Introduction to Ice Fishing

The Cool Kids

It's Mike, say what up to Chuck
Everything's on the up and up
Up-and-comin' cup comin' from the cup
Cut from the same cloth, from the hands of a champion
You cut from the cloth that a bum wipes his hands with
After a little yard work and a sandwhich, I'm jammin'
This is what you get when you piss me off
New kids, get against the wall
Schoolin' niggas like this the bat and Mr. Ball
Take a snooze, look nigga, if you miss the ball
It's twenty laps, back-to-back, courtesy of Coach Mikey
And I'm blowin' the whistle on bitch niggas wearin' Nikes
Reeboks, Adidas - let's get this shit clear like elitists
I was the dude in school, didn't play sports
But was still poppin' all the cheerleaders
What's poppin?
You don't need the legs of a cheetah
Just to run your mouth
Kicking all that riff-raff
And my wallet fold out like a fold-out couch
With a couple half-dollars and a two-dollar bill
Extinct money, so you know we do it for real
I think money, fish on a bike with wheels

Hundred-billion-dollar-finned dollar fish
In and take a shrimp, I'm a shark to you squids, shit
You heard what they did to that squid at that party?
Had these hammerhead sharks, turned him into calamari
Sat him next to some rice, with a lemon and an orange
Pour a glass of the water, I'm a finish what I started
Mouth cleaners, barracudas, nigga's tuna in the water
And the Cool Kids, babble like we poot'ed in the water
Clean-plate club like a muh'fucker, mother duck
I'm a throw a father in the scene like a father's-
Day child-support payment to his mom, butter knives
Get the Jelly-Jam Jerry for you tongues
Chuck is wiped out, niggas know when I'm on, stop listen
Hearing new different pages of my big brown
"How to Eat a Turkey When You Running Out of Breath"
But what's left, me and Mikey got an album full of piff

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