

Tenn Points (feat. 8Ball)

Cool Breeze

(intro - peaches)

Hey playas, this is peaches

And we comin' up on the new millennium, year 2k
And i'mma give you 3 points to keep you in the game

Point 1 - call and meet,?, pay ya debt

Point 2 - don't hate the haters

They cloudin' your judgement

And 3, never let 'em know what you're thinkin'

(cool breeze)

Hey, I was introduced to fame by way of mouth
I was rappin' on this tape, and the rap was about
How for my folks, and for mine, I forever stay down
And represent this town, and for that, I'll be crowned
It's been known that my attitude'll reach it's peak

That's right

But never has it once stopped the way that I think
I know the speakers addin' bricks to the path you lay
And to be is to live everything you say

I read once that if you die, the people couldn't forget
That your eternal flame will forever stay lit

One day I'll leave this place and add another star to the sky

But all of my creations, they never would die

I told you dirty jed clampett tried to front me some weight
This time he pushed me in his house, and had it layed on the plate

He had stacks of it packed all down in these crates

Stampin' bdf, nothin' but that flake

See, the only way the southcoast will ever become

We gotta all come together, and become as one

When they say "what's your name? "

We say "where you from? "

When they "what you say? "

We say "come get some!"

We make any click or crew, run and call the cops

Picallo said play with the bomb, and y'all get knocked off top

History is proven and will lead you right

The acts you commit will be recorded for life (for life)(nivea)

1 - you did it before, you'll do it again Repeat 1 (16x)(eightball)

All this pain got me goin' through recovery

Withdrawl pains from my ghetto life and concrete streets

Get it how you live, I live hard, that's how I get it

Execute them punk niggas that ain't wit it

Straight thuggin', my face wrinkles, my mind sprinkles

Mounds livin' off the track, shinin' it like twinkle
Ride the beat, 160 like my white impala
Hit that spray and leave them niggas for them dollas
I can't explain why, but tangaray and?
Bring out the mothaf**kin' dog in the real niggas
Do you remember rap used to be so fun shit?
Now niggas gettin' killed over who they run with
Run with me, and see if I give a f**k though
Wicked when I kick it, most expected to do dope flows
Underground, treasured by the ones who listen to it
Respected in the field by them soldiers who really do it
I'm on the frontline, moral for the troops
Makin' niggas lace their boots, and hit they mark when they shoot
Lord forgive me, but my people must defend their people
It's gonna take mass destruction just to see we all equal
Forty days and forty nights, we gon' fight and get wreckless
If I die, fresh play, and I will be resurrected
Eyes red as fire, flash the grill for the non-believers
And we gon' let the child lead us, let the child lead us Repeat 1 to fade
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>