

# Kool Keith, Bamboozled

Yeah, the diesel truckers, with, Kool Keith  
Marc Live, Jacky Jasper  
We come international, and rational

[Kool Keith]

I saw the Grammy's, I wasn't impressed with that  
A lot of stylists overdressed that  
Was I wrong? Who was the best at  
Two cases on Stoli's, eight thousand for this man you owe me  
I left the V.I.P. section lonely  
Me, white folks, Don Juan played the back  
The women chose me over guess who? Pretty Toney  
Kid I got your lady signed to Sony  
Girls tell Bobby I'm the real tenderoni  
New York's best verse carrier  
You better scoop her, before I marry her  
Award winnder without rims  
Tap your dimepiece without spinners  
JVC, LL soapbox with the antennas  
I get hard on aspirin cups filled with Guinness  
The Ernie Onassis, with masters, with Marc and Jack Jasper  
Sunday clean gators on the pastor  
Go 'head player, youse a wallflower  
Scared to talk to her, I'ma ask her  
Rep it at the casino, walk in your presence  
Miami's biggest problem  
Whack rappers want me out the game like Al Pacino

[Chorus 2X: Jacky Jasper]

We pop bottles, washed up models (bamboozled)  
Runny makeup, celebrities, uncensored  
Paparazzi, Sunset Boulevard  
Forty-second street, Las Vegas, South Beach

[Jacky Jasper]

I seen a lot of rappers turn soft, I turn my TV off (uh)  
And thugs got commercials (yea) thugs in commercials (uh)  
And everybody's chick turned gladiator and shit  
No pimps, no hustlers, yo where's your whips  
No Maybachs, no Lambos on the field  
Towncar, ridin Music Express  
And yo' the winner is - effervesence (that's right)  
Your rhymes didn't win, your rhymes didn't get shit (oh!)  
They like the way you move in tight suits (that's right)  
And gay-ass 70 boots  
You the best example, yo the industry is whack yo  
Now you can bet your label and your Phantom on that  
See rappers don't want no parts of men  
They zombies, +28 Days+ all over again  
Everybody's scared, runnin again  
They bonecrush ya, monkeys in the cage again

[Chorus]

[Marc Live]

Celebrity nigga, broke a MC pimp nigga  
Show up on the scene (nigga)  
Trackin cream, so obscene  
You can't come clean, fast money I fiend  
I know the score, your mother-in-law  
My money is more, she's leavin him poor  
I know the game, ask Rick James  
I don't complain and I won't explain  
Go fetch, I draw the sketch

You won't catch, I got the niche (bitch)  
The chips won't switch, she's not a bitch  
I'll take the chips, she's on my dick  
They flowin in, steppin on up the money out  
Hiccup, bitch shut the fuck up (what)  
What is wrong, income's right  
The street's my wife, the street's my life, uh

[Chorus]