

Girl You Know

Kool Keith

You know the outcome
Girl, you know the game and when you start to run
Who is this new guy? Thinkin' he's funky
He ain't nothin', girl, you know
Rappers who freestyle forever
Can't afford to buy a cup of cocoa, admire my leather
Your girl get wetter, touchin' my custom made chains
Your lip gloss on my Italian sweater
I know you hate me already, go debate me with Freddie
DJ's gonna act like little feminine in more places
Bought the high heels, on the hard concrete
Remove your women's bra, feel chest
Wipe your eyeliners off your baseball cap
The Starter jacket don't match yo' faces
You put the thongs on, move your panty protectors in the right places
Terror in America, feel my drama, defecate on your baby's momma
I sport the real gators, Lou Casey and Tony
Llama
Y'all act like divas with a flat ass like Madonna
Party whereabouts, don't ask me
Hold your Zippendales, this ain't Chippendales
Y'all Flippendales, move slow like snails
Thongs show your girl's tails, y'all blaze L's
Girl you know, the man ain't funky
But the brother is whack yo
What you tell your man, girl? Remington blows with shells
Big Hank movin' dank comin' up the road with a full tank
Make your girl buy another drink
Joe Grieco, we break neck-o, hand your wife the peppermints
Who represents y'all can't close to me one inch
Y'all need to sit down on the wood like Johnny Bench
Y'all know the Borden family, your fiance drive a Camry
Your hype man name is Annie
Your producer in the background wear the black panties
No time for the clean up service or nannies
Girl you know, the man ain't funky
But the brother is whack yo
What you tell your man, girl? Feeble position wackster, what's up blackster
Lyrical master, asshole plaster
You a known hitter, with the first base glove
Your mom with the catcher's mitter
Pamper for your babysitter
Foul smells, your house smell like cat litter
Don't get bitter, I move and get rid of
Can't flow average, maverage
Rabid food, vegetable particles, final cabbage
You got the nerve to rap like you live in Paris
Standard reels, I clown dummies

When your first advance is in your deal
Stage level, stiff with no skills
A bird with beak and bills
I crush you from New York
All the way out to Hollywood Hills
Girl you know, the man ain't funky
But the brother is whack yo
What you tell your man, girl? Kool Keith, whatever, like rappers say
Like Big Daddy Kane say rappers steppin' to me
They wanna get some, you know the outcome
You wanna get some, you know the outcome

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