

# In Your Face

## Kool Keith

I'll get my manager crazy as hell, he'll pull steel  
Show these sheisty people, the sawed off, the pump is real  
Then smack niggaz when they don't feel Keith's right direction  
Put niggaz in fear, the bullets in they head section  
Pick up drug dollars, leave rings around niggaz collars  
Front me cash, you catch them bodies, put 'em in a stash  
Never laugh at you, explain plans, what to do  
Machine guns on tour, pajama for your soft crew  
Don't step to me with shit the candle wax is gettin' lit  
I'm solo now, and still money I have to fuckin' split  
Business ain't straight in glamour world, fuckin' hell gate  
All these things I been through, your skull deserves a metal plates  
Not the platinum plaque, just gun staples in  
your back  
Hung from a tree with rusty nails in your rectum crack  
I get personal direct straight, I bring it forward  
(Where?)  
In your face  
(In yo' face) I get personal direct straight, I bring it forward  
(Where?)  
In your face  
(In yo' face) I get personal direct straight, I bring it forward  
(Where?)  
In your face  
(In yo' face) For everybody a problem manager  
30% get my photo session ready, songs to the fuckin' president  
I been spendin' my ASCAP, waitin' out there brain-walkin'  
Up with hit records on feet, in the fuckin' rain  
Through merry-go-rounds, past politic circus  
Then shift flop first, and now it's time that you work this  
Suck my ass, we pass on acts if you think they good  
Niggaz ain't platinum, they album still, went barely wood  
I bring your [Incomprehensible] down, samples now  
you have to clear it  
Niggaz talkin' shit like lyric records, I ain't tryin' to hear it  
Even if I'm deaf no mouth, one fuckin' ear left  
You think they worth investments, hold your fuckin' breath  
You might as well bite Kane, Rakim, study G. Rap  
I got some new shit, mental secrets for yo' ass crack  
Let me get real, before that ass breach that contract  
I got witnesses watchin', statements over budget  
Don't try to hide behind that fuckin' mask now  
Throw the pistols away, and hide the shit in the grass now  
I get personal direct straight, I bring it forward  
(Where?)  
In your face  
(In yo' face) I get personal direct straight, I bring it forward  
(Where?)

In your face  
(In yo' face)I get personal direct straight, I bring it forward  
(Where?)  
In your face  
(In yo' face)I'm sittin' quiet with tons of threats, and Baskin-Rob  
Extortion is over, I cock back, you lose your fuckin' job  
Two years of my time is precious in my kid's mind  
With child support, I drag your coffins in the courtWe even-steven, fuck that, my time and rent is short  
I've been writin' songs, I'm calm, I'm a good sport  
One year has gone by, with techs jam up in your eye  
I'm on some clever shit, fuck it man, go 'head lieI wake up six o'clock with triggers cocked every morning  
I'm no joke, you're bound to smell the fragrant gun smoke  
I'll be scrubbin' halls, wipin' blood off the office wallsI get personal direct straight, I bring it forward  
(Where?)  
In your face  
(In yo' face)I get personal direct straight, I bring it forward  
(Where?)  
In your face  
(In yo' face)I get personal direct straight, I bring it forward  
(Where?)  
In your face  
(In yo' face)I get personal direct straight, I bring it forward  
(Where?)  
In your face  
(In yo' face)Yeah, yeah, let's get some fuckin' hit records goin' right now  
East coast to West coast, I don't give a fuck  
His shit is wack, their shit is wack  
That shit is wack over there, ain't nuttin' fuckin' movin'  
Get some fuckin' bullets on the fuckin charts  
Fuck that, let's do this  
(Y'all ain't ready)

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