

Mr. Kool (feat. Anthony Hamilton)

Giggs

Yeah nigga I love it
Ain't a nigga to talk shit I'm a nigga that does it
Couple more months and this shit'll be covered
Take it back to the trap house or the brick in the cupboard
South side so I'm living it southern
White girl get the boxes and cut 'em
When will it stop I ain't stopping for nothing
Index right on top of the button
Shout yeah But that nigga's my cousin
Sitting down having us a real nigga discussion
Real talk all my niggas that suffered
Who them, man them niggas are suckers
Big poster on the side of the buses
Chicks going nuts I don't know what the fuss is
You say you want to fuck well then give up the crutches
She's willing to fuck me if I will her to touch it
Yeah I got my kool backs sitting on stacks with girls in Cadillacs
Leaning hard and we're puffing
Keep it on low, 'bout the niggas get amulets?
Yeah Mr Kool's back, stand on my grind
Don't distract just, where is at?
Leaning hard and we're puffing and we're puffing and we're puffing
Yeah nigga the poet, man that nigga from UK damn that nigga be flowing
That nigga go hard and doesn't he know it
Take it back to the old days I was getting to slow
Every other day I be getting a show in
Chicks going nuts, caressing and blowing
Pool parties I be dipping my toe in
They calling me poison, I be [?]
Well fuck that man I'm keeping it going
If I keep niggas guessing I keep them from knowing
The lethalest weapon is speaking my poem
So the police won't rest, they try keep me from blowing
Is it sow what you reap or you reap what you're sowing
Sometimes you walk in and don't know where you're going
[?] bless his people below him
Setting lessons in life that'll teach us to know himx2
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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