

Jon Secada**"I'm Kooool On That"**

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[Verse 1: Kaos]

I started out small time, in the dope game
Wit no change, wit no name
Rollin dice, sayin "fuck it, I'm goin for broke"
Same lil' short, thurl cat rollin in that 'Lac
Wit that du rag and, and that hat
Through the tracks, wit the strap in my lap
I was Mr. Playahata, oh yeah Lil Papi
Moppin wit my brother Bobby, rappin hoes was my
hobby
I always had that nah'jae crackin
Girl startin callin me Chachi, Big Sexy Kooool, DJ Kao-sy
He doin his thurlthizzle, when he's in the middle
I heard he be makin them girls wiggle, grabbin they
nipples
And pillows, "Ooh, Ahh, Shit, Goddamn, Fuck, Mmm
This yo pussy baby, Oooh you the man"
Is basically what they was sayin, shakin they heads
Sayin "Mmm mmm mmm", puttin they leg in they pants
Some of them was skeet though, petite ho
And they would deepthroat, and you know..
I luvs me some hoes
But you wanna know summin that's funny? (what's up
derty?)
I got cute as mu'fucka soon as I start makin a lil' money
But I remember back in high school, them 9-0 days
I'm lookin both ways, steady gettin no play
Now I see you them same hoes out, big as a house
Talkin bout, " Kristen N., Southside!" (that's fucked up,
yeah)
But can we kick it, can I get them digits, can I get some
tickets?
But they always come up short of they mission (yes'ir!)

[Hook: Kaos]

Now I'm in the liife, prime time
Urry dime wanna sit in wit the 9, 9
But see baby girl look I'm kooool on that
Uh-uh, I'm hella kooool
And you hoes, blowin em
Now they see me on the big screen, doin big things

Hella Thurl is now an underground king
But see nigga I'm hella koool on that
Uh-uh I'm hella koool
And you hoes, blowin em

[Verse 2: Kaos]

STL, A.K.A. Hatytown

Man there's so many niggas actin shady now
Hoes be callin me they baby now
Maybe because its gravy now
But ill never forget back in the day when you used to
play me out
They be out, yeah hoes be spreadin rumors on they
missions
Niggas be talkin shit and still ain't got a partna pissin
Urbody wishin they can be in yo position
Mean muggin, dappin and fake, huggin ass kisses
Smilin up in yo face but behind yo back they talkin shit
Put urry thing on they mama, hood and damn kids
Thinkin you owe em summin just cuz we made it big
Sayin how Hollywood, this nigga think that he the shit
But when i was broke rollin that By-State, tryin to cop
way
In the city all the way from Saturday to Friday
It was just a matter of time, that I regain my shine
On that radio, hook up wit mo and form Da Hol' 9

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Kaos]

Since we formed Da Hol' 9 clique, niggas on that
jealous tip
And hoes talkin toilet bowl full of shit
Sayin "Big Sexy ooh you so cute"
But a nigga like me, you'll tell that to a nigga
That's why I play hoes out like a flute
And urry wherre I go and no matter, wherre I go
I hurr that I be talkin to hoes that I don't even know
And urry time I, turn around I'm hearin some shit
About I try to talk to a broad but I don't know the bitch
(what you know mo mo)
Hoes keep my name in they mouth like dick, man they
sick
And for some reason they be lovin that shit
Talkin about a nigga on the job, in them beauty shops
On them phones, up in them classrooms and even up in
them dorms
And I, don't pay them no mind, I'm out herre I'm gettin
paid
You know its all to the goody baby girl
I don't knock yo hustle boo, but goddamny please

understand me
when I tell you I DONT FUCK WIT YOU...

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