

Penny Hardaway

The Cool Kids

Them bally loafers's and them Cardiers
I do my thing Penny Hardaway
And if you're knowing where we're going
Then you'll probably be coming with us!

Friday night nice, Saturday sharp
Edge upon the hairline, side tapered and ball
Sunday winning in the linen shorts sent from the mall
Pieces out the dry cleaning stitched seems and all
And haters ain't ball but this is
Cars hopin in them
Mars bite the bishop and the palace like the Pistons
Peep the way I flipped it
The color on this one is like them other ones
But these colors compliment it
You might wanna catch that later alligator
Maury I had another coming way before they made it
Cordless phones on them like it's free activation
For them homes you wouldend up in the lab for it
Champion [?], wrap bills in jeans fabrics
Since we spend [?] these ropes like tennis rackets
Tennis bracelets Andre Agassi tennis shoes and jackets
Cardier frames and bally's

I take my out, slide them up the bridge of my nose
Them Guccis cool, but they are not originals
Those are like digital clocks
Mind shots riddle the block 'till it moves up,
What a loop scooper troopers and khaki suit blazers
And my bracelets do a loop and my wrist like a race, Wait!
We ain't say grace
We at Shaw's Crab House
Everybody got a lobster on their plate
I get a nice, nice waves, wait a minute
Slice gang, chop it up, slap chop, I'm saying!
You can't know the roster without playin'
I'm not Kevin Cosner I'm not dancing with no wolves
Acting like they should, Peep the Don hoping out that Jeep
Man the tassels on them Bally's, checkers on the Rally's
Saying I don't think they got it like in Cali"

In my years I sported igloos, Alaskan Ice
The light bulbs in my jewels show off in the night
So stay back, star's flow is toxic
You can catch me in my rolls heavy

Photoshoots in the Sahara Desert Camels and Cardiers
In the sky facing the half-moon crescent
Wow, it looks beautiful
The stars is praising me
And The Cool Kids, say something wrong they'll shoot at you
They shootin' stars these ruthless bars got white girls holding their mouths
Like, "oh my God! No he didn't", give him a bib, cause he keeps spitting
Lines that's so cold where every word's frost-bitten
And his man's pulling up in the Maybach
White linen, three quarter rope, bally's from way back
With Cardier frames, white gold all around the rim

Holding their dicks in the club