

One Two

The Cool Kids

What it is, what it is, come check the noise
It's the new black version of the Beastie Boys
Chucky, Mikey, some dudes don't like me
Don't care, I'm dope, they lame so bite me
Find a rock to kick or a bridge to jump off
I'm popular and you not (yessir)
I'm on the dyno with the black mags
Smooth as the vinyl in the black bag
Stumble like the wino with the brown bag
In his right hand, around town again
I am keepin cool like it's goin outta style
Stickin to the program kickin it with no hands (kickin) That's what I do been doin for a
while Homie not a wack thread on me
Size 10 Jedis Obi Wan Kanobi
And I'm Anakin
And I'm ramblin
So blada blada bla to the and Chuck was dope but Chuck is cold
As a ice cream cone in a Iceland snowstorm
Feelin like a ceiling fan blowing out the window
Midway city is the city where wind blows
Fairly cold, 'frigerator buried with a little bit of gold
'85 Bears jersey
Infra red Spike Lee Jordan number fours
Bow for a second then I pause for applause
Check it out if it's froze let it thaw
Let it rain clear it out that's the proper protocol
When I steps on the court with the ball on the floor
You dribbilin around just bein a ball hog
Uh, I got my kicks out my locker
If I ain't got the shot then I dish to my partner
Step behind the arc I cross I Byron Scott-er
If you want it I got it drippin like water

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>