

Mo Better Cool

Big K.R.I.T.

Glisten like the sun off the candy
Got the tool in the dash, keep at hand
Jammin', up and down the boulevard, swang
Trunk still bangin', screens still hangin'
Old habits die hard, ain't shit changed
Bumping, still reclined, still swang and bang
Grippin' wood grain, grippin' wood grain

I remember when I used to roll
A bucket, no ducket to my name and my soul
Hoes used to front everywhere I go
But that's cool
Yea shit changed cause we on
Now I'm tailor made, choppin' blades and I'm grown
Now the same hoes won't leave me alone
But that's cool

So now usually I don't boast or brag
But, today different
Went from bucket, brake scrappin', to swinging like Kenny Griffey
I was scrawny than a motherfucker
When I was younger, got my weight up like a jumper
Now I'm solid with' these numbers
Maxin' out on these hoes, Marinated my pimpin'
Cause when you season they peepin'
And scrape it right out the skillet
Got a vision for vixens, drop it low like the bass
Her pussy tighter than pliers that squeeze the wine outta grapes
So I hit it slow
Flea flicker, give and go
I know that the shine the only reason she kick it for
I went from not a thing, to a Caddy frame, throw it off in the game
When you came and you got changed, shit can't be the same
So I'm chillin', bumpin', grillin'
Hollin' out fuck the feeling's of critics
That claim they come from slums but they from my village for real
Cause while these lames sittin' still
I hit the road, broke the mold, and came up on a mil
BITCH!

Man I'm a wild motherfucker, back when I was round 20
Fuck niggas thought you wouldn't find me round any
Rollin' one deep in the Buick parked ave
With a sawed off shotgun that cut your ass in half
Laughin' at these niggas that was hatin' on the low
Cause on the cool, I was puttin' dick off in they ho
And on the cut, you couldn't short stop me for the blow
Cause I be with the pistol, knockin' on your front door
See where I come from, you can't just tell me that you hard
Niggas'll come and box you up in your front yard
Betta' to not talk about pullin' out the GAT
Cause on sight we put that 9 milli to yah' hat
Now as I got older, my rep got colder
These niggas wouldn't dare to knock the chip up off my shoulder
Certified soldier with the stripes that'll prove it
I got my reputation in the streets, fuck the music

Yea! Reporting live from the ceiling, enjoy the view bitch
Sho' gone make a killin', ain't nothin' new bitch
Cept' the pressure from the heckle checkin' from the nosebleeds
Ho please, I can't even see you from my flo' seats
The boy came to play and no this ain't a game
Dunkin', trunkin, thumpin' purple colored gators mayne
Hold up, this win is on us
It's a celebration, bitch, every time I show up
Get in the way, get swole up
That's no luck for anyone tryna outshine us
Plenty of haters that couldn't get haters are heard steppin' behind us
Better catch on to our coattails, I boast well, while I shit talk
That bullshit we don't let walk
Cripple their chances, cripple advances, stickin' the landin'
Then I, jumped up off the porch with'
All of this dough that I'm gone get
Respect that or get yo' dome split
And on it I stay, no reprieve for no punk
Consider your ship sunk, I'm just bein' Big Sant bitch