

Cool Kids, The "Action Figures"

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[Intro:]

Yeah yeah yeah yeah (Uh-huh)
Lemme talk to you for a minute

[Verse 1:]

What down world the good feelin what's hood with it
(hood with it),
I spit it the each is on,
My images stay in the hood like the reapers skull,
It's all good in the hood long as we get on,
Know how I felt the cops came in and said my uncles
missin,
The famous line couldn't bare to listen,
A victim of chronic alcoholism and,
Now hes buried under the hood like transmissions,
So I speculators are record breakin,
Till they take my breath away feather weight niggas
levitate,
There's gotta be a better way,
And they ain't runnin on treadmills when they runnin to
get rid of the extra weight,
Same concept though they just run in place,
No progress you always see the same faces,
Over and over the cops pulling you over to make sure
they fillin there quota,
Like they a brother that's pulling you over,
And harassing you flick-flash light flashing you,
Night stick bashin you and then askin you,
If you sell drugs or shoot like rappers do,
That's the image we was givin didn't like it from
beginning,
Cause the records that we spinnin disrespectful to our
women,
Can't say I'm not involved cause they say I am a dog,
That's one of my biggest flaws but that was all I was
taught,
That's all that I know,
And it's hard to disregard like sleeping with one eye
closed,
No dose no sleep cause these fools from the street,
Vice Lords Latin Kings unknowns on the street,

And there's mo's on the street,
Gd's Bd's Sd's on the street,
God forbid when they meet,
Popos on the street,
Crooked cops they the biggest gang on the block
patroling the streets,
Young Annakin is at it again,
Skywalker please that's what you can call me,
While you tryna pose hard like manikin men,
Fully posable arms with no kung-fu grip

[Chorus:]

Cause you a doll not an action figure,
Cause you don't want action nigga,
Don't ask for the gap yo,
Gotta make it to the top though,
You know that I came from a grass growth,
Watchin my cop low,
Itch it scratch yo,
Master said niggas gotta come in through the back
door,
Guess what black folks,
If you ain't auditioning for a snail moving u ain't gotta
act slow,
I got too much too lose

[Verse 2:]

Yo it's like T-bones on top shelves the stakes is high,
I let it drizzle on your brain like the fillin when it rain,
Take the symbol with the flame the gold with the heat,
With the timid in the lane with the bowl with the meat,
The good with the bad take the happy and the sad,
That's what I call life pull it all in a bag,
And what do we have dude it's like a scripture from
matthews,
Buy my time unwind the twist tie and throw it back at
chu,
Like this sneeze from your spine when u breathe from
behind,
I'm a let you do you if you let me do mine,
So please do recline and enjoy the show... cause even
though...

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