

# Mr. Kool

Giggs

Here come Mr. Kool

Yeah nigga I love it  
Ain't a nigga to talk shit I'm a nigga that does it  
Couple more months and this shit'll be covered  
Take it back to the trap house or the brick in the cupboard  
South side so I'm living it southern  
White girl get the boxes and cut 'em  
When will it stop I ain't stopping for nothing  
Index right on top of the button  
Shout Bob yeah that nigga's my cousin  
Sitting down having us a real nigga discussion  
Real talk all my niggas that suffered  
Who them, man them niggas are suckers  
Big boss star on the side of the busses  
Chicks going nuts I don't know what the fuss is  
You say you want to fuck well then give up the crutches  
She's willing to fuck me if I will her to touch it

Yeah I got my kool backs sitting on stacks with girls in Cadillacs  
Leaning hard and we're puffing  
Keep it on low, 'bout the niggas get amulets?  
Yeah Mr Kool's back, stand on my grind  
Don't distract just, where is at?  
Leaning hard and we're puffing and we're puffing and we're puffing

Yeah nigga the poet, man that nigga from UK damn that nigga be flowing  
That nigga go hard and doesn't he know it  
Take it back to the old days I was getting to slow  
Every other day I be getting a show in  
Chicks going nuts, caressing and blowing  
Pool parties I be dipping my toe in  
They calling me poison, I be Bel Biv Devoe-ing  
Well fuck that man I'm keeping it going  
If I keep niggas guessing I keep them from knowing  
The lethalest weapon is speaking my poem  
So the police won't rest, they try keep me from blowing  
Is it sow what you reap or you reap what you're sowing  
Sometimes you walk in and don't know where you're going  
[?] bless his people below him  
Setting lessons in life that'll teach us to know him

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