

1986

Kid Counselor

[Hook]Like it was 1986, yeah I'm back bitch

Big money, subwoofer, Randy Savage

It was 1986, yeah I'm back bitch

MC 24 crawling through the traffic

It was 1986, yeah I'm back bitch

Rolling clean, hella screen, digi-dashed it

It was 1986, coldest year ever

Mama coulda cut me out the womb but she knew better

[Verse 1]Digi my dash, this for the playas

That got them some golds and copped them some gators

Fresh than a motherfucker I knew what it took

The thing that I'm giving you couldn't get out a book

Now don't be tricking no hoes, don't be lending your ride

And if you fuck, wear a rubber cause they burning inside

If it don't pay whatcha asking then you wasting your time

If you can't get you no old school don't go fucking with mine

[Hook][Verse 2]

Watching for jackers, scoping for law

They go to hating when I'm bassing cause I swang and I crawl

Scraping the wall, rubbing the curb

A chef with the whipping, my trunk shaken and stirred

I got a fetish for Chevys, a itch for the dollar

On the hunt for a freak, down to fuck if she swallow

I be popping my collar til I'm dead in a tomb

Hell, I been popping my collar since I fell out the womb

[Hook][Bridge]It feels good to have it

Knowing that I did what I could

It feels good to have it

I put the leather on top of the wood

It feels good to have it

I rode chrome all around my streets

It feels good to have it

To see it, to need it, to grab it

Feels good to have it

[Hook]Explain

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