

Cool Kids, The "Looseleaf Paper"

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Yea, check it. I'm a real dude with real problems real
issues. I live life just like you do.
I eat food, stayed up late nights grindin to the tissue,
grandpa gone but God is still
With you. I guess death is just another form of rest but,
nonetheless I ain't in no rush
To be another body layin on the corners desk I'm fresh
to death. Well I ain't really tryna
Be that fresh. On this rap tip, he clips you next. So you
on deck? Be calm. Yo, how
Am I supposed to be calm when I'm, tired of being on
deck like Tony Hawk and I grind
The same so niggas is all talk. I feel like I'm gettin
strangled by angel halos. Irony, I
Know it is, the chronic for older kids. Hooked on
phonics, ebonics is for the slower
Kids. Time provided I'll show you just what a poet is. I
know what it is yo. See I'm
Angel hat high while you grade polo. And I still go
deeper than most. I kick rhymes
With a steel toe, reason to boast. Keep my head above
water man keep it afloat.
And if I start sinking I know, I got a couple niggas with
me in my boat. Shoot three
At my head, homie. Man before it's all said. They gone
give you foreign exchange
Just like Fez. No Eric, no Red, no Donna, no Kelso. This
ain't that kinda show, so.
While you was hanging out, down the street, doin the
same old thing that you did
Last week. I was off inside the lab offmitting my
speech, and all you haters do is
Sleep, ya'll could rest in peace. Peace

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