

Halftime Show

Cozz

Look, Look, Look, Look, Nigga
And my hat to the back with a brew in the hand
Like the Mac in the frat but I failed math class
Drinking, Olde English and that's that
Now a nigga rap for the racks
Shout out to the pack
Tone, Meez, and my nigga Matt
Yeah I said the Mack, but a matter of fact you can call me Jack
Try and put me in the box but I ain't having that
I can not be trapped, but I could ignore rap
Man please, we gone be good regardless
Through the rain and the hardships cause God is aware where my heart is
We got this, young gardeners
Accomplished a lot and I just started
So pardon me, I'm usually modest, but now I got to be brutally honest
I'm riding around like the Uzi's and all with not giving a fuck
The bitches talk tough cause they trying to get us to fuck
But I don't ever listen when we groupies is talkin'
I know that coochie is tarnished
Shit, Bitch you acting like my group be retarded
You can't fool me at all
Shit, I'll be damned
It's more "fuck you and Uncle Sam"
You on the same damn team with the same damn dream
At my halftime show tryin' to fuck up my bands
Trying to fuck up my bands
Man y'all niggas can't fuck with my band
Too many niggas with the trumps in they hands, Dddr!
Now mother fuckers can't stand and
I can't stand when you niggas play, dog
When it come to new heart, LA nigga
Blood or Crip man you know you gotta say Cozz
What you thought? I was gone be in the hood forever?
I'm no Jedi, and I, got a feeling when I get to the money I'll be good forever
Doesn't Cody Macc and cheese sound so good together?
Doubt me, nigga you should never
I spit lines that go over your head but your neck still could get severed
You could be clever, but I spit the stupid bars and y'all fools just listen
Man ya'll fools just trippin'
Mother fucker
And that's real, mother fucker
And that's really real, mother fucker
One time for the, one time for the dollar signs
One time for the, one time for the hoes
I'm off that Grey Goose, Yeah!