

Keith Turbo

Kool Keith

New York City! (Keith Turbo)
You're listening to the number one
The one and only (Keith Turbo)
Keith (Keith Turbo) Turbo
Pontiac GTO
That's right we do it like that
Keith Turbo the new man
Here we go

Move in close range with the ARTCC
Air Route Traffic Control Center
I freeze MC's at maximum degrees
?? from the street when I ripped apartments
And the Corman suites
Two and a half units available, bass you can't trace
Your girl starin in my face at 7,000 feet
Turbo, jets in the cockpit
You flock with weak kids on the block with
For protection, I'll ruin your whole section
For major alteration, my final approach is to spray y'all
Attack ya like roaches
Don't step to me at the food court at the municipal airport
Your unmatched performance can't stop my endurance
Runaway 18-L, pilot one, change in your slot
Number two you're through, dischargin your battery
Stop rappin to me
New York City's number one MC, that's real G
Who's that kid B? Passengers are in position
Change your whole vision
Commercial instructors stop your stretch marks
Take off your shirt I see your ribs
Fakin like you Tommy Gibbs
Technology program, you used to know
I used to study with Son of Sam, that's right

(Keith Turbo) Pontiac, GTO
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Man (Keith Turbo)
I can throw a hundred thousand pound walrus right through the walls
That's right
Mad like five gorillas in the vocal booth [mad like five guerillas]
It's all Turbo
Yo Mom Duke, pass me my helmet
Let me show these kids what to do

RPM 600 pound gorillas, 22 not hot
Engine accurate, GPS storm scopes on your folks
Monitors equal, my three million new fans are white people
Geared toward the universe while black people think the worse
Realistically expect my gross is twenty times your checks
Triple that diamond around your necks, besides I hate cars
You feel the turbulence, fasten seatbelts, close your vents
Rugged horsepower, M-20-F, executive manifestin you a lesson
False representation'll leave y'all sweatin in the train station
Remember I'm blacker than your used Acura

That's why I laugh at ya
Like a anorexic model on the crack bottle
Y'all play Frankie Beverly I'm in the future with a phaser network
I bet ya I'll make your beck hurt
Endorsements from the universities can't stop my abilities
Financial trainin on the campus
Sock ya like ? did Kurt Rambis
Fax you that flight number, stand by frequency
Don't mess with me

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That's right y'all, it's all about NASA
When I ride around in my NASCAR
Don't think I'm Richard Petty, or Bobby Unser
Or even Al Unser, it's all Indy 500 when I run around
You know it, I come with the fluid like Jackie Stewart

(Keith Turbo)
(Keith Turbo)
(Keith Turbo) *laughing*

(Keith Turbo) *laughing*

(Keith Turbo)