

# 27 Shots

## Kool Keith

[kool keith]

They try to say california is plastic  
I think new york got the most plastic niggaz too  
Fuck all you niggaz comin out to the soul train awards  
With them pop ass headsets - around your ears like britney spears  
That's some old bobby brown and new edition shit  
That's some old real michael jackson shit  
I'm comin with crazy vic  
Let me hear you tryin to copy my shit  
Fuck the impact eventually  
Cause there's a lot of corny niggaz performin out there  
Fat stomachs, make-up and eye glare  
What the fuck do I care?  
Niggaz with they ass out  
Groupies in cheap motels tryin to fuck and crash out  
Motherfuckers ain't networkin  
Strippers checkin in - motherfuckers on motorcycles  
Pickup trucks with license plates on 'em  
Bringin mad shit from down south  
Big after-parties i'ma turn my phone off  
I don't wanna shake hands, meet no-fuckin-body, arrogant bastard  
No commercial shit, break your neck, suck my dick in the world  
Fuck the critics everything I make is a hit  
Fuck you applehead motherfuckers tryin to make some old  
Carribbean mixed with that trinity keyboard shit  
Hip-hop shit, that's some old broadway musical shit  
I don't even listen to that cartoon shit  
Tell your a&r and his wife to get out my fuckin life  
27 shots! { \*blam blam blam\* }  
27 shots! { \*blam blam blam\* }  
27 shots! { \*blam\* } Shut up; listen to my shit cause yo' cassette single is gay  
Writin that bullshit I hear on the radio by these homo niggaz everyday  
Butter soft sissy shit  
I got the real tell it like it is pissy shit  
Yo' shit is some fake-ass gorilla code shit  
White suits mansion yachts scared-ass nigga  
Doin videos buyin models on some boat shit  
I tell you straight g I can't fuck with it  
Girls still messin with you; your shit is wack  
Any bitch in they right mind shouldn't have sex wit you  
Rusty nigga that don't use soap  
I fuck around, and piss all over your leather faggot-ass trenchcoat

Don't ever act hardcore  
Youse a suburban nigga, you get serviced nigga  
You never even been in a fuckin street fight  
Look at your old photo album pictures - youse a bunch of hype  
Kiss my ass, nobody picked up the fuckin mic  
Untalented bitch like you some wild ass  
Inner-city kid from the projects - who's next? 27 shots! { \*blam blam blam\* }  
27 shots! { \*blam blam blam\* }  
27 shots! { \*blam\* } Then I really disrespect all production out there  
That bullshit niggaz programmin, fuck johnny hammond  
Sonny stitch, that shit ain't gettin you rich  
Just a packed crowd, low bitches, a bunch of fuckin dicks  
I'd rather see some ass, a nice club with a fat ass  
And all you motherfuckers actin like you jamaican  
American to the core, copyin that shit on tour  
Y'all niggaz be against speakers with your ears sore  
Stank ass boots with no socks on, fuckin up the dancefloor  
Since when you ate codfish and meat patties?  
I got cousins with jheri curls in caddies 27 shots! { \*blam blam blam\* }  
27 shots! { \*blam blam blam\* }  
27 shots! { \*blam blam blam\* }

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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