

# Kool Keith, Fright Night

(feat. Flavor Flav, H-Bomb)

[Flavor Flav]

I can't hear nuttin though  
Alright, where you want me to start at?  
Aiyyo you can kill the music then  
Yo, check one two, check one two in the place to be  
From the bottom to the T-O-P  
That's right, Flavor Flav, Public Enemy  
From Bronx to L.A., we don't fail  
Kickin right here for 7th Veil  
My man Kool Keith, H-Bomb, no jive  
Yo, H-Bomb, hit 'em in the head son

[H-Bomb]

No blazes, tennis shoes and denim  
Pimp I got the gators, leathers I kill 'em  
Your bullshit events, don't play right  
No tribute awards for Mr. Barry White  
It's Guantanamo Bay, industry's gay  
Hard to get rich, I don't swing that way  
That switch to funny make record in Kingston  
Jesus is black, tell Mel Gibson  
Who wears a skirt, Sting and Dave Navarro  
My strap, my money, don't lend, don't borrow  
The Sunset Strip is Gaza Strip  
Your clothin line is shit, H is fuckin sick!  
The rap game industry too quiet  
Hehehehehe hah hah Atkins Diet  
No backpackers pro-athlete actors  
I rep for pimps, pushers, jackers  
The P on the fitted I'm all for pimps  
I throw ropes down for my niggaz in the clink (yeahhhh boy!)  
First and foremost, the industry don't want it  
Fuck it, I take what I want and flaunt it  
I'm not vexed, they spend for sex  
Who's next after Michael, fuck Funkmaster Flex

[Flavor Flav]

Yeahhhh boyee, kickin it for 7th Veil  
That's right, H-Bomb (fuck the industry, fuck it)  
Kool Keith (fuck the industry nigga fuck it)  
Hit 'em G

[Kool Keith]

No game here, I shit on you ill son  
Fuck Hollywood's best guest list  
Maximum dead-ass parties with flat-ass Paris Hilton  
My shit shine bright with Von Dutch wipe  
Jockin my gators, bitches with fake titties act like  
they don't suck dick, can you see me under the standard light  
Fuck the red carpet, I'm in here with standard hype  
You just at the crib on Sycamore  
Your blonde cocker spaniel, my rings shine in your face  
Youse a asswipe, you basketball player nut and scrotum jocker  
You the givin ass type, with the Minnesota Timberwolves  
Garnett's clockin your ass pipe  
Ugly monster-face bitch, you think you dressed tight  
Evil bastard, you make your grandmother upset  
Don't flush the toilet motherfucker, you tryin to start a fight  
Release the shit off my chest, get rid of the gripe  
I shit inside your grey and white Nikes  
Exercise your fat stomachs, no hamburgers at Chevies  
You ride them fuckin bikes

Corny-ass 42 year old player's club bitch  
The funky face motherfuckin Wanda Sykes  
That baldheaded motherfucker just put a weave in, on UPN  
Whack-ass tattoos above your titties  
Your hard faced bitch, you'll see me again  
Like Faith Evans is the only one that sniffs  
All you cocaine motherfuckers in the hills  
Even Vivica Fox is a ugly bitch, chasin Curtis for his chips  
Engineer, just put me in that mix