

Bizzy Bone

"So Cool"

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Fresh cornrows, def white gold
Silk sheet covers, feather pillows on
11'oclock breakfast, cigarette, red bull
Open the door, wash my ass and jump in the pool
I spark the grill up, season of the fresh fish
I give it ten minutes, flip it and go get a dish
Brown Kool-aid, I gotta keep it hood
And rinse the chlorine off to start the day good
Jump into the Lex truck and take the oceanic view
Riding the sunset, doing what I wanna do
Sit on the hood chillin', watchin' the waves ripple
Birds flock in the circles and meet up in the middle
I'm still tickled about the struggles of me younger days
About my younger age, younger ways, plenty thangs
Thoughts vary if you real then it's just respect
If you're fake, nobody's even gonna check it
I formulate opinions, my Lord create the needs
Big pimpin', no OJ Simpson
No slackin' in the mackin'
Now put that Michael Jackson let the truth resonate in
your spirit and keep askin'

Haaa!

I'm so motherfucking cool, nigga
So cool I don't sleep, so cool I that don't even smoke
weed no mo'
It's G, so I floss all alone in the galaxy, guess the devil
lost!

Haaa!

I'm so motherfucking cool, nigga
So cool I don't sleep, so cool that I don't even smoke
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I make my money legal
Now I can preach, dawg
And I don't steal nothing, don't reap no benefits
And I don't need nothing, don't even need you
I am too cold, I cough, without the flu
And speaking on my niggas only gonna get you kicked

out

It ain't a secret neph' , let me say what I'm talking about

See baby girl a queen, not Venus, Venus is a planet.

A leaf, humble and meek

I'm not a king but David was so what's the problem?

Let the queen chose real niggas, keep mobbin'

Abe, my best friend, until the very end

He'll play the daddy on the low and we gon' kick it
again

Imagine never knew and all my nigga blue

He'd been fighting you, uh huh, he winning too

They called him Rabbi even before I even passed
through

You can't have anything, share, we gon' make it
through

I love my feelings alright (you know I gotta get my bling
on, bling on, bling on, bling on)

A little cuddy alright (you know I gotta put my thing on,
thing on, thing on)

I'm getting drunk tonight (and maybe have a little fling,
little fling, a little fling, a fling)

and I ain't running no lights (It ain't no need to speed, it
ain't no need to speed)

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