

Tryna Be Cool

D12

I'm just tryna be cool
But you about to make me act a fool
You drink some cognac, smoke a sack
Now you think you hard in front of your crew
Now you about to see at you
I'm just tryna be cool (I'm just tryna be cool)
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Gettin me fired up is somethin' you don't wanna do
Boutta mess around and fire this tool
I'm just tryna be cool

Detroit, Michigan, murder-rate high
98% chance you might die
And I'm that guy that will put you in the sky
Stay high, with the chrome .45
All I want is drinking, smoke that weed
Grand-daddy kush, no sticks and seeds
Everythin' good and the party's jumpin'
'Til a nigga opens his mouth and say somethin'
(Fuck D12! You niggas is wack!)
Bottles get cracked, niggas' faces get smacked
Phone calls get made, niggas pull out guns
Bullets start to fire, you better duck and run
Funeral home's called, arrangements made
Closed casket, AKs get sprayed
All because nigga couldn't close his mouth
Next time, I'ma stay in the house
Detroit!

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Poor ass niggas are on a mission to piss me off
Put me in a position to spit on they momma
I'm laid back, it's hard to ignore the drama
And ain't shit poppin' 'til you pourin some Vodka
Now they talkin' about puttin me in a box
I'm not givin' these bastards a chance to prosper
When I get hostile, my doctor is beggin' me to stop
'Cause my blood pressure be risin' constant
See, I don't talk shit, yappin this nonsense
I listen to these niggas and respond with violence
So why should I try to go to church on Sunday
To get irked, just so I can murk em on Monday?
If you want gunplay, get your shit right
My attitude is animalistic, I don't fistfight
I don't believe in a peaceful night, fool
There's always a nigga tryna light my fuse
But fuck you!

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It's hard being humble
When you're walkin' through the jungle
And every living being in that bitch wanna hunt you
The instincts kick in and the sharks smell blood
When the shit gets to , best to pop a clip in, I'll finish 'em
Any other talk is irrelevant
Take the speech out, bullets arrest your development
Ain't nothin' poppin' this way, leave his body misplaced
Gun stay smokin' like G-Money by the fish tank
I could show a nigga what's a real show stopper
Spray 'em like Arnold when I get to the chopper
I take threats serious, point blank - period
George gets banana clipped if he gets curious
Take us for a joke if you wanna lose your life
Twelve gauge, make a plans for her and you tonight
Call it a day, shot in the face, poppin' the waist
Sluts be the liquor, buckshot be the chase

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