

Kool Keith f/ Flavor Flav, H-Bomb

"Fright Night"

Visit "[Fright Night](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Flavor Flav]

I can't hear nuttin though
Alright, where you want me to start at?
Ayyo you can kill the music then
Yo, check one two, check one two in the place to be
From the bottom to the T-O-P
That's right, Flavor Flav, Public Enemy
From Bronx to L.A., we don't fail
Kickin right here for 7th Veil
My man Kool Keith, H-Bomb, no jive
Yo, H-Bomb, hit 'em in the head son

[H-Bomb]

No blazes, tennis shoes and denim
Pimp I got the gators, leathers I kill 'em
Your bullshit events, don't play right
No tribute awards for Mr. Barry White
It's Guantanamo Bay, industry's gay
Hard to get rich, I don't swing that way
That switch to funny make record in Kingston
Jesus is black, tell Mel Gibson
Who wears a skirt, Sting and Dave Navarro
My strap, my money, don't lend, don't borrow
The Sunset Strip is Gaza Strip
Your clothin line is shit, H is fuckin sick!
The rap game industry too quiet
Hehehehehe hah hah Atkins Diet
No backpackers pro-athlete actors
I rep for pimps, pushers, jackers
The P on the fitted I'm all for pimps
I throw ropes down for my niggaz in the clink (yeahhhh boy!)

First and foremost, the industry don't want it
Fuck it, I take what I want and flaunt it
I'm not vexed, they spend for sex
Who's next after Michael, fuck Funkmaster Flex

[Flavor Flav]

Yeahhhh boyee, kickin it for 7th Veil
That's right, H-Bomb (fuck the industry, fuck it)
Kool Keith (fuck the industry nigga fuck it)

Hit 'em G

[Kool Keith]

No game here, I shit on you ill son
Fuck Hollywood's best guest list
Maximum dead-ass parties with flat-ass Paris Hilton
My shit shine bright with Von Dutch wipe
Jockin my gators, bitches with fake titties act like
they don't suck dick, can you see me under the
standard light
Fuck the red carpet, I'm in here with standard hype
You just at the crib on Sycamore
Your blonde cocker spaniel, my rings shine in your face
Youse a asswipe, you basketball player nut and
scrotum jocker
You the givin ass type, with the Minnesota
Timberwolves
Garnett's clockin your ass pipe
Ugly monster-face bitch, you think you dressed tight
Evil bastard, you make your grandmother upset
Don't flush the toilet motherfucker, you tryin to start a
fight
Release the shit off my chest, get rid of the gripe
I shit inside your grey and white Nikes
Exercise your fat stomachs, no hamburgers at Chevies
You ride them fuckin bikes
Corny-ass 42 year old player's club bitch
The funky face motherfuckin Wanda Sykes
That baldheaded motherfucker just put a weave in, on
UPN
Whack-ass tattoos above your titties
Your hard faced bitch, you'll see me again
Like Faith Evans is the only one that sniffs
All you cocaine motherfuckers in the hills
Even Vivica Fox is a ugly bitch, chasin Curtis for his
chips
Engineer, just put me in that mix

Visit [Kool Keith f/ Flavor Flav, H-Bomb](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.