

# Kool Keith, Sweet Unique Pete

(feat. Black Silver)

Yeah! Kool Keith  
Black Sil (yeah yeah) and company!  
As we party.. two-zero-zero-zero

[Kool Keith]

Step in coat check, vocal supreme sound perfect  
You wack man, haven't you heard this?  
Matador king ladies swarm around me like Jon B  
as I stop rappers tryin to copy Alpo(?) Rich Port(?) and AZ  
My temperatures one-thousand-three  
Look at these big head kids on labels tryin to MC  
with a globe dome  
I told you to tell that man to stay home  
Tell Russell to call me with Sylvia Rhome  
Gave him the gas, now he gotta pump in his ass  
I don't care if you go out with Stacey Dash  
Rentin cars, you tryin to copy Nas  
Sound like A.G., you ain't my man from Cold Crush KayGee  
Don't try to play me  
You never made a record with Mo Bee, and Master P  
I saw you on the Greyhound bus station floor  
Layin down with a doo rag on like a circus clown  
Strippers keep dancin around, I'm Bronx bound  
Your fans catch migraines from me doin my thang

[Chorus x4: Kool Keith]

We sweet unique Pete  
Look at these ladies massagin our feet

[Black Silver]

Yeah  
Yo showdown, sho' shot, double-K, flow pop  
Navigate, interactive flashback  
Now who nice wit it? Spit it on the block daily  
Product, never shady, slang the real  
Send it to backstage, flame created a rage  
Mays(?) bump that in my mezzanine controller  
High-roller, program, this shit jam  
to quick access, asses on my lap crouches  
Dip through; y'all need a piece of this mental  
plus a sip of this dick in your mouth  
Either that or stop sleepin, peepin the next man's style  
I elaborate on fraudulent and stick to the wild  
Phone-tap, we order Ocean Spray with that  
Fuji film, honey spread that  
Finger the asscrack in fact I'ma bounce with that  
(Yeah, bounce with that)

[Kool Keith]

Fuckin dancers back to back  
Aww yeah

[Chorus Two x4: Kool Keith]

We're sweet unique Pete  
Ladies massagin our feet