as gristle epistle like

Fall from tossin Soviet hammer and the sickle

Red dyke but dooper infant, I invent communistic

Fried drum chum or high jazz biscuits wicked

I picket bigots and I boycott the bigamist

My Johnson, TV dinner Swanson, good light licorice

Suckers on my shitlist, are so shiftless

Stick out like an ishthmus

I lob globs of mucus on snobs whose jobs make 'em
listless
The effigy in lethargy, my weaponry the Christmas
I crackle like a cracker crumble in your mouth
Call him hairy dissentary, bloody's how he's comin out
And my crew are thick as Chuck Norris chest mayne
Let's burn this pyre higher, throw your rhymes on the
death flame
To dunk I jump off two feet, J Rich, Dominique
Players who push off on ass cheeks like Jordan are so
weak
They cheat, no jumpman for me, no 23 jersey
Rhyme nerdy, lines dirty, I hurry, not girly MC's curtsy
I'm so merciless I show no mercy
I'm just like Percival my body's so sturdy
My rhymes are dirty, get up early
MC's have Hasidic forelocks like Shirley
Temple...

[Kool Keith]

They choose a foul like Sam
Gettin hyped up with a 2-piece, all sniffed up to the
bone
The city fall for the biblery fast
Duplicates, DJ's people follow 'em, I ignore the imitation
replicas
They think they Larry Graham
These dudes are messed up in the mind of high on
ham
With DJ's testin racks, ears out with new radio
programme
Scientific defects bounced off the walls in the projects
It kills me, when evil stays 24 hours
Everybody who's a demon hang they coats on the rack
After companies made billions off of Biggie Smalls and
2Pac prototypes
People wanna remove the devil horns off the top of
they head
Move into conscious rap
And stab you while you not lookin right in the back
Rob you again, show you the floorplan
of the commercial map, MC's linin up from the circus
need to be slapped
I'ma tell my truth like an Israelite
A 45th Street guard strike you with the thunder, when
lightning speak
What the parasites move out this week

