

# Kool Keith, Women Turn On Your T.V.

[Kool Keith]

Don't hurt 'em - don't hurt 'em  
Kool Keith... yeah  
New York City in the house  
California in the house  
Texas in the house  
Miami in the house

Forget sneakers that look like hot dogs  
Yo fam, you hear me chewin your chicken gizzards  
I'm more reptile than 10 of your Timberland boots  
is worth one pair of my lizards  
Just order your two-piece Kentucky Fried to go  
That watch on your arm you said it was real? You lied you know  
Actin like a Spanish guy goin crazy over one girl  
The latest thing in New York - overprotective insecure asshole  
A J-Lo lookalike with a Burger King stomach  
Man go ahead and hide your ho, my flow hit Mexico  
And enter Puerto Rico like Tego  
Rewind no fast forward, a lot of stamps on my passport

[Chorus x2: Kool Keith]

Woman turn on your TV, channel 7, ABC News, don't you see me?

[Kool Keith]

So what you didn't vote for me, I'm Congress  
My pee stains tag your white Dodge Magnum  
Make the girls come out and say what's that on your armrest?  
Security forces, ask the fire department I alarm best  
With overcooked mushrooms, and turnips  
I woke my kids up, y'all tryin to battle me all night  
Suckers went to bet on the pro  
9 million rappers, fell asleep with cigarettes in they hand  
Let they babies burn up  
Your girl ain't payin attention, who that on the bell?  
Yo let my cousin Verne up  
Alright, y'all get enough to build your concern up  
Adjust your football game, break your PlayStation controls  
Y'all know my highs, gorillas can't feel my lows  
Cineplex status

[Chorus x1.5]

[Kool Keith]

Remember I'm Boston, they Bernie Williams  
With a sweat over your ties, two outs in the 9th inning  
Most of y'all stuck in Jeopardy  
I answer you quick, shock you like Ken Jennings  
You can't touch the mic lookin like the face on the penny  
Goin against nuclear power  
Marble floors with ceramics, I defecate in your shower  
It's not about comin off the head of the testicles  
My job is to make a foe write one verse for 30 hours  
No fancy restaurants, and botanical gardens  
A lot of guys with fake talk  
I see 'em all out there with pink GMC trucks  
Hand another man flowers, my competition wear haltertops  
And sport backs with a lot of powder  
Change your exits, comin up the road on your navigation  
Meets the rerouter

[Chorus x2.5]