

Cool J

Roy Woods

I was keyed when I came here, it's not gon' be my fuckin' play (Ayy)
Ah, what I tell you? What I tell you? What I tell you?
Always how it is (I'm sayin'), Ayy, KBeaZy, you fired up

I been goin' everywhere he can't go (Can't go, nigga)
Cool J, nigga, with the Kangol
I been hittin' pussy from an angle (Oh yeah)
Feel like Peso Peso with these pesos, ahh (Peso, peso, peso, peso)

Crodie brought the K, these niggas scared off (Cronem)
I'ma mash up the pussy like potatoes (Mash it up)
And the feds ain't on 'em 'cause they paid off, yeah (Paid)
Call that nigga Joe, he a traitor (Uh-huh)
Got his bitch up in my bed and she laid up, yeah (Uh-huh)
Had to switch to LA like the Oakland Raiders (Yeah, I switch it up)
Call a rasta from Jamaica let him air it out (Rasta mon, rasta mon)
I ain't into hearing stories that they made up (Nah, nah, nigga)
Money coming in the mail without a pay stub (Money coming in)
There's college bitches in the party like the Sugar Bowl
Her mama's getting fucked up like it's the Super Bowl (She a MILF)
These diamonds dancing on my neck, I got the winner's gold (Damn, damn)

We ain't talking paper when we talking magazines
Rock star status but not no Adam Levine
Rolling like some tires when I'm rolling off a bean
Pops was a hustler, I got hustle in my genes

I was riding dirty but the feds thought I was clean (I was clean)
I was making money, breaking bread off for my team (Making money)
We was going places that you niggas never been (Yeah)
We was doing things that these niggas never seen (Yeah, yeah)
Paid it one time, over a hunnid and ten (Paid it one time)
Pay me one time, bitch, you owe me a percent (Pay me one time)
Young nigga hustle since 2010
Bubbly, Hennessy, tequila, keep the gin, uh
Bitches and niggas playing games they don't want to win
If I call up K, then you know we get it in (If I call up K, yeah)
So much smoke in the room I'ma need some oxygen
There's a ghost in the room, you just didn't know who it is
Watch how a nigga whip the money to a Benz
Watch how lil' shorty do my brother for the rent
And she 36, she ain't even finessing for her kids
Leaving Trinidad, tryna swing through with 'bout 36

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I been goin' everywhere he can't go (Can't go, nigga)
Cool J, nigga, with the Kangol
I been hittin' pussy from an angle (Yeah, I hit it up)
Feel like Peso Peso with these pesos (Peso, peso, peso, peso)

I was riding dirty but the feds said I was clean
I was making money, breaking bread off for my team (Yeah)
We was going places that you niggas never been (Brr)

We was doing things that these niggas never seen (Yeah, yeah, yeah, brr)
Know what I'm sayin'? (Know what I'm sayin'?)
South side (South side), south side (South side), ooh
Shout out my nigga's side hustle one time, man (Brr, brr)
It don't get no realer than this, you know what I'm sayin'?
Three thirty-three, UTU shit, you know what I'm sayin', North gang, ahh

We was juggin, never did no one dirty for the cream (Yup, yup)
Couple of them choppers came straight from the Middle East (Uh)
Gucci on my body, bitch, you know I'm double G (Oh)
Bought a little Sprizzy, I dirtied up the lean (Ha)
Bought his first strizzy, couldn't wait to intervene
I don't buy pussy, that ain't never been in me (Yeah, yeah)
How I get myself in places I don't wanna be? (How? How? How?)
Think you want this life? Try a year of bein' me (Yeah)
Perkies and the X work together like a team (Oh)
If you double up the X, it gon' be a porno scene (Oh)
Bitch, I feel like DMX, all the rough riders with me
If lil' shawty get me vexed, we gon kick her out her dreams (Lil' bitch, ha)

We ain't talking paper when we talking magazines (Magazines)
Rock star status but not no Adam Levine (Yeah, yeah)
Rolling like some tires when I'm rolling off a bean (Oh)
Pops was a hustler, I got hustle in my genes (In my genes)