

The Cool Kids

"The Mayor"

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Intro (The Cook Kids)

Yeah yeah yeah yeah
So...I'm eating my scrambled eggs this morning
And then I think about it
I'm the mayor of the city
Yo where you all at man?

Verse (Ghostface Killah)

Yo it's Staten Island New York the forgotten borough
Home of the wallaby champ, we stay thorough
Since the days of snatchin' Lee patches
Stitching my name in my Kangols so my outfit matches
So we mashed out Wave Street, partied on Broad
Enter the 36 Chambers and swung swords
Bug when the Force MD's met the Fat Boys
Brought the ruckus like P.E. brought the noise
Slept on the ferry boat coming from L.Q.
The Purple Rain in the air had me stuck like glue
We would dry out Macy's, but 8 G's worth of Polo
See the dreaded one-sixty copping ounces for dolo
Stuffing 40's in brown bags dippin' from blue coats
Flickin' it up with new ropes staying new ghost
Stapleton the park yeah we stay stylin'
Staten Island a.k.a. Shaolin'!

Chorus (The Cool Kids)

In my city I'm the mayor
But I got a key to the city everywhere
I'm like the home team QB when I touchdown
Roll out the red carpet when I come round
In my city I'm the mayor
But I got a key to the city everywhere
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Verse (Scarface)

I'm from that 33rd

H town rider
Rep my city my neighborhood south sider
Out here we hustle til we touch it
It's all about a come up
If ain't no money in it we don't fuck with it
Gangsta Gangsta, now what the fuck are they yelling?
Late night hanging drug selling
This here the city of the astronauts
High as hell in the 550 smashing out like, vroom...
I'm on my way to the room
With a white girl looking like Vidal Sassoon
All up in the bathroom digging the guts out
Five in the morning I'm boning the fuck out
The H-O-U-S-T-O-N, damn...
It's like a million different cities in one
So everybody out here reppin' getting them some
We got drink, dro, dope, hos
Niggas pulling up in my Gallardo
Think fast, talk slow
Millinoaires out here, and you won't even know

The H...

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Verse (The Cool Kids)

I can't stop won't stop unless I got a flat
The flat head screwdriver reminding me that
That if I'm holding the right tools to screw in the joints
I'm good with both hands I must be from Detroit
The Motor Capital, the Capital D
The fourth letter of the alphabet
It's on in a Tigers' fitee
Bail out in the Olds' Cutlass Supreme
Where we iron blue collars and crease the jeans
Either in Mount Clemens, Six Mile, Grand River, Seven
Mile Greenfield
Right corner of the mitten
The home of the Red Wings, Lions, and the Pistons
First gate is for Chevrolet Detroit Michigan
Saying what up yo, what up Joe?

That's what I'm Saying
I don't think they understand outside the city limits
So give me a minute to unbutton my coat
And give a cheers to the man with his ears to the fan
Cause he hear all that cold shit,
blowin' in ghost shit, go again lake front
92 Grand Prix red with the gold rims number 8 Jordans
Here we on Maxwell Street for the Polish shit...
Grilled onions and no mustard...
Everybody from the go already know the biz...
Chuck's from Detroit, Mike's from the Chi
So it's Bulls, Tigers, Lions, and Bears, oh my!

Chorus (The Cool Kids)

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Outro

Aw yeah!
City to city!
On the road!
Claiming my city!
We represent this city!
As we explore around the counry, and around the world
in fact
Let us go to the new worlds together
Not as new worlds to be conquered but as a new
adventure to be shared.

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