

The Cool Kids

"Action Figures"

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What down world, the good feeling, what's hood with it
(hood with it)
I spit it for each his on
My images stay in the hood like the reaper's skull
It's all good in the hood long as we get on
Know how I felt the cops came in and said my uncle's
missing
Thought they was lying, couldn't bear to listen
A victim of chronic alcoholism and
Now he's buried under the hood like transmissions
So, the speculators are record breaking
Until they take my breath away feather weight niggas
levitate
There's got to be a better way
And they ain't running on treadmills when they running
to get rid of the extra weight
Same concept though, they just run in place
No progress, you always see the same faces
Over and over the cops pulling you over
To make sure they filling their quota
Like they your brother that's pulling you over and
harassing you
Flick-flash light flashing you, night stick bashing you
And then asking you if you sell drugs or shoot like
rappers do
That's the image we was giving, didn't like it from
beginning
Cuz the records that we spinning disrespectful to our
women
Can't say I'm not involved cuz they say I am a dog
That's one of my biggest flaws but that was all I was
taught
That's all that I know
And it's hard to disregard like sleeping with one eye
closed
No doze, no sleep cuz there's foes on the street
Vice Lords, Latin Kings, unknowns on the street
And there's mo's on the street
Gd's Bd's Sd's on the street
God forbid when they meet
Po-pos on the street

Crooked cops is the biggest gang on the block
patrolling the streets
Young Anakin is at it again
Skywalker, please that's what you can call me
While you trying to pose hard like mannequin men
Fully poseable arms with no kung-fu grip
Cuz you a doll not an action figure
Cuz you don't want action nigga
Don't ask for the dap, yo
Got to make it to the top floor
Cuz you know that I came from a grass growth
Watch and my cap low, itch it, scratch yo
Master said niggas got to come in through the back
door
Guess what black folks
If you ain't auditioning for a snail movie u ain't got to
act slow
I got too much too lose

Yo it's like T-bones on top shelves, the stakes is high
I let it drizzle on your brain like the filling when it rain
Take the symbol with the flame, the gold with the heat
With the timid in the lane and the bowl with the meat
The good with the bad, take the happy and the sad
That's what I call life, put it all in a bag
And what do we have, dude
It's like a scripture from Matthews
Bide my time unwind the twist tie and throw it back at
you/achoo
Like you sneeze from your spine, when you breathe
from behind
I'm a let you do you if you let me do mine
So please do recline and enjoy the show
Cuz even though

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