

The Luniz

"Is it kool?"

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featuring Eightball & MJG

Verse 1

As I preceed to count my dividends
plenty ends that I done made with plenty bitches
with plenty men that they done played I'm laid back up
in the cut with a cup of yak
I raise up with all the game that I've been holdin back
take your pumps off bitch let me check out yo heals
we pimps from Houston Texas to California for real
my pockets hurtin baby I need some financial love
so get where you supposed to and, do
what you does, get your facial done baby
do your physic well, no holdin jail over
resent mail, no hoes with no clothes
torn up and ripped apart
domestic violence bitches want out battered and
scared
you fake hoes take of your drawls take yo pajamas
beat it with a hammer and scrape it across the ground
I found a new bitch for MJG, and the Luniz
this pimpin got me on cloud 10, I'm feelin zumie

Chorus

Hustlin, It's in my nature
Hustlin, don't be afraid
Hustlin, It's in my nature
Hustlin, don't be afraid

Verse 2

I'm creatin' havok on hood spots
the hustle don't quit until the good stop
but don't sleep we leavin' cars on wood blocks
an lookin for could be nots drivin by lookin wide-eyed
gone acid washed jeans T-shirt lookin tyedyed
FM beats lettin loose on big trips to Vegas
candy green polly dubbed nips lookin outrageous
big pimpin and panderin, big boostin and gamblin

everything is all good until police start manhandlin
picture me grappled, scrapped, snatched up by yo
asshole
indicted on some chump charges that I didn't even ask
for
gettin hustled by wild boys, like gettin lassoed by
cowboys
any instructions given he put some more shit on like,
now boy
like I'm supposed to jump out my Nikes and start
sweatin
boss said anything, I'm makin the plan to start jettin off
oo- ah dont look behind until my shoes stop
the only thing on my mind is losin you cop

Chorus

Verse 3

Someone's knockin at my door, oh, who could it be
big baller with the sawed off choppin off all below your
knees
I testify, not glorify, when I get high
tell all that listen what I see through my blood shot eyes
my peers they die, why, over they set they ride on
cheddar cheese
on they knees, how, one to the head behind them keys
I dip through, the town on a rocket ship sittin on twinkie
smokin sticky, and breathin until my breathe get stinky
pops that pinky, never could seem to get his shit
together
ran like DMC, left me livin thougher than leather,
teenage eyes
soakin up the streets like a sponge, drugs and guns
and freakin hoes seemed to be so fun, from the
beginnin
I've been sittin tryin to be winnin, dissin bitches
fuckin hoes, conversatin with women, workin out
pimp ass nigga since my day of birth, its in my blood
nigga
I'm gonna hustle till I leave this earth

Chorus

Verse 3

Nigga, it's in my blood to fuck around with these thugs
straight villans, drug dealin, 38 snuff consume niggas
buck pealin
I love millions, plus stackin them chips on up to the
ceiling

sittin on fat like banks, wit out no scratch and no dank
we gettin bank, to set it off like Jada Pinkett
in a major way, just witness, business flossin
boss playas kickin champagne wishes before this rap
business
playas I went from rags to riches
to havin cash and bad ass bitches
since day one, yo nigga been slangin that A-1 yola
hit ups savings, for razor blades and bakin soda, paper
chasin, usin V-12 to swell up the cola, baby just shakin
turnin the liquid form into bolas, I Chef like Raekwon
those friends that wanna blaze
one come over, dropped the napalm, until you scream
straight cream on up, coughin up they lungs they come
back screamin
for more when it's over, slangin these head rhymes to
young soldiers
these ??? known as hustlers, nigga

Chorus
(until end)

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