

## MR. COOLA

Kid Cudi

Yeah  
You know (Yeah, yeah)  
I'm cool when it's just me all by myself  
I'm cool when I'm front of thirty thousand people (Yeah, yeah, yeah)  
I'm cool when I'm with my chick (Yeah)  
I'm even cooler when I'm with your chick (Yeah)  
Hahaha, Cudi

Catch 'em coastin' (Yeah)  
And I'm roastin' (Uh)  
Pussy niggas lurkin' on the low, please don't approach him  
I'm givin' Mr. Wayne while in all black, I'm sippin' potion (Yeah)  
You think I fuckin' lost it, man I really hate the notion (Pussy)  
I keep it light, Mr. Coola, do it right, now come on, nigga  
Cannot see me-me-me-me-me  
What them fuckers thinking? (Fucker)  
Into the night, I'm geeking  
Niggas keep takin' my lighters, man  
Right back out on the streets with the freaks  
And the drinks, and the pills, and the thrills, damn

Woo, woo (Bitch, yeah)  
It's the essence (Uh-huh)  
Coolin' when I'm out  
Got to mixin', I'm mixin', sick with it, diamonds in my mouth  
Uh-huh (Yeah, yeah, yeah)  
Yeah, yeah, uh-huh (Yeah, yeah, yeah)

Bounce, bitch, let you grab my wish  
Fuck it, man, I'm rich  
Don't forget, godly on my mama, watch me flex my shit  
Huh, fucker, huh, fucker  
Mr. Coola out the fridge  
Baby, be my ace, dry my tank

Man, I bought his bitch, hustlin' every week (Grindin')  
Do so much, I'm like a freak, you wonder how I sleep, sleep  
While I'm walkin' to my drippy beat, mosh pit over the seats  
Told that girl, don't focus on my dough, but love her company (Yeah, baby)  
Oh, no, tequila in me  
Who gon' double with your nigga? All the liquor on me, man  
(Yeah-yeah, yeah-yeah)  
Baby girl say, "Run it back" (Back)  
I'm drinkin' it, smokin', nigga, I'm potent  
All of 'em with me smokin', suckin' me (Yeah)  
She pop, she lovin' me, uh (Yeah)

It's the essence (Uh-huh)  
Coolin' when I'm out  
Got to mixin', I'm mixin', sick with it, diamonds in my mouth  
Uh-huh (Yeah, yeah, yeah)  
Yeah, yeah, uh-huh (Yeah, yeah, yeah)

Bounce, bitch, let you grab my wish  
Fuck it, man, I'm rich  
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Huh, fucker, huh, fucker

Mr. Coola out the fridge  
Baby, be my ace, dry my tank

Huh, huh (Yeah)  
Huh (Yeah, yeah)