

That'll Be Cool

Lil Twist

Now let me brush off my Pu...
Now let me...
Now let me...

Now let me brush off my Puma's.
This is for the early birds and the late bloomers.
My fitted cocked and so is the boomer.
My money ain't funny, but they got a since of humor.
And everybody dies, but snitches die sooner.
Paint your shirt and room like a Oklahoma Sooner.
I'm out of this world, lunar.
I've got cheese cake like juniors',
The coolest kid on the school yard.
Higher then a uniform, scared?
I got work at home, call it home work.
I got paper in my backpack,
I know you smell me, I'm the shit like an exlac... Oooh!
Diarrhea Dwayne,
Bust your fucking head, souvenir your brain.
You ain't talking about nothing,
Got your girl leaving out my house, walking out of my house funny.
Like her legs are telling jokes,
I swear you would have thought it was like a DJ honcho.
And we ain't talking slow, you just listening fast.
Boy I'm sitting on green like piss in the grass.
Just let me know, and the grass still grow, even if you mow.
I'm so N.O.
I hope I live until I'm five hundred and four.
That'll be cool.

Can I roll with you baby?
That'll, that'll be cool.
Maybe with the Mercedes?
That'll, that'll be cool.
With things that drive you crazy?
That'll, that'll be cool.
And if you put that ice on my body?
That'll, that'll be cool.

I'm so two one four, you know Twist man.
I get paper in my bag so bad like a mailman
So fresh, so dope
Head to the show.
Sitting on a white and black car with Orealeo,
14 is so nice, my flow is so tight.
If you trying to see me leave left, go right.
Me and Wayne on the same track, Ohh I just like that.
With Bizzile on that Cadillacs, but as sharp as a thumb tack.
I'm so Young Money, get like Twist dude.
I can be a school boy and a "G" like Ice Cube.
Like watching Next Friday,
Move kid out of my way, it is my way, yes it is my day.
Boy, look at her, It's Young Money roll.
We just swerve Maserati,
But a coke wadd with sizzle of those from Universal now,
I ain't talking about the label.
I'm in a different city but were connected like cable.

Ya, we go straight, seven to sable.
We put rhymes in your head, ya'll put money on the table.
Weezy, thank you for blessing me "G."
Now all these girls steady asking me...

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Now wait, let me brush off my Jordans.
The ones and the now, I got them for recorded.
Mr. Big Family, Young Money's on.
Plus the bus is real sharp.
Hey, Money's real tall.
Yea that's right,
Ball till' we ball,
Steady grind hard.
Young in the game of girls,
Showing black harts and stars.
The kid of the south runs things, they easy.
Believe me, I'm running hard Obama to Hillary.
It ain't over, got my green and celery.
It's on my dice, it's on my body, young with a felony.
Iced up,
Wayne couldn't help but notice.
He just bought a Lambo and got me a new Lotus.
Rolling, straight strolling, we hold that,
From (the "n" word) some of when of dat it's cold dat when it's cold that cl
othe that.
Money on top, I ain't a Rockefeller, but I hold up the rock, and then ain't
nobody going stop, me,
From doing my thing in like big talk.
On my body I can't catch a stain or something like that.
Show some rummingcabrainthe harts to ever do it,
So haters step up your game for real man.

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