

Kool Keith, Giant Stadium

[Intro: everything said is echoed]

Yeah yeah yeah! Tri-state area
Live in New Jersey, and motherfuckin Giant Stadium
Live for the first time, live on stage the motherfuckin Commi\$\$ion
Ladies and gentlemen, ladies and gentlemen
Please stand in line, please stand in line
We just now been confirmed, that's tonight main event has been sold out

[Kool Keith:]

I'm that new fuckin product, they chose over Ray Allen
While the coaches scream
The uniform on each teams are cheap
Look at the roster everybody, this general manager signed got no talent
He's not thinkin I'm out to interfere with his offense
The league sees me, pull the rims out the glass like Dawkins
Bruce Rattner can't match the contract
Reebok's fuckin up, with bad shoes
My agent got me eight thousand one billion
A dollar deal just once a week to wear New Balance
You a freshman junior nigga the seniors keep you silenced
Graduation you not goin pro you won't make it H-O

[same rapper as Intro:]

Giant motherfuckin Stadium!
When you speak of legends make sure you mention my name
I'm the last don standin, when I spark the flame
My name been ringin bells before coke got stepped on
When Harlem was the mecca, out of town cats were slept on
Labels scared to sign me they say my shit is too raw
The only reason niggaz is still breathin, cause they roll with the law
People say I changed, but I'm just a little calmer
I clutch so many guns motherfuckers oughta call me Palmer
Think of somethin sweet I'll put 5, up in your cheekbone
I oughta get honored for every coward, I touched with the chrome
Dope seller, hood fella, some say I'm worse than Suge
I'm a Harlem Knight f'real 'til the day I'ma rep my hood
Check my file dawg I spent 12 years in a cell
Then it's back to clutchin heat, if this rap shit fail~!

[Kool Keith:]

Carbo-hybo-spaghetti will make you niggaz mo' stronger
Too much milk and powder will fuck up your muscles
I warned you, you can't play forward
and backaway with that bullshit, off the rim shot
Just got off waivers, I'll make your team hot
Coach you up and coming, give y'all the championship you don't got
Make your crew practice and run track a lot
You might pack a spot, win two games out of 160
It can't be
You know I can't be injured, before the season stop
Because y'all bitch up and miss me
Dunk on motherfuckers more harder when they diss me
Then chicken niggaz they turn crispy
I leave 'em sniffed up, alley where the piss be
They girl happy for pennies motherfucker count this G
Minutes on the court, you bastards can't get mad
I let y'all play a 2 or 3

Giant motherfuckin Stadium!
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