

# Kool Keith, I Don't Play

[Kool Keith]

Yo yo yo  
Worldwide, worldwide  
Kool Keith in Bronx housing  
Ninety-nine, 2000  
As we get biz, yeah  
I'ma let you have it  
Let's do this

Yo, my life is clientele, while pro people talk about me  
Cut empty pocket, shark faces like electric sockets  
Sideburns with afro, nasty pro, throw like Rollo  
In Wells Fargo, cashin checks while you tryin to borrow  
My game is cut through, plastic come, we can see through  
disco music, jazz loops, I ain't tryin to be you  
Nineteen-ninety-nine, 2000 black, new design  
My head is on right  
Back up kid you wasn't born right  
Playin center I block your wack raps like Bill Cartwright  
Pick up your rebounds, plastic soft production sounds  
All MC groups will be cartoons like Mother Goose  
No joke I bust back  
Kid for real, watch your buttcrack  
Entourages, movin neighborhoods like Mr. Rogers  
Slam rhymes on concrete, mash em up in car garages  
Cadillac spin, open magazines, Vibe again  
You're jealous stare lickin, paws like you're Rin-Tin-Tin  
I'm back again, I stop your programs like Gentle Ben  
Yeah (yeah.. yeah.. yeah..)

[Chorus x4: Kool Keith]

I'll be the man, watch your backpack, pen and pencil  
School today! Grown man, I don't play

[Kool Keith]

Back up the turnpike, watch Mad Max turn into you  
Get gassed at truckstops, leave diesel fuel, burnin through you  
I come to boo you, best believe, I'm a damager  
Cancel shows, interviews, I don't need no manager  
Slash fan, half of y'all, think I'm the Elephant Man  
Look through my records analyze me like I'm Michael Jackson  
Collect my vinyl DJ moves spinnin on my wax and  
groupies in line, camera flashes, I don't need the action  
Sweaty hotels, dumbbells, I'd rather shop in Modell's  
while y'all wear backpacks, with corny macks, rollin L's  
CD's get melted, ask your favorite rapper, how he felt it  
I turn on others, light up this, when I'm cookin muffins  
That's on the grill, make your girlfriend buy my Ampex reels  
Pay for studio time, droppin verse with dope words  
I'm on the real herb, pick up mics you got some nerve  
Rahway State Prison bring my projects in the music business  
That's if you with this, yo Craig, there will be no witness  
I'm comin through with Bronx Crew, a black, boo-ba-baboon  
Tecs in my pockets make your feets dance, do the lockin  
Yeah (yeah.. yeah.. yeah.. yeah..)

[Chorus]

[Kool Keith]

Yo, what are you doin lookin in my closet?  
Why are you tryin to try on my sneakers?  
Stop lookin around in my kitchen  
That's right it's Honeycomb up there, raviolis

Everything a regular man eats  
I'm not the Elephant Man, whassup?

You don't scare me, I'm the man that bought your girl some hair  
Walk in giant arenas and stop your show at Madison Square  
With security, you can't call the Secret Service  
Got your roadie cases packed up, your bookin agent nervous  
Backstage passes special units break your Fendi glasses  
Cancel your flights, Town Car, see me in the brown car  
Rip up your passport, I follow you through Kennedy airport  
Lock up the gates, town seize up, like Norman Bates  
Book Hotel Niko change my face up, in Puerto Rico  
Julio Gongado bumpin beats, in a El Dorado  
I'm movin swiftly, the game is fast, very quickly  
Greyhound bus tickets, I'll vick you for the whole season  
That's the reason I'll be easin, eatin cheese and  
that's right kid, yeah (yeah.. yeah..)

[Chorus]

Yeah, that's right, watch your backpacks  
For the nine-nine to the 2000  
From Bronx Housing  
Housing...