

The Coolest

Lupe Fiasco

The coolest nigga, what? The coolest nigga, what? [4x]

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Lord please have sympathy

And forgive my cool young history (Michael Young History)

As...

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I love the lord

But sometimes it's like that I love me more

I love the peace, and I love the war

I love the seas, and I love the shore

No love for no beach, baby that's law

But she doesn't see, therefore I spoil

I trick, I fall, run up in raw

I love her with all my heart

Every vein, every vessel, every bullet lodged

With every flower that I ever took apart

She said, that she would give me greatness, status, placement

Above the others, my face with grace covers of the magazines

Of the hustlers, paper, the likes of which

That I had never seen, her eyes glow green

With the logo of our dreams, the purpose of our scene

A obscene obsession for the bling

She would be my queen, I could be her king, together

She would make me cool, and we would both rule, forever

And I would never feel pain

And never be without pleasure, ever, again

And if the rain stops, and everything's dry

She would cry, just so I could drink the tears from her eyes

She'd teach my how to fly, even cushion my fall

If my engines ever stall, and I plummet from the sky

But she would keep me high, and if I ever die

She would commission my image on her bosom, to him

Or maybe she'd retire as well

A match made in Heaven set the fires in Hell, and I'll be

And so began our reign

The trinity, her and I can

No weather man could ever stand where her and I came

Hella hard, umbrella whatever, put plywood over Pella panes

And pray to God that the flood subside

'cause you're gonna need a sub 'til he does reply

And not one of Jared's, you think it's all arid

And everything's irie, another supply

That means another July inside my endless summer

That was just the eye of the Unger

Felix, 'cause he is the cleanest amongst the younger

Outstanding achieving up-and-comers

The ones that had dead-beat daddies, and well-to-do mamas

But not well enough to keep 'em from us

The ones that were, fighting in class, who might not pass

Rap record pressured to laugh, at a life not fast

Can you feel it? [echo], that's what I got asked
Do I love her? [echo], said I don't know
Streets got my heart, game got my soul
One time missing sunshine will never hurt your soul
Quote: To a crying dishonored baby mama
Who's the mama to a daughter that I had fathered from afar
My new lady gave me a Mercedes and a necklace
With a solid gold key, like the starter of a car
The opener of a door or two pounds of raw
You gave me a baby, but what about lately?
Then ha-ha-ha-ha-haw'ed, right up in her face, G
There's more fish in the sea, I'm on my mission to be, be

Come, these are the tales of The Cool
Guaranteed to go and make you fail from your school
And seek unholy grails like a fool
And hang with the players of the pool, fast talking on the hustle
No Heaven up above you, no Hell underneath you
And nowhere will receive thee, so
Shed no tear, when we're not here
And keep your faith, as we chase
...The Cool