Mo Better Cool

Big K.R.I.T.

Glisten like the sun off the candy
Got the tool in the dash, keep at hand
Jammin', up and down the boulevard, swang
Trunk still bangin', screens still hangin'
Old habits die hard, ain't shit changed
(?) still recline, still swang and bang
Grippin' wood grain, grippin' wood grainI remember when I used to roll
A bucket, no ducket to my name and my soul
Hoes used to front everywhere I go
But that's cool
Yea, shit changed cause we on
Now I'm tailor made, choppin' blades that I'm grown
Now the same hoes won't leave me alone
But that's coolSo, now usually I don't boast to brag
But, today different
Went from bucket, brake scrappin', to swinging like Kenny Griffin
I was scrawny than a motherfucker
When I was younger, got my weight up like a (?)
Now I'm solid with these numbers
Maxin' out on these hoes
Marinated my pimpin' cause when you sees in they peepin'
And scrape it right out the skin
Got a vision for fix, drop it low like the bass
Her pussy tighter than plies that squeeze the wine outta grapes
So I hit it slow
Flea flicker, give and go
I know that the shine the only reason she kick it for
I went from not a thing to the Caddy frame, throw it off in the game
When you came and you got changed, shit can't be the same
So I'm chillin', bump and (?)
Hollin' out fuck the feelin's of critics
That claim they come from slums but they from a village for real
'Cause while these lames sittin' still
I hit the road, broke the mold, and came up on a milI remember when I used to roll
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Now the same hoes won't leave me alone
But that's coolMan I'm a wild motherfucker, back when I was round 20
Fuck niggas thought you wouldn't find me round any
Rollin' one deep in the Buick parked ave
With a sawed off shotgun that cut your ass in half
Laughin' at these niggas that was hatin' on the low
'Cause on the cool, I was puttin' dick off in they ho
And on the cut, you couldn't short stop me for the blow
Cause I be with the pistol, knockin' on your front door
See where I come from, you can't just tell me that you hard
Niggas'll come and box you up in your front yard
Better not talk about pullin' out the GAT
'Cause on site we put that 9 mili to your hat
Now as I got older, my rep got colder
These niggas wouldn't dare to knock the chip up off my shoulder
Certified soldier with the stripes that'll prove it
I got my reputation in the streets, fuck the musicI remember when I used to roll
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Now the same hoes won't leave me alone
But that's coolYea, reporting live from the ceiling, enjoy the view bitch
Show gone make a killin', ain't nothin' new bitch
Except the pressure from the heckle (?) from the nose
Ho please, I can't even see you from our close seats
The boy came to play and no this ain't a game
Dunkin', trunkin, (?) purple colored gators mayne
Hold up, this win is on us
It's a celebration, bitch, every time I show up
Get in the way, get swole up
That's no luck for anyone tryna outshine us
Plenty of haters, and (?) heard steppin' behind us
Better catch on to our coattails, I boast well (?) shit talk
That bullshit (?) walk
Cripple their chances, (?) advances, stickin' the landin'
That I jumped up off the porch with
(?)
Respect that'll get your dome split
And on it I stay, no reprieve for no punk
Consider your ship sunk, I'm just bein' Big Sant bitchGlisten like the sun off the candy
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Songwriters
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