Tenn Points

Cool Breeze

Hey playas, this is Peaches and we comin' up on the new millennium
Year 2K, and I'mma give you 3 points to keep you in the game
Point 1, call and meet, [unverified], pay ya debt
Point 2, don't hate the haters, they cloudin' your judgement
And 3, never let 'em know what you're thinkin'Hey, I was introduced to fame by way of mouth
I was rappin' on this tape, and the rap was about
How for my folks, and for mine, I forever stay down
And represent this town, and for that, I'll be crownedIt's been known that my attitude'll reach it's peak, that's right
But never has it once stopped the way that I think
I know the speakers addin' bricks to the path you lay
And to be is to live everything you sayI read once that if you die, the people couldn't forget
That your eternal flame will forever stay lit
One day I'll leave this place and add another star to the sky
But all of my creations, they never would dieI told you dirty Jed Clampett tried to front me some weight
This time he pushed me in his house, and had it layed on the plate
He had stacks of it packed all down in these crates
Stampin' BDF, nothin' but that flakeSee, the only way the Southcoast will ever become
We gotta all come together, and become as one
When they say, "What's your name?" we say, "Where you from?"
When they, "What you say?", we say, "Come get some!"We make any click or crew, run and call the cops
Picallo said, "Play with the bomb, and y'all get knocked off top"
History is proven and will lead you right
The acts you commit will be recorded for life
(For life)You did it before, you'll do it again
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You did it before, you'll do it again
You did it before, you'll do it againAll this pain got me goin' through recovery
Withdrawal pains from my ghetto life and concrete streets
Get it how you live, I live hard, that's how I get it

Execute them punk niggas that ain't wit itStraight thuggin', my face wrinkles, my mind sprinkles
Mounds livin' off the track, shinin' it like twinkle
Ride the beat, 160 like my white Impala
Hit that spray and leave them niggas for them dollasI can't explain why, but Tangaray and [unverified]
Bring out the mothafuckin' dog in the real niggas
Do you remember rap used to be so fun shit?
Now niggas gettin' killed over who they run withRun with me, and see if I give a fuck though
Wicked when I kick it, most expected to do dope flows
Underground, treasured by the ones who listen to it
Respected in the field by them soldiers who really do itI'm on the front line, moral for the troops
Makin' niggas lace their boots, and hit they mark when they shoot
Lord, forgive me, but my people must defend their people
It's gonna take mass destruction just to see we all equalForty days and forty nights, we gon' fight and get wreckless
If I die, fresh play, and I will be resurrected
Eyes red as fire, flash the grill for the non-believers
And we gon' let the child lead us, let the child lead usYou did it before, you'll do it again
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