

Static (feat. Sadat X)

Kool Keith

featuring Sadat X[Kool] Yo Sadat whassup?

[S.X.] Yo I'm right here

[Kool] I got these two girls

They ready to roll up the highway with me

[S.X.] Oh really?

[Kool] I'ma get a little bit of gas

Think you can make that trip or what?

[S.X.] Yeah I definitely can you know that's a fact

Of course

[Kool] Alright I'll be back in a few minutes

I'ma go back to the gas station and get some gas and fuel up

[S.X.] Alright I'ma get some ? and all thatChorus: cool Keith, Sadat X[Keith] Static we bring trouble to your right side

[Sadat] Hey as I think to myself what a wonderful world

[Keith] Static we bring trouble to your right side

[Sadat] Hey Keith I just met this chick, why am I arguin with this girl?

[Keith] Static we bring trouble to your right side

[Sadat] Man we here we just livin positive

[Keith] Static we bring trouble to your right side

[Sadat] Hey we givin it all, and that's all we got to give[Kool Keith]

Bumpin systems, rollin down the street in Detroit, Michigan

I switch again, bucket seats with my girlfriend

Wearin Paco in a Bronco, cologne is Pronto

Movin quickly like the Lone Ranger, X is Tonto

Back up the turnpike, Oldsmobile's roll with two pipes

440 engine blowin wind, through our hair extension

Two bags of six packs, with .38's, wrapped in gift packs

Big attitude she's on the two train, I roll like Mad Max

Keep it simple baby young girl, now squeeze yo' pimple

How dare you walk around ignore the First National Bank

My name is unknown, ? die my family call me Hank

I go way back, like you still shop at Alexando's

Buy your sandals for your little son, named Romandos

Watch your step Theresa, chew up on your slice at Easter[Sadat X]

Can you surround me in the black tan

My living room, trips to Cancun, with these - eighty ladies

The Jefferson's to the Brady, Sanford and the Son

I want the whole world and my old girl back

She left me for the postman, now she send me letters

I got a bottle of Grand Monet, drinkin in the stairway
With the wizard cool Keith, and I'm SPORTIN my rhymes
Funeral chimes signal the beginnin of the end
Cowboy with more in, with my private dancin chicks
They live way out in the sticks, but I put em in the mix (uh-huh)
Took em to Reno in an old Camino, gamblin in a casino
The movie's Al PacinoChorus[Kool Keith]
Got my check cashed, you posin new, stop actin girl, like a fool
Got the Benz on loan, Sadat rollin by your school
You brought your frontin friend Gwen, beggin for the Benjamin
I'll see you a ten, with a haircut, like Scottie Pippen
My man Mark riffin in the backseat, my cousin Clifton
You get me pissed and wearin big gloves like Sonny Liston
Leon Spinks with afro on, ready to rob the Brinks
I see you got your thongs out, Daisy Dukes and buns out
You call me when you broken hearted, when your money runs out
Back from the ?, you did it girl the blind way
Hold your horses, and evil forces
Don't press star for Pathmark, I'll be home after dark
I'm tired of Pop Tart[Sadat X]
Yeah

I'm touchin Gwen with the butt love, the rubber glove
I'm touchin that ass she swingin her hair, claimin she's an actress
But wasn't she that same chick I seen with the black dress?
Traded the ninety-eight for the sixty-eight Mustang
Me and Keith at the bar, do they know who we are?
Apparently, because all the drinks are free
It's "Our house, in the middle of our street"
And when you come in here you better wipe your feet
I'm from Alburqueque, New Mex' to the great state of Texas
I rode across on a gray horse, ??
Get to the sauce and add spaghetti, non-pork (what?)
I'ma own New York, with a big spots of the BX
and German outposts, with the communists close (no doubt)
I'm verbose, I host, the most, y'all should roast me
People watch closely and rewind me on the tape
Study this here, then look and listen
Take a step back and watch the black pearl glistenChorus

Songwriters

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