

## **54th Platoon F/ Lil' Jon, The Eastside Boyz**

### **"Cool as Hell"**

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(Chorus 2x)

(Murphy Lee)

Ay yo we hard-hittin always been cool as hell

(Ali)

I got them trees in my mirror so my car won't smell

(Kyjuan)

Sittin round the house gettin blowed watchin the tube

(Nelly)

Er-errything in my garage got on shoes

(Murphy Lee)

Ay yo I'm Murphy Lee the Beny Whipper

I got the one wit the deez on it

Only reason I got it cuz he didn't want it

5'9" fresh off the sideline with high rise

First Polo shine off the cover like a high time

(Ali)

It's like I wake up an' it's pourin'

Ladies was on us like Sean John

Rims, Timbs, and them Slims with the green

I don't chill I mantain, sip the pain struggle bottle

Chiefin', You know gettin head from a model

(Kyjuan)

I'm only gon' do what Kyjuan gon' do

Let's paint the Cutty blue

'72 lookin brand new on 20 inch shoes

7 inch greens big jeans I'm chiefin the green

Feelin like +Andre and Big Boi+ +So Fresh, So clean+

(Nelly)

I tell ya we gon make it happen while you look to the sky

It's the N-E-smoke to-L's dont ask me-Y

4-42 on the lyin don't pass me by

Paint like onions make a grown man cry

(Chorus 2x)

(Murphy Lee)

Ay yo my money like a Black Man March  
Jeans Baggy and Starched  
Vokal Sweater matchin the leather  
In my third car not braggin  
I'm just workin and saggin and laughin  
That you haters that said it couldn't happen  
It's goin down-down, shit's official like referees  
It consits of Labade with more Bills than Bellamy  
You tellin me you're cooler than me cooler than me  
Dirty Murphy Lee negative a hundred degrees

(Ali)

Foot on the Prowler you bail  
Most of my heros don't appear on no stem  
They came on the hemp and tryna put a clamp on this  
rap game  
Baby girl where you goin whats happenin  
You hop game picture perfect platinum frame  
2 seater black seniorita face and flame  
I'm in the G-shop khaki shorts, K-swiss  
College Boy, in the winter rock courdordary

(Kyjuan)

Interior so cocaine white I get popped from fiends  
Three Fosgate 12's never pull up quiet like Mr. Bean  
Know what I mean, Tic's on the team, post it up like  
Kareem  
And got to put my hand on my chin to floss my rings  
Ain't no K-weezy, has to cock like ada-beezy, spin be  
easy  
Oogin oh, holdin it down believe me  
It's feezy's of the heezy, We be in somebody's  
basement beats by Jason  
And Gran call me Chris and Jason

(Nelly)

You see that '88 SS Monte Carlo  
Power locks and doors got to watch the road  
Got a hundred forty four spoke down in the block hoes  
Down the top goes I live a cost and pose  
Cocked and 4 doors keep me costin hoes  
Costin shows in my pockets costs is swole  
Leavin Mosac in the club and in the hospital  
Obstacles, jumpin over like starter fo gold  
You know we...

(Chorus 2x)

(Murphy Lee)

It's like a movie especially when I move the E-S  
Three-twenty with the espio ki's

Young Dude doin 90 and sported by police  
We bread paint leather ravioli

(Ali)

Banana Republic the public gon love it  
Still it downloadin and dubbin boo leggin is rugged  
Wag it and dirty I'm with my dirty in the Bentley  
Allah sent me to save souls don't tempt me I'm simply...  
(Cool as hell)

(Kyjuan)

On the playstation got the room smellin amazin  
What we blaze in purple haze taste and time wastin  
Take cats out the hood, I take em' on a vacation  
City to city, wake up with somethin pretty wit tig ol'  
bitties

(Nelly)

That nigga named Nel be cold as hell  
Straight out the muthafuckin' STL  
Chronic smoke inhale then exhale  
Donuts an fishtails in the black CL  
Cuz we...

(Chorus 2x)

(Nelly)

WOOOOO!  
Er-errything in my garage got on shoes

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