

Cool Breeze

"The Calhouns"

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We East Pointing
Luciano, Pauly C., Briand
Freddie Brothers
Dungeon Family, Dungeon Family

There's some rules on these streets that we all go by
Dope on these streets that you don't buy
Girls in these streets that you let walk by
People on these streets that you don't try

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I got this hook-up with a Jamaican, he got that fire-fire
Roll it up, fold it up, now everybody sky high
Certain people that you don't try
Certain things that you don't buy

Listen, live, never try to make that fast sale
'Cause when you do, you be on Right Street making bail
When you ride, you better ride clean
Don't put no work in your pocket
Leaving stains in them Calhoun jeans

We living life and it's hard knocks
Some of y'all pushing weed, some of y'all pushing
straight rocks
That's why we organized and run with a team
When I get the Caddy, I flip-flop some cream

Looking out for girls that be trying to scheme
Wipe out the fakes, start some triple beam
So if you know a hustler, don't even cross that line
When you get caught up, go and do your time

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Now my brother told me, 'Never sit with your back to
the do'?'
Re-up, not when you out but when you start getting low
Play your game, maintain and watch who you playing
Look them laws dead in they eyes
And tell 'em you ain't seen a thing

Me and my folks on top, we run these blocks
We pay the President, the government, plus them dirty
cops
Pauly Calhoun, living million dollar dreams
Now spending the most, we represent the South Coast

With some utility trucks, blast them 'Greatest Hit'
Co-pilot, most dangerous gator mouth pit
'Cause we some hustling pros, never missing a beat
And we'll match any price if you find it this cheap
Trump tight, love hundred dollar bills
Secrets than can kill, you can trust me, my lips are
sealed

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Location unknown somewhere in the woods
Right back in the smoke stack, fire burning goods
Ain't nothing going on but sacking this hay
And stacking this pape'
Huh, we're loaded up and we'll be on our way

See, the last out the blocks is the left-overs
We in a LX 470, being trailed by a Rover
Trying to figure out who's 12th time snitching and this
click
And inside scoops got my partner pinched for a
chicken

See a hit, dog, I holler
When it gets tight around the collar

Never talk for a dollar
Rules of a Calhoun scholar

The rules, that's right
Gotta know the rules
Check it out

There's two things I was taught when I first got here
When East Point was nothing but a big dirt hill
That when you fight one-on-one, never pull a pistol
And you never put your hands on a Calhoun sister

Now these the type of things, you know that's right
It's like extra-player points, so live your life
Now he said he heard my tape the other day when he
was walking
It wasn't really like I was rapping
It was more like I was talking

I said, "Well, damn, playboy, I don't mean to be
bragging
But your girl wasn't really sucking
It was more like she was gagging"
Why he nagging? He ain't never showed no love
Man, every since I knew him, he always been a scrub

So I stepped to him and he wouldn't hit me
'Cause he knew I'd leave and come back
And have the whole East Point with me
So don't you think for once he took my heart
'Cause the table at my crib was a tree in his yard

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It's the Calhouns

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