

# Kool Keith, Iraqi Verse

[Kool Keith]

Yeah...

I'm finished workin on the project already  
The hype prolonged it, you couldn't handle the deadline  
Your team wasn't ready, you tried a pop direction  
That wasn't yo' section  
We looked over your chorus and yo' rap bars  
Analyzed your music, those happy-ass keys  
Made you softer than ever, rap some more you should never  
I decided to listen, I turned the music off  
Because the melodies were cotton candy, the music was soft  
I heard too much pantyliner stuff  
Too much model and whack-ass designer stuff, no masculine touch  
Adolescent, let the guy know his tracks is whack  
He won't be back  
Disrespect yo' production, producer credits  
Receive the B stain on the form  
Now face the two inch, reel gettin warm  
Drop the top of your head  
Drum machine gets smacked up beside your face  
With a six-pack of beer  
I urinate on you Pro Tools mix in your ear  
Yellow hats wearin construction gear  
Tear down the knobs, off the manly  
Set the focus right on fire  
You better call the cops and hide behind the Stanley  
Studio booked up, New York power play, Unique tried to ban me  
Type of guy to bring Texaco gas in the vocal booth  
Light a match, burn up your whole family  
You're just a big talker, you're not a man to me  
Pulled the wires out the back of the amp  
Defecate on your drum pads with a maxi  
Brown sheepskin, black execution mask  
Brass out your Yamaha speakers, shotgun I missed three  
other speakers I got one, with great danes, chewin out your amps  
You won't be able to duck for long, seen niggaz in summer camp  
With men-e-strual cramps  
Watch the black afro in the corner with the Huggies  
With the diaper rash around your pelvis  
Drivin a green Volkswagen buggy, you know Muggy  
7 foot 7 orangutang baboon face  
From Baltimore, Maryland notorious comin up the turnpike  
To move your SSL board out to Richmond, Tony Pissman  
In the stationwagon, your engineer's scared to mix the record  
down, next to my cousin Bucky  
Just eight other computers destroyed  
The B-room is still there, your clients are lucky