

# Kool Keith, Haters

Two-thousand-three baby, Kool Keith, I'm up in here  
Very different - and he wants to talk to you  
Admire his immaturity

Took you away to better places  
Brazil, Costa Rica you seen new faces  
Covered the bills you struggled to pay - gave you life  
No more kid with a scarf around his beatin you up every day  
Plastic surgery breast implants the small hustler made you cry  
Because he was confused, you lay while he play  
Cleanin my house, you look gorgeous in lingerie  
Is that the kid on the phone? Hardcore  
Hawkin you in front of the building everyday  
When is he gonna learn? It's over, it's my turn  
You're pregnant with my kid  
By the fireplace, we watch his doo-rags burn  
I remodeled you, gave you the diamonds he couldn't wisely concern  
Always talkin bout the cash he got  
The little pesos for shows  
And God knows his materialistic raps and wack flows  
are like Stay Free pads, fake V.I.P. rappers get garbage disposed  
Unrecouped for his flamboyance and reflection  
He's leasin rentin and frontin - yeah, yeah..

Haters come around from downtown  
I get surround sound - I get big!  
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Stop the chorus back to your Bentley  
Your wife is gone, she's with me  
On a first class flight in the Bahamas, grab your bags quickly  
Sorry top ten rapper on the answering machine  
You're over like Al Green  
This song is written for the 2003 team  
V.I.P. with Ben Varen  
Cancel your A&R meeting light you up like Heatwave - central heating  
Eject your premature CD in the whirlpool while we're eating  
Shut down all material, new tracks fall on your head like a crane  
All you offered to women is sound of weak drums  
Fill they hearts with pain  
I'm in your dungaree jacket like a bleach stain  
Girls cry on my arm, he was cheap and silly don't complain  
He's a nerd with a hardcore twist, playin with racing cars  
We look out the window and count the rain on the window pane  
(Count the rain on the window pane)

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Here's a tissue for the tears  
He gave you hard times over hard rhymes for years  
Shattered your career  
like an uncomfortable thong twisted in your rear  
He was eight years behind, I was already advanced, I've been here  
Denim suits with alligators

Your man sports black all the time with no flavors  
From castle to castle, hassle to hassle  
House to house, man to mouse (man to mouse)

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