

Cool Kids "Black Mags"

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Verse (Chuck):

I got this 89-90, Pistons champ flat/ bill black starter
cap with the hologram tags/
White Mag rims, red rubber tires/
Chain, frame, pegs, grips, shift to my supplier/
Dope man attire, gimme bout an hour/
And I'll have it clicking, ticking, gliding, flying like
McGuyver/
I'm a Murder Club, dope pedal rider/
Nigel said I'm good to get that ink on my bicep/
I gets, busy as a bee on my bike grips/
If I catwalk this, I walk, I can fly this/
Bitch and I'm fly, and it's tied to the side/
that's the flag that I'm flying/
Add to the fact that it all coincides with these wheels
that I'm riding/
3pt Mags make you think that I'm gliding/
... Shiiiit nigga I aint lying/
I got a long rap sheet that'll say that I'm tied in/

Chorus

Verse (Mikey):

I hit chuck on the pager yo, I'm kinda bored/
And got class til later so, open garage/
And I don't really know which way to go, I aint tryna
skate it though/

And my bikes illegal, so they send for the law/
But I don't care joe, I just keep on pedal in/
Ride past shorty light skinned with no melanin/
Shirt look like somebody stuffed two melons in/
Had to stop, so I could preach like revered/
I grip on the handbrake and say "Whatup?"/
I skip on the handshakes, I'm straight. What else? /
I got two pegs on the back, and you got two legs under
your skirt/
So ho, we head/
To the Dope Pedal Headquarters/
You would be there if you could/

Chuck got the red wheels and the white mags, but it's
all good/
Got the gold hundred spokes like Boys in the Hood/
With the lime green frame, dollars on the bike/
Seat, handlebar grips, is the same as my Nikes/
In the mold, the gold I use for my spokes/
And the frame, the same as I use for my chain/ Out!

Chorus

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