

## **Bonney Rice**

### **"Coolie High"**

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You need to come inside and check Lo  
Relax yourself and let the sugar Lo flow  
Coolie High got you wide  
You need to come inside and check Lo  
Relax yourself and let the sugar Lo flow  
Coolie High keeps you wide  
You need to come inside and check Lo  
Relax yourself and let the sugar Lo flow  
Coolie got you wide  
You need to come inside and check Lo  
Relax yourself and let the sugar Lo flow

Verse One:

Its rainin alizay  
Im floatin through the Holland tunnel swervin  
Im diggin on the Sheeba  
Pullin Sheeba she be splergin  
We lurkin with the coon  
Cuz we be murkin from the boogie  
And shittin on the crowds  
Cuz they jive fakin woody

Yeah..

Tre shots of life for all night you dig it  
Camp-ah hotta pinata  
Too big quiver get hipper  
Spillin coffee inside my automo' Aldo  
Crackin satin and leather  
What's happenin bullet convincer  
Cash straight outta comic..  
Books catchin the flurry  
Keep your eye on the Lo  
Where Mr....

Cuz we comin wit hammers and drivers  
With the buddahs and rugars  
And shot cruisers and rovers  
Diamond crooks.. takin it over  
With razors and cutters  
With the sugar and butters

Pimp the seasons in leathers  
We live for Coolie High treasures  
And..

Check the queen bee Lady Ree diggin Grace  
Check the place 3 o clock shat no we aint  
Fred and Cot bring it in the paint no such thing  
Blasts of dynamite sing my superfly to the..  
Cleopatra in the casino with gold sugar  
Dig my harlequinn  
And drench you with my diner garments

From Beva to Bevro in the Montaro slidin to Dero  
With bottles of Asti Spumanti to tranquilize my heaven  
Count seven we gettin explicit shootin sugar to the  
shorties  
Luchini to spare let me see you  
Its losin the air  
Word life

Chorus:

You need to come inside and check Lo  
Relax yourself and let the sugar Lo flow  
Coolie High got you wide  
(repeat 3X)

You need to come inside and check Lo  
Relax yourself and let the sugar Lo flow

Verse Two:

Lo keeps the party live  
The 80 proof is leakin got me screachin  
Jersey Drive  
We screamin cuz we caliber is bring it  
Im layin in the purple rain until I see some action  
We movin motionless.. continuos and thats happenin

We got the bubbly pourin through me and Cleopatra's  
casino  
See back in Coolie High Jack and Jitterbugs and  
Dolemite's outta site Anti-hatahs cats in the city  
On the money takin the tri-state under sore savant  
Billy Holidayin' the Foxy Browns with my Harlequinns  
Penny he repellin reflected crystals is Hollywood

Dont pull the stars  
Cuz we lickin Cuban cigars.. and sippin Moe  
Playin the jigga cotton  
The figgas on the Lo and Lo

Blessin the dimes  
Keepin my Camp is on the higher flow  
Livin the crimes hittin them slide  
For the c-note

Yo..  
President city  
Pourin right on the JJs and Sautee  
Cab Callowayin the last of the finest Shot Sirius  
Christ is comin lower  
with Jiggas less to zero that  
Sex the Lo  
Dice the Lo  
Ill tell you what  
On the night vision decision underneath the silver  
moon  
Boy from company C A day sugar love

Chief be for stonin  
Robbin chero be for midnight  
The safety's off the toaster  
And my shadow's by the moonlight  
Cuz Data's on the levels and the Lo is on the EQ  
My stamina is sugar  
And its love love forever yall

Chorus

Outro:

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Camp Lo-ah (x27)

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