

## Cool Breeze "E.P.G.H."

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1 - who raps get weight like grams on triple beams?  
Who got their heart on tapes and cds?  
He rap and she rap, but my rap - the best  
They rap with play raps, and i ain't impressed

Repeat 1

Cool raps get weight like grams on triple beams  
Cool left with dirt and came back with g's  
Everytime i hit the door, they fly  
Wantin' to know the response of the people  
On the date when my album dropped  
The east point headlines gon' read that  
I ride tracks, like dre high-ride cadillacs  
And came a long way from the country  
Here all in atlanta, and about to make some real money  
And show brothas who a straight lane  
Who got picked at, and talked about  
Who followed me, and now got game  
The first scriptures in the book, they meant  
If you was really from this town and 'bout to do it  
You do your own hits  
See, it was destined that i make a print  
In the earth, so the future knew the lord was makin'  
much sense  
Now it ain't nothin' that can worry me  
My attitude is free and can see...  
That you can be in hawaii sippin' on that punch  
Buy a house in the morning, get a lexus for lunch  
Sell a million of those samples and those same ol' kicks  
It still take a ol' school hustla with a greatest hit

Repeat 1

Repeat 1

Young cool breeze ain't never did time  
When the foes went to raid, i was home writing rhymes  
Representin' the south forever, put raps together  
Hit 'em with the salt, then come the pepper  
You see, i represent the field  
And only a few from the east and the west gon' really  
keep it real

And it's like a lot of them gon' start dissin'  
But we'll make money, sell records  
And serve 'em up like competition  
And i be the first to crank up the spot  
Say you don't know nothin' 'bout the south  
And atlanta ain't no mariott  
I seen a lot of brothas get they turn  
And the way they act?  
Respect gon' be given when respect be earned  
Me and my boys grew up listenin' to y'all songs  
If we can't be off city poppin' lip, we be dead wrong  
So i just check for your release date  
And if it's bumpin' and you snappin', i'll pick it up  
Cuz i don't city hate  
See, it ain't all about who you run with  
Or the trap that you just can't front, got the biggest  
bricks  
Or who you and your boys run and get  
It just take a ol' school hustla with a greatest hit

Repeat 1

Repeat 1

"heart..."

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