

Oh That's Cool

Kur

Ambitious writing raps I'm up 'til 6
Think I'll get a Maybach with the bucks I get
Bitches getting to attached, get fucked and dissed
Really love that they lack, they fuckin' quick
Spin the question when they talk about love and shit
So depressing I was strung out on drugs and shit
Family members giving me fake hugs and shit
I don't know wassup with that
Called the bitch like 9 or ten time
Felt like she was lying about where she was at
Think about it I was tripping I don't know what I was on, I guess I was in my act
I sold the rights to 180 for 10 Thou
At the time, man I really needed cash
Yea I say needed cash, when I got that cash ain't do shit but by vans
Gotta take more trips, gotta see more shit, gotta get new fans
Yea niggas in the city they be hating but the hate really coming from ya man
All these bitches know who everybody dating, know who everybody fuckin, cuz the gram

I'm telling niggas you to slow catch up to me
I'm never letting Reem go, he stuck wit me
Wan mom took me in, put up wit me
Me and Wan bond tight, that love is deep

Punching niggas who get hype and tryna scream
Wasn't worried bout the pints, the plug was green
Dre remember all them nights, we cruise'n speed
Trade the fame for E back, that's cool wit me
They say bring the streets back, That's cool wit me

Oh that's cool wit me
No fake jewelry
No fake stories b
Oh that's cool with me
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Oh that's cool with me
Oh that's cool
Oh that's cool wit me
Oh that's cool with me

Put my all into rap can't be part time
Hard times, Britt was there through all the dark times
Call Don, Shop Boyz get a sharp line
Sharpnack out there tryna off dimes

I know niggas bringing theirs, so I brought mines
Don got all them years hope my dawg fine
Brought that bitch to NY, she was all my smiles
Told me she ain't never been, I'm like "what, how?"
I been watching what I spend, so the bucks pile
Look I'm thankin' God again for all the ups, downs
I don't follow, I set trends I'm from uptown
Gas station in a Benz filling up now

They around for my wins, what about the downs?
I was down to my last, thought about some pounds

All these niggas low key crabs, I don't want em round
Youngin's like fuck mask when they gunning down
She think I ran into some cash wanna come around
The other I day smoked a half
The other day I took a half
We took whatever niggas had, to survive
Rest in peace my grand dad, I could cry
Rest in peace my cuz Les, damn why
Rest in peace my brudda Greg
I'm leaving bitches on read
I be trippin in my head
I ain't tripping over cred
I'mma get it when all said and done, I'm on the edge
I was smoking with my dog that's on the run, that nigga fled
Shoulda only took 1, But I took a few meds
Dog I needa number 1, and ima get it I ain't pressed
I forgot that it was chess
I was thinking bout my brothers, I ain't got too many left