

Jingling

The Cool Kids

They're jingling baby
Like keys in my pocket
With my hands in my pocket
Lookin' for my wallet

Motor city technically Rasheed Wallace
Then move to Chicago for dollars
Like Ben Wallace

I was trying to be modest
But I don't brush my shoulders off
So much in the past months
They looked polished

I'm just being honest
I'm putting on a clinic
Niggers dropping out of college
Just do it like we did it

Pigeons always flocking
If you tossin' out bird seeds
I'm in a lions den
With a steak they can't touch me

Plus me and Mikey
Do the right thing
In these Spike Lee's nikey's
Sucka's they want to fight me

Because their girl friends
Want a guy just like me
You know what, bite me
Hey they all like me

No sense of throwing punches
Let's do lunch man
You like me too
In no future in your frontin'

Baby
You're jingling
Baby
Baby
You're jingling
Baby
You're jingling
Baby

Signed, sealed, delivered
Lick the envelope
And then send it to my niggers

Inside was a note
Saying we go to pick up the pace
'Cause there is too many rappers
Tryin' to get in the race

Makes me sick in the face and stomach
Shoe's ain't lace but they all try to run it
Did it, done it
Kick it and punt it

Whatever it's good
However you put it
I'm a 100 dollar bill
In the hay stack cousin

Want it
You can have as long as
You stop the frontin'

See'
I be tryin' to pay MC's to behave
But they don't co-operate with me

And lately
They been impatient
They don't like waiting
And that's why they hate on me

So damn
But their party is always lame
They never had a hand like kings of Ordain
So bam...