

27 Shots

Kool Keith

They try to say California is plastic
I think New York got the most plastic niggaz too
Fuck all you niggaz comin' out to the Soul Train Awards
With them pop ass headsets around your ears like Britney Spears That's some old Bobby Brown and New
Edition shit
That's some old real Michael Jackson shit, I'm comin' with Crazy Vic
Let me hear you tryin' to copy my shit, fuck the impact eventually
'Cause there's a lot of corny niggaz performin' out there Fat stomachs, make-up and eye glare, what the fuck do
I care?
Niggaz with they ass out, groupies in cheap motels tryin' to fuck
And crash out, motherfuckers ain't networkin', strippers checkin' in
Motherfuckers on motorcycles, pickup trucks with license plates on 'em Bringin' mad shit from down South, big
after parties
I'ma turn my phone off, I don't wanna shake hands, meet no-fuckin'-body
Arrogant bastard, no commercial shit, break your neck
Suck my dick in the world, fuck the critics, everything I make is a hit Fuck you applehead motherfuckers tryin'
to make
Some old Carribean mixed with that Trinity keyboard shit
Hip-Hop shit, that's some old Broadway musical shit
I don't even listen to that cartoon shit
Tell your A&R and his wife to get out my fuckin' life 27 shots, 27 shots, 27 shots Shut up, listen to my shit
'cause yo cassette single is gay
Writin' that bullshit, I hear on the radio by these homo niggaz everyday
Butter soft, sissy shit, I got the real tell it like it is pissy shit
Yo shit is some fake ass gorilla code shit, white suits, mansion yachts
Scared ass nigga doin' videos, buyin' models on some boat shit I tell you straight G, I can't fuck with it, girls
still messin' with you
Your shit is wack, any bitch in they right mind
Shouldn't have sex with you, rusty nigga that don't use soap
I fuck around and piss all over your leather, faggot ass trenchcoat Don't ever act hardcore, you's a suburban
nigga, you get serviced nigga
You never even been in a fuckin' street fight
Look at your old photo album pictures, you's a bunch of hype
Kiss my ass, nobody picked up the fuckin' mic, untalented bitch
Like you some wild ass, inner city kid from the projects, who's next? 27 shots, 27 shots, 27 shots Then I really
disrespect all production out there
That bullshit niggaz programmin', fuck Johnny Hammond, Sonny Stitch
That shit ain't gettin' you rich, just a packed crowd, low bitches
A bunch of fuckin' dicks, I'd rather see some ass

A nice club with a fat ass
And all you motherfuckers actin' like you Jamaican
American to the core, copyin' that shit on tour
Y'all niggaz be against speakers with your ears sore, stank ass boots
With no socks on, fuckin' up the dancefloor, since when you ate codfish
And meat patties? I got cousins with Jheri curls in Caddies
27 shots, 27 shots, 27 shots

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