

Cosby Sweater

Hilltop Hoods

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Watch me do my thing
Get lost into my scene
Get hot, like New Orleans
In Cosby crew and jeans
Do not awaken, stare a lot and vacant
Living in conditions of the modern matrix
Only bad rhymes running proper naked
Only point I made you with, the bullet was a paper
I ain't here to fight some dude, and fuck around with his spouse
I'd rather light your mood and burn it down with the house
Eat your heart from the groove on account of the bounce
And lick her like Tom Cruise, up and down on a couch
Status never mattered, ever acted whether
Like Christina Aguilera, just let yourself go
Matter Pressure and endeavour that is better left
Christine track a record to let you all know
That we'd be king's even homeless
Been in these kingdoms to roam just
Slap a rapper like Solange Knowles
At the gathering to known all that matter like a black hole And it's all good
And it's all good
And it's all good I feel like Bobby Fischer
Always four moves ahead of
My competition, listen they ain't gonna stop me ever
I feel as large as Biggie, swear it could not get better
I feel in charge like Biggie, wearing that Cosby sweater
Wearing that Cosby sweater
Wearing that Cosby sweater
Wearing that Cosby sweater
Wearing that Cosby sweater Imma step up every chance when I rumble
They all call me champ of the Jungle
It's fitting

[illegible]

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