

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
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