Cool Breeze "Good, Good"

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Hey, I remember when I came, came
I didn't have to ask nobody in the streets
To scream my name, name
'Cause we got a lock on this whole city
And got a key to the Dirty South
And the South coast, now play with me

So bring your semi thirty, art thirty
If you put your hands on a Calhoun player
It's gon' get dirty, dirty
And everybody trying to claim boss
But that's just talk
You don't really wanna turn these mics off

They trying to slick us with our own slang
Using our words like back and forth
Just calling us up out our name
See and for that they gonna pay, pay
Everything they did in one week, I'ma do in one day

You can say that it's about to start
Don't call us rappers
'Cause nowadays a rapper ain't considered smart
So I just stay away from those haters
And anybody in my clique who roll with me, you a
creator

So it's like, who do you believe in?
Just like the hustler came back once
The clock is gon' strike twelve again
And I'm most requested in my old hood
From Martel to Springdale and all through Club
Candlewood

You can ask Cool Cane or Dre-High
Either Po-boy, Dirty Red, or they gon' cut? I'm fire, fire
And they consider me that raw, raw
And your partners where you represent
They say you got that flaw, flaw

And Cool Breeze, he got that hard, hard And ain't nobody taking nothing

And don't want nothing to start, start So when I'm riding through the hood, hood They respect me when they see me 'Cause they know I got that good, good

That's right, we got that good, good From every street to every borough And back to every hood, hood That's right, we got that good, good From every street to every borough And back to every hood, hood

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And can't nobody touch my team, team
Just like EJ from Southwest ATL
My partner got that green, green
And we gon' come through kicking the most game
Taking fo' sho' routes and pointing out the lane, lanes

So when you come and you ride through It won't be no mystery, who everybody listening to That's right 'cause all we do is stack, stack And Organize this Noize and everybody know that

Plus we testing out this new sound
Everybody done put down
Now we breaking up some new ground
'Cause we serve 'em up that real, real
And be forever Dirty South in this place we live, live

That's what make the brothers hawk, hawk
Trying to step up and showcase
All that is is talk, talk
See Cool Breeze, he ain't your fool, fool
So don't ask me no questions
Like what makes me so cool, cool

They'd rather see me in the Chain Gang
Than rolling a V-12, riding on them thang, thangs
I get respect out to Alabama
To the West Coast to the East
Then right back to Atlanta

And that's how we keep it tight, tight I come through busting the door first

Then we ship it out the same night So when I'm riding through the hood, hood They respect me when they see me 'Cause they know I got that good, good

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