

# Intro

## Kool Keith

This is the intro  
Why are you looking hard  
With a hood on and Timberland boots  
Staring at me for one hour  
When you could walk up and shake my hand? Why? Why are you making those mean faces in your videos  
With the fish lens effects? Why? Why do you walk in the clubs  
With thirty people around you  
And stand in the corner  
With big bodyguards for no reason? Why? Why do you pull up in valet parking  
With your Benz that is rented?  
Fronting on a cellular phone  
That doesn't work, why? Why are you smirking up your face  
Making obnoxious facial scenes  
Like I supposed to be scared  
(Supposed to be scared)  
Why?  
(Why?) Who are you?  
(Who are you?)  
I circle like sharks while y'all panic  
I cruise the Atlantic  
Y'all think I'm spaced out  
Human from the earth planet That's right, tomorrow I plan to boo  
Your shows in the Apollo  
You follow in the crowd  
The audience is hollow Never ending while I'm mind bending  
Resending you the first verse  
That you was worse  
A drag queen with a purse, unrehearsed Don't try to reverse  
Harsh words send you to a nurse  
Emergency with urgency  
Non-wrapable comics  
And half of y'all out there got me vomitin'  
(Bleh) Turnin' islamic and dominican  
Indian, Cambodian, watchin' nickelodeon TV  
You see me lookin' at me grabbin' my pee-pee  
Y'all still sleepy With hard faces tryin' to look creepy?  
You are the monsters of the original Mr. Softie  
Ice cream trucks Open your eyes, tell me, why can't you see?  
Why are you hating the player?

Why can't you see that your fakin' is weak?  
Open your eyes, tell me why can't you see? Why? Your exaggeration perpetration levels  
Are at exaggerating full speed  
Why must I answer to you evil monsters? Hey Keith, we are the official haters  
And you have sunken into the official hating zone  
In which you witness the most salt shaking  
Behind your back speaking  
Record criticizing cock blocking In the club costume jewelry wearing  
Valet parked Lexus renting  
Undercover, star-struck  
No game having fake Versace shirt wearing  
Motel hell living False Muslim being, jungle fever having  
Pork eating demon people  
Our purpose here on your planet is to bring you down  
If you can evade this evil, you will be the man

Lyrics provided by  
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