

The Light Company

The Cool Kids

I'm In The Best Shape Of Life
Me Rapping With These Kids Is Like Racing A Bike
Against A Man With One Kick On Until The Lights Flick On
They Kick Us Out The Party Then Give Me My Car Keys
We Come In Peace
We Don't Mean To Cause You No Harm Cause
But I Can Go Off Like An Alarm Does
If It Comes To That, Trust I Wouldn't Do That
Cause I'm The New Cat Digging In Cans In The Alleyway
Fuck Simon You Should Do What Mikey Say
And Mikey Says About Now You Should Be Bopping Yo Head
About Damn Time To, Took Fools All God Damn Day To Figure Out The I'll Shit
That We Be Into
Take Step Inside My Mental, People I Be Thinking Bout
People Can Deceive You If You Leave Em With Ya Bank Account
Wide Open, Keep ya Eyes Open, and Ya Wallet In Ya Front Pocket
Let's Smoke The Blunt Still An Option
But In My Suede Moccasins, They Mocking Em
They Rocking Imitations So They Can Duplicate The Shit That I Be Laced In
The Dali Lama Like Two Types Can Never Bond
But Like Vintage North Faces On The Faces Of Ya Favorites

Put Ya Hands Up In The Air If Ya
Hold Em Up, Hold Em Up
Like Ya Never Cared Nigga
Roll It Up, Roll It Up
Fold It Up, Put It In Ya Pocket Ya Wallet
Ya Bet A Couple Dollars If The Party Keeps Rocking

Hands Up In The Air If Ya
Hold Em Up, Hold Em Up
Like Ya Never Cared Nigga
Roll It Up, Roll It Up
Fold It Up, Put It In Ya Pocket Ya Wallet
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Hold Em Up, Hold Em Up
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Hold Em Up, Hold Em Up
Roll It Up, Roll It Up

I'm Bout Three Feet Taller Than Some New Deep Water
Call A Nigga Down, Then She Cyst To The Mind
The I'll Lysp Has A List
Your Not In It, There's The Line
He Is I and I Am Him
It's My Main Man Mikey
I'm Real Nice Try Me If You Want To
I Be Walking Bulldogs To The Parties In These New Flights
Telling Sucka Niggas What They Can't Do Right
Now Write Down Now The Game Plan, I'm Cutting Lights Out
Putting Fires Out, In My Chevrolet Truck
Don't Put Them Hands Down, Unless You Pick Me Something Up
Hurry Up, Call The Barber Up
Get Ya Sides Faded Up
You Lose For The Season Then Ya Neck Gets Tapered Up
Sharper Than A Paper Cut, Paper Up

Nigga Or Sharper Than Cherry Soup
Boppers Getting Tailored
What The Father Say To The Daughter Who Dig Me
He's Ridiculous, But Probably The Best You've Seen

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