

# Still The Best

## Kool Keith

Yeah

American and European national champion

cool Keith you know who I am

The master man Willie Biggs big status

Droppin nine six and seven big status

Skill.. lotto winnersI taught New York City the five boroughs how to rap

You can take that back and pull them thongs our your rectum crack

I'm +Poppa Large+ big daddy big penis in a Caddy

Retro petrol I run that whole metro politan area,

burnin ya, the style is scarin ya

You don't know, and half of y'all brothers can't flow

I'm Texas Swift, down South, they call me Frankie Joe

Keep pushin rigs, Mack trucks, drop off your girl's wigs

I'm strictly business, no gimmicks, a rhymin expert

No common style, or wack logo, cheap hip-hop shirt

You best to be prepared, paperclips, on your mouth

I rock Virginia, tag Atlanta, 95 South

Then hit Miami, let the girls feel my stiff jammy

I'm national kid, girls like the way I dress[Chorus: x2]I'm still the best, I'm still the best, East to West

Joe Kingpin, big stack, money Willie Biggs

Superfly get back, your whole group is Freddie's Dead

Rap style pee stain, like yellow spots on your bed

I'm Jay Gloom, on the strets, still walkin doo doo

You can't stop me, step off, now let your girl jock me

I ride a bus and tail just like a Kawasaki

motorcycles with big gloves, I'm here to damage ya

Political style flop, your child play is amateur

Yo take that word, I rip your anus, youse a herb

I get in rectum, zoom focus on your whole room

Wear green capes and walk in clubs like I'm Dr. Dooom

Handblock double switch monkey style, flying horsemen

Crab leg, walk on top of rappers, then I cross men

I be the Silver Surfer, glidin with a fly leather

Wig, gold chains, my glasses fog in the rainy weather

We do this like Brutus, I make you say, "Who dis?"

The man on the mic's right, cover your styles tonight

I do my duty destruct, take skin off your booty

Masquerade man is ill, Keith spinnin reel to reel

Who play the number tonight? I put six on a five

Shoulda combined, go ahead baby[Chorus: x2]Big Willie, Big Willie  
Big Willie-heyyyeah-heyyy  
Big Willie, Big Willie  
Big Willie heyyyyyyyYou're not competition, no joke, I know your kinfolks  
That sloppy Gotti style just a bowl of Wheat Oats  
No matter how mean or point blank hard you look  
I cover my eye, retarded bugged like I'm Captain Hook  
Like Vincent Price, I'm nice, I bake and coke you twice  
Your crew is rat turd, your parakeet flow is bird  
At my night show lick my pubic hair, tell me word  
I'm basic nasty, with tight moves, smart like Lassie  
Classical winner bass, pumpin while your sound is thinner  
I kick back, with drawers off, invite your girl to dinner  
Get sexy raw, the champagne pours even more  
No forcefield, I rhyme erotic, feel myself on tour  
I'm so delicate, countin cash, too intelligent  
Yeah, I bought the dream book  
Gon' play what I got to play tomorrow  
Do this right, yeah[Chorus: x2]Best, East to West  
Best, East to West, Big Willliehaeyyy  
Best, East to West  
Best, East to West, hooo hoo ho hoooo  
Best, East to West  
Best, East to West, hey hey, hey hey, hey hey

Songwriters

KURT MATLIN, KEITH THORNTONPublished by

Lyrics Â© THE BICYCLE MUSIC COMPANY Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other  
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>