

Mistah Fab

"This What's Cool"

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Chorus:

My city got more murders than yours
My hood got more killers than you
My block got more drug dealers than you
And it's the type of shit that niggas really think it's cool!
They're telling on their cell, look at the Instagram
pictures
Posing with guns, rolling weed, blowing swishers
Sipping hell of syrup, drinking hell of liquor
And it's the type of shit that niggas really think it's cool!

We salute the drug dealers but look down on drug
users
When both are the problem, that's no hope for the
future
We're bragging incarceration, like that deserves
congratulations
We have welcome home parties, but neglect those that
are graduating!
We drink poison, smoke death, snore lethal, shoot evil
Fabricate about our wealth, and willing to die for their
people
Fake love for fake thugs.. one shouldâ€¦!
And as soon as we lose a loved one we just add them
to our swears like:
"Swear on lil G, no! Swear on baby T
But I swear these swears really don't mean anything!"
It's an escape from the lies and the harsh realities
And a constant reminder about the constant casualties
See, we claim to be brothers, but we kill one another
Can't love that child when child don't love that mother!
Can't love that son, when son don't love that father
Ain't nobody listening, man, why should I even bother?

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I was watching world star the other day seen a two year
old that smoke
In my city the other day, a two year old got smoked!
Black people praised the preacher like Roman Catholics
praise the Pope
Church house or crack house with chapel one gives you
hope!
Obama won again so now they are saying two terms
But as long as we ear the two chains, no one really has
concerns
That's no distant city, that's my brother one fifty
Just a mentality and the youth is all bad in my city!
Hurts my heart to see the news, as the people we're
confused
As a man loses wife, waiting in line for some shoes
Like a hundred and fifty dollars is life valued like
Twenty five to life for someâ€¦!
And it's hard in the ghetto, man the light it's not
smooth
But leave it after us, you will think this life's cool like:

Posing with guns, rolling weed, blowing swishers
Sipping hell of syrup, drinking hell of liquor!

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They sayâ€¦ fell off, bring back the yellow bus
I say OK, I'mma bring back promotion of the drugs
The death and the violence, the bullets and the guns
The misguided message, the waste of righteous
tongue
The fuck tomorrow attitude, the malice and the ruin
Then what am I doing? Just wasting my influence!
The care free, twenty three, young fly me
I'm cool, thanks to my daughter, Liberty

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