

# Little Girls (feat. KutMasta Kurt)

## Kool Keith

Yo, Keith man  
I just turned off the TV man  
Kids out there be thinkin' they hardcore man  
We gotta do somethin' man, yo, do it Little girls, think they're hardcore  
Little girls, think they're hardcore  
Little girls, think they're hardcore  
Little girls, think they're hardcore You got nine cars, tons of champagne by the cases  
Two thousand people killed, fake murder cases  
Videos exaggerate things you never make  
Your style is all tissue, chocolate fudge cream cake The companies back you, people out there  
wanna slap you  
Original fraud, funny with a mic cord  
Persuadin' kids that you hard, every stage you tour  
Cold scared you in a motel, you can't come out  
After the show, with panties on, you hurry run out  
You petrified hallucinatin' thinkin' hardcore  
You got the style now, you have to roll with 50 people  
Lookin' hard and mean, you ain't pullin' triggers Did you pay your bodyguards for actin' hard?  
You get pistol-whipped, booty tapped, face scarred  
Down and out with camouflage gear and no war  
You ain't in the army kid Little girls, think they're hardcore  
Little girls, think they're hardcore  
Little girls, think they're hardcore Now your show's packed up, you're gassed up  
I'm there you're scared  
You just turned twat, looked away feelin' weird  
You on the walkie talkie standin' close near the door  
Thinkin' 'bout your records how you pop doo-doo more  
Posses wait in Texas, Detroit for the bum rush  
You bringin' rubber, your crew is nervous smokin' dust  
You perpetrate your front, show your teeth, smokin' blunts  
Rappers cancel shows, ran away with stunts Your manager scared, with ghetto mugs starin' at  
him  
Your crew pressured more, to even act harder  
You took New York, down South them folks wasn't havin' that  
Three kids from D.C. pulled out, what you laughin' at? You ran out, funny style, girl style, panty  
style  
Freestyle the same style last week  
You was bitin' off that kid Bo Peep  
With no panties on, your rectum got torn Rearranged, I caught you after the show  
Naked out, butt out, cracked out, with two rolls of film  
Tryin' to sell pictures of your lover  
With you, molestin' your little brother

I smacked you and stole your pistols  
Little girls, think they're hardcore  
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Little girls, think they're hardcore  
Tommy, didn't I raise you to go to Catholic school?  
But mom, I gotta keep this up, this is all a front  
This is just gimmicks to sell my records  
The people don't have to know  
I mean really, that's just me, even though we're soft  
Me and my friends all of us  
We just make money, that's all, it's a gimmick  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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