

## **Kool Keith f/ Nancy Des Rose**

### **"Take it Off"**

Visit "[Take it Off](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Kool Keith] New Nancy Des Rose  
[Nancy Rose] Keith you gon' hold this track down for me?  
I'm goin upstairs to change, I gotta get on stage  
Aight? I'll be back later

[Kool Keith]  
My commodes are larger  
I call rappers to look at the feces  
800 pounds, my pet tiger feed  
You whack niggaz a bowl of doo-doo  
Anything you play my pee will stain  
Yellow spots from the pilgrims cause pain  
George Westinghouse started to like that beam on the mouse  
Imagine a apartment in Riverdale  
with 5 Belve' bottles with defecation on the couch  
Soiled clothes in the hampers  
Warned everybody, including your hype men  
Global maximum urine, piss on the core of the city  
Leavin New York police department with Pampers  
With KF's chicken baby, my uncle's Colonel Sanders  
Watch the mixtape, niggaz don't even know yet  
Pressin up homosexuals that ain't even pro yet  
I vomit on most rappers gettin off a private jet  
Australian orangu' tango  
A key to dog Asian that's my private pet  
Tighten up in Jersey kid writin some ol' cow shit  
while you watchin the Nets  
Your top performance is low to me  
Your chihuahua, that's your apex  
I respect the Taco Bell dog better than you  
Cause he's cleverer than you

[Chorus: Kool Keith]  
Shorty, just take off your clothes  
Take them off (I wanna take it off)  
Shorty, take off your clothes  
Take them off (I wanna take it off)

[Nancy Des Rose]

Palm trees, blue seas, ships to outfits  
I dip right into some jumpin mix  
Twist and flip it over to the other side  
The people say, "Oh la, chu la"  
I'm hot to trot, Hollywood can't stop what I got  
Like special stew in a pot, a remix recipe  
Go back to your shop, inspect your beats  
I'm recreating the streets, hits that fit  
You gotta go home to take that Prozac  
Cause your shit is whack, you lack the act  
I come with what attacks, don't counter contracts  
I stay packed with fly tracks  
Flavors everywhere, I dare you to try and fly with me  
Full speed ahead, you got no deal  
I'm the real, down Melrose on a shopping spree  
Something for me, usually some fly shit  
Made just for me on an island in the highlands  
You can't reach me, you can't teach me  
I'm way out in the Pacific, Atlantic, the Red Sea  
It's all just a breeze  
A real, a meal, I heal, open all the seals

[Chorus]

[uncredited rapper]

Yo... yo, yo, yo  
Let me take you there, UHH, UHH  
C'mon, bash the club, we don't care  
Strippers lapdance, shakin they tail, it's a crazy night  
We take 'em out like every night  
Let's go, that's how we do, back to the city  
Crack backs real fast in the quickie  
I know you like that, G-strings come off  
with your black tights, we can go nuts  
Slap that ass... UHH  
We can get drunk, smack that ass  
Those high boots  
Full length fishnet black body suits  
A sexy tan (yeah)  
I'm a big fan, big fan baby  
Chicks love me, call me a big man  
A freak by nature, don't be a hater  
Drink it up right out of the alligators  
Yo, we in the elevator  
Gettin naked, Bonaventure  
They can see us, baby don't fake it

[Chorus]

