

Cool Aid

The Movement

You know I got a habit it ain't gonna lead nowhere

You lie around and listen to the sound
Of the neighborhood children on the playground
You back away from what makes you afraid
'Cause nothing means that much anymore anyway

Back in the day we knew we had it made
But didn't even know the flavor of the cool aid
Now we back away from what makes us afraid
'Cause nothing means that much anymore anyway

It's red it's blue, it's sunk its teeth in you
The time's tickin if you only knew
But I know it's true and so I take a few
To bring the music back
And give the rest to you
So pump out the treble, pump out the bass
Stick out your fat ass and tongue take a taste
Put on my cd and your poker face
Your cool aid is a terrible thing to waste

So many colors and flavors tell me how do I savor the favor
Of giving all my cool aid to you
I'm marinating with you
Conversating with you
I never met ya but I bet it's probably harder than you
Forget I'm smarter than you
Quick to elevate to higher ground
Loving what I'm living yo it doesn't matter anyhow
And anyway, any day, anybody wanna say
Yo we never move, gladly step aside let ya play
And you finish laughing thinking they winners
I stand stout like a glass of guinness
Quickly diminish any fucking mc
Who wants to battle with me
From cool aid to high sea dog, we rockin it g
Numerous hues, orange, yellows, purples, and blues
I'm flavalistically calling my shit
Tasteful abuse
Time for your juice, better let loose
Before you get sprayed
And fill the holes in your body with shots of cool aid
Open wide for me

You lie around and listen to the sound
Of the neighborhood children on the playground
You back away from what makes you afraid
'Cause nothing means that much anymore anyway

It's orange and yellow, hard but can be mellow
Look it in the eye step back and say hello
Listen to me bellow like a bass or a cello
Maybe an alcoholic but a fine fresh fellow
So drop out the treble pump out the bass
Stick out your fat ass and tongue take a taste
Put on my cd and your poker face

Your cool aid is a terrible thing to waste

It's pink it's green

Nice but can be mean

Sip it down slow disrupt the whole scene

I might be a fiend but so fresh and so clean

Outkasted blasted to the outer ring

So drop out the treble, pump out the bass

Stick out your fat ass and tongue take a taste

Put on my cd and your poker face

Your cool aid is a terrible thing to waste

You lie around and listen to the sound

Of the neighborhood children on the playground

You back away from what makes you afraid

'Cause nothing means that much anymore anyway

Nice to know ya

But you biting on my flow

And now you're sippin' on my cool aid