

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 winners I 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-heyyeah-heyyy

Big Willie, Big Willie

Big Willie heiyyyyyYou'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

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