

Kool Keith, Running For Congress

[Kool Keith: slowed down]

The Commi\$\$ioner

The motherfuckin Commi\$\$ioner

Again~!

I'm detrimental to your house like a restaurant
with rat turds on the shelf from sacramental down to the delf
Niggaz like y'all scared of the dark, I told you
You won't close the door and grab a roll of shit by yourself
And blaze your asshole with two logs of fire
when you spit by yourself, no hiccups and belches
Just grape juice from Welch's, the brand heat up
On your ass like a horse you felt this
like the bump over your eye become a cyst
Everybody in the vocal booth with a chain around they neck
watch on they arm is on my shitlist
I send a gorilla to put his cock up your ass
You don't forget this
Your favorite top MC carry my dick when I piss
It's not the mic stand goin up your nose, it's the dris
The public, the lesbians got to kiss

[Chorus: Kool Keith - normal; or as normal as he gets]

Super Don chron'

Do what you want, fuck it

Super Don chron'

Do what you want, FUCK IT!

Super Don chron'

Do what you want, FUCK IT~!

[Kool Keith: slowed down]

Nigga I called this rhymin exercise

The city think you're good, but I'ma shit in your eyes

Wipe my ass with your face

I hope your fanbase don't be surprised when I shock ya bastard

With my Sean John shirt, true we big as your girl's stomach

That's me walkin around lookin like Puffy with a mohawk

These guys comin with that bullshit

I'm in and out, back and forth, shut the fuck up

Close the door behind you make up your mind

I don't wanna hear that no talk

That cartoon shit you spit that clogged the city of New York

Yes man, hover when you pop a cork

With a stage set that's top 16 written by Mindy & Mork

Tennis racket niggaz don't need to fuck with this rap sport

I'm closer than you think, buttcrack in the telescope

Get your picture off the result

MC's better practice they shit cause I'm hella dope

[Chorus]