

Kool Keith and TomC3

"Rhyme That Quit"

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[Kool Keith]

The bars is open, everybody order your Amstel
Put the hot dog on the grill, though that fell
Don't tell Gunt about the new dance called the Elephant
Front
With Kelly the smut, the bellies we hunt
The Pac Bell phone, the cellies we want
She stood up, don't tell me this cunt
Football's back, a kick and a punt
On planes I kick and I jump
Kool-Aid, pump the cherry fully loaded like Herby hit
bumps
They howl on that Burberry, surroundin that turkey
Too cold to go slow down the street eatin coleslaw
In a Barney suit, I see him gettin harassed and stopped
by the po-po
That's the guy... ask him but he don't know
His lyrics can't get up to a certain height
They come back down the hill, I tell him, I won't go
Yeah, his lyrics gave up on him
They went up the hill, came back down
It was too steep to try to make it
Can you imagine a rhyme, walkin back down the hill
Tellin, the poet, I won't go

{*scratching and instrumental to end*}

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