

Cool Kids, The

'88'

Visit "[88](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Break it
Bop it
Niggas beat-boxin'

[Verse 1:]

I do what I do like I do it for TV
I guess what I'm doin' I'm doin' to keep the...
Shoes on my feet sweeter than sweet peas
So you sucker MC's really can't out-step me
I grab 'em like I rock 'em from 9-5
Self employed, kickin' [?] is my hobby and job
Easy rock be's with bass, ladies callin me Rob
Bass, bass, bass, bass
I'm on my '88 shit
Cuban link chains and Gezel frame lens
Guess Jeans, stone-washed
Rockin' top 10 beats
Flickin' on my fit
I got my foot lookin like a '88 draft pick
Is that sick? It gets sicker than the flu
And sir, you came to pretend I'm [?]
Attain you a class on how to be cool
And in fact, I'm the superintendent of the school
Uh, yeah and I'm back on my job
I press and twist knobs
Just to make your head nod
All you wack rappers need to keep your day job
And my work here is done, I'm a take the day off

[Chorus:]

Do the smurf, Do the wop, Baseball bat
Rooftop, like I'm bringin '88 back
Do the smurf, Do the wop, Baseball bat
Rooftop, like I'm bringin '88 back
(Smurf it, Wop it, at the bus stop and)
(Break it, Bop it, Niggas beat-boxin)
Do the smurf, Do the wop, Baseball bat
Rooftop, like I'm bringin '88 back
(Smurf it, Wop it, at the bus stop and)
(Break it, Bop it, Niggas beat-boxin)
Do the smurf, Do the wop, Baseball bat

Rooftop, like I'm bringin '88 back

[Verse 2:]

We know who this be, it's me, no secrets
Stuck to the beat and glued to the sequence
Igloos [?] than we is
You can catch us walkin on the weekend
While you awkwardly breathin
From all the second hand smoke
Nigga, you a square
Lit you at the tip, blow it in the air
We don't play fair
And that's a fact
Separate the people from the squares
Like a nicotine patch
Lookie here, quite honestly (that just made no sense)
You're gonna have to pardon me
I'm a modern day fly machine
Yes sir, that's absurd
But the best word to describe would be "ah"
Piffed, mad as me
Which hand is free?
Shake the one that is and I gotta handle my biz
Until I got the achin ribs
Salute to all them scally-wags and fresh kids, yes

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

We can dance if you wanna (80s thing, idk where he
got that line from)
We can leave your friends behind
Cause if your friends don't dance
And if they don't dance
Then they ain't no friends of mine
Yo, it just hit me
I'm the fresh prince
And that means I'm Will (as in Will Smith from Fresh
Prince of Bel-Air)
And I chill with the chicks
In the week on the real
It might feel like a kick in the back
From gorillas, but chill that's the skill that I pack
(sounds weird but that what he said, improvement from
[?])
Yes son, you need to rock while I do the wop
Old schoolers bop cooler while we movin through the
spot
Dancin through the roof '88 frames on Adidas track suit
Ask who? Be quiet when the game's on (relates to the
next line about championships)

Cause I'm in champion ship
And I going through time in my championship
We cannot fall
So I'm leaving you with these 3 words
Yes, yes ya'll

[Chorus:]

Do the smurf, Do the wop, Baseball bat
Rooftop, like I'm bringin '88 back
Do the smurf, Do the wop, Baseball bat
Rooftop, like I'm bringin '88 back
(Smurf it, Wop it, at the bus stop and)
(Break it, Bop it, Niggas beat-boxin)
Do the smurf, Do the wop, Baseball bat
Rooftop, like I'm bringin '88 back
(Smurf it, Wop it, at the bus stop and)
(Break it, Bop it, Niggas beat-boxin)
Do the smurf, Do the wop, Baseball bat
Rooftop, like I'm bringin '88 back

Smurf it, Wop it, at the bus stop and
Break it, Bop it, Niggas beat-boxin
Smurf it, Wop it, at the bus stop and
Break it, Bop it, Niggas beat-boxin

Visit [Cool Kids. The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.