

## Cosby Sweater

## Hilltop Hoods

Watch me do my thing  
Get lost into my sing, yeah  
Hot, like New Orleans  
In Cosby crew and jeans, yeah

Do not awaken, stare a lot and vacant  
Living in conditions of the modern matrix  
Only bad rhymes running proper naked  
Only point I made you with the bullet was a paper  
I ain't here to fight some dude, and fuck around with his spouse  
I'd rather light your mood and burn it down with the house  
Eat your heart from the groove on account of the bounce  
And lick her like Tom Cruise, up and down on a couch  
Status never mattered, ever acted whether like  
Christina Aguilera, just let yourself go  
Matter Pressure and endeavor that is better left  
Christine track a record to let you all know  
Would the kings even home us  
But to these kingdoms it won't just  
Slap a rapper like Solange Knowles  
To the gathering known all that matter like a black hole

And it's all good  
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And it's all good  
And it's all good

I feel like Bobby Fischer  
Always four moves ahead of  
My competition, listen they ain't gonna stop me ever  
I feel as large as Biggie, swear it could not get better  
I feel in charge like Biggie, wearing that Cosby sweater  
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I'm a step up every chance when I rumble  
They all call me champ of the Jungle  
It's fitting  
I'm a get drunk and dance like your uncle  
Until I'm all hands like your uncle  
I'm kidding  
The venomous, and then when I enter, then it's over  
When I'm spitting venom, I'm as generous as Oprah  
You get a scar! You get a scar! You get a scar!  
Me drunk in the back of a rental car  
Pat Benatar, love is a battlefield  
Here to get you out your seat like a battle drill  
I'm in the saddle still, a little saddle sore  
Smash you out the stratosphere, flashy as a matador  
When I'm dressed like Theo's Dad  
In a cougie listening to Kool G Rap  
I won't beat around the bush like a seventies porn  
I'll make you wish that you'd never been born

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Take a ride on the wild side of this alley  
We could fire up the night like Prince Harry  
Fuck the high life, we could vibe like  
We got white lines hanging from behind like we're just married

I'll turn the art form into a bloodsport  
I make pea soup out of a pea brain  
They wanna run the streets like parkour  
I'd rather run these tracks like a steam train

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