

Good, Good

Cool Breeze

Hey, I remember when I came, came
I didn't have to ask nobody in the streets
To scream my name, name
'Cause we got a lock on this whole city
And got a key to the Dirty South
And the South coast, now play with me
So bring your semi thirty, art thirty
If you put your hands on a Calhoun player
It's gon' get dirty, dirty
And everybody trying to claim boss
But that's just talk
You don't really wanna turn these mics off
They trying to slick us with our own slang
Using our words like back and forth
Just calling us up out our name
See and for that they gonna pay, pay
Everything they did in one week, I'ma do in one day
You can say that it's about to start
Don't call us rappers
'Cause nowadays a rapper ain't considered smart
So I just stay away from those haters
And anybody in my clique who roll with me, you a creator
So it's like, who do you believe in?
Just like the hustler came back once
The clock is gon' strike twelve again
And I'm most requested in my old hood
From Martel to Springdale and all through Club Candlewood
You can ask Cool Cane or Dre-High
Either Po-boy, Dirty Red, or they gon' cut? I'm fire, fire
And they consider me that raw, raw
And your partners where you represent
They say you got that flaw, flaw
And Cool Breeze, he got that hard, hard
And ain't nobody taking nothing
And don't want nothing to start, start
So when I'm riding through the hood, hood
They respect me when they see me
'Cause they know I got that good, good
That's right, we got that good, good
From every street to every borough
And back to every hood, hood
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And back to every hood, hoodAnd can't nobody touch my team, team
Just like EJ from Southwest ATL
My partner got that green, green
And we gon' come through kicking the most game
Taking fo' sho' routes and pointing out the lane, lanesSo when you come and you ride through
It won't be no mystery, who everybody listening to
That's right 'cause all we do is stack, stack
And Organize this Noize and everybody know thatPlus we testing out this new sound
Everybody done put down
Now we breaking up some new ground
'Cause we serve 'em up that real, real
And be forever Dirty South in this place we live, liveThat's what make the brothers hawk, hawk
Trying to step up and showcase
All that is is talk, talk
See Cool Breeze, he ain't your fool, fool
So don't ask me no questions
Like what makes me so cool, coolThey'd rather see me in the Chain Gang
Than rolling a V-12, riding on them thang, thangs
I get respect out to Alabama
To the West Coast to the East
Then right back to AtlantaAnd that's how we keep it tight, tight
I come through busting the door first
Then we ship it out the same night
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