

2 Kool 2 Dance

Chingy

[Chorus:]

I got my hands in my pocket

My hats real low

I'm to kool to dance I just rock [x3]

I'm on the edge of the dance flo

Drank in my cup

I'm to kool to dance I just rock [x3][Verse:]

Friday night bout a quarter to 12

My benz outside and I'm ready to bail

My line'n on fresh and my shades channel

Gotta be so flyy in that stl I hear da dogs bark cause I got dat mail

Before I go grabed da pumper and a box of l's

Pulled out the drive way on my cell

Say he bout to meet me on [?]

For da chicks got the sean john smell good

I know the thugs out so I'm keepn it hood

You can mug lil dirty but I wish you would

The real do what they want the fake do what they could some chicks rolled up in range and thangs

Lookin like they ready so I asked dey names

They knew who I was now they lookin strange

We on our way to the club and I don't play no games[Chorus]

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