

Which Is Cool

Royce da 5'9"

I guess I'm not typical which is cool
I guess I'm not hip as you which is cool
I guess I'm not into the shit you're into which is cool
Nigga you's a bitch and your bitch a dude which is cool

I look around and all I see is fools
Some of y'all got street cred, some of y'all got pre-approved
Some of y'all got red carpet rolled out for y'all quick as you
Drop, went right from a Honda to a box 62
They dance and they ballin' and they zonin' like they Victor Cruz
Labels only care about hits and views which is cool
Not only am I the alchemist, I'm the evidence
The wicked witch is cool, the cause of her demise
Reminds me of this jet I'm in, a flyin' residence
If you don't write your own rhymes get offended this is to you and you
Listen fool no more bars for you
You can't raise the bar, you ain't in the buildin'
Matter of fact you can't even lift a stool, fool
That liquor disappear from my system like skippin' school
Me and these niggas live by the same don'ts but different do's
To get they name out they willin' to get the lube
That Balmain fit me like my religion true
Call my assistant tell him I'm slippin', I'm spittin' jewels
Somebody come out and get them like them Memphis dudes
We independent, while y'all flash bitches
We in the trenches, ball sack lickin' addiction, y'all need interventions
The gas pedal mashin' the carpet in them SL Benzes
The dash retarded like the special olympics
The needle leanin' past the finish line like Lance Armstrong
I'm exotic smellin' like your baby momma vagina, bon fire island
A Creed Avensis
I'm not a killer I'm just stricken with a sickness called homicidalitis
Flat screens surround me and my dubs seat up in my whip
So she can read her twitter mentions in three dimensions
It's no such thing as flossin' if you ain't never seen the dentist
But some of y'all need to take them gold slugs out of your face
Load 'em in the pistol and shoot 'em the fuck into outer space
Maybe I ain't rich as you which is cool
Maybe I ain't weird as you which is cool
Maybe it ain't a style to be lyrical

I don't give a motherfuck, I just get your mother touched
I pick my own date, pay my way, call that double dutch
I grip the ass, I dump the tip, call that shit the double clutch
Wax on, wax off, clean that ugly stubble up
Bonsai, truth is gonna un-lie at sunrise
Your makeup's running, Uber's gonna catch you when it comes by
You boys are entertainment, I understand you like the bitch
But you are pretty famous, sweater like the one Cosby
Wore at his arraignment, uh, I stay patient
Pray gracious, made milli's, while billi' racin'
Now they wanna trade places, as my ceiling raises
My prime lays dormant, they computerized, not I
See, I'm straight torrent, I clock in, write it with my pen, out my acorn
And then I clock out, and leave a black cloud on all eight corners
Started with us to hear the pop loud - Robin Harris' House Party
I bet y'all acquit it, like a child killing cop trial

All you see on the ground is an empty rock vials
Like Tommy Lee and Pam Anderson, I'm in the Trump Tower
With this here piece manners here, Magnum condom fit, like Juelz Santana
Bandana gear, I used to need antifreeze
She about to need antifrizz, antifrizz
I'm Pac and I'm Nas when I famed danced to anti big
I'm not a star, ho, I'm on Uranus on a pantie binge
Far as are as y'all aside, from flaming all of y'all
I feel like I fathered all of your bars, like I came up in your granny's cri
b
The most interesting man, on the god damn planet
Beef is having a nigga's bitch, fix me some god damn salmon
Beef is trying a nigga's clothes on, when he ain't home
Beef is your wife, when kids at school, texting me "They're gone"
I just took a dip in your swimming pool, which is cool
I think, you need to find some more comfortable slipper shoes, which is cool