

Cosby Sweater

Hilltop Hoods

Watch me do my thing
Get lost into my sing, yeah
Hot, like New Orleans
In Cosby crew and jeans, yeah

Do not awaken, stare a lot and vacant
Living in conditions of the modern matrix
Only bad rhymes running proper naked
Only point I made you with the bullet was a paper
I ain't here to fight some dude, and fuck around with his spouse
I'd rather light your mood and burn it down with the house
Eat your heart from the groove on account of the bounce
And lick her like Tom Cruise, up and down on a couch
Status never mattered, ever acted whether like
Christina Aguilera, just let yourself go
Matter Pressure and endeavor that is better left
Christine track a record to let you all know
Would the kings even home us
But to these kingdoms it won't just
Slap a rapper like Solange Knowles
To the gathering known all that matter like a black hole

And it's all good
And it's all good
And it's all good
And it's all good

I feel like Bobby Fischer
Always four moves ahead of
My competition, listen they ain't gonna stop me ever
I feel as large as Biggie, swear it could not get better
I feel in charge like Biggie, wearing that Cosby sweater
Wearing that Cosby sweater
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I'm a step up every chance when I rumble
They all call me champ of the Jungle
It's fitting
I'm a get drunk and dance like your uncle
Until I'm all hands like your uncle
I'm kidding
The venomous, and then when I enter, then it's over
When I'm spitting venom, I'm as generous as Oprah
You get a scar! You get a scar! You get a scar!
Me drunk in the back of a rental car
Pat Benatar, love is a battlefield
Here to get you out your seat like a battle drill
I'm in the saddle still, a little saddle sore
Smash you out the stratosphere, flashy as a matador
When I'm dressed like Theo's Dad
In a cougie listening to Kool G Rap
I won't beat around the bush like a seventies porn
I'll make you wish that you'd never been born

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Take a ride on the wild side of this alley
We could fire up the night like Prince Harry
Fuck the high life, we could vibe like
We got white lines hanging from behind like we're just married

I'll turn the art form into a bloodsport
I make pea soup out of a pea brain
They wanna run the streets like parkour
I'd rather run these tracks like a steam train

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