

Too Cool

Sol

Uh huh, eyes are open
Yeah, closing for nothing
Even when we half way across this world, we're onto something
Birthday in Brazil, last year I was ill
Heartbroken by my girl, she was numb to how I feel
Now I'm numb to packing bags, numb to tracking time
Guess that's how it happens when you rap all in the sky
One moment I'm on tour, hoes blowing up my ego
Next moment I'm in Rio, pouring potion with my people
Too cool for school so I graduated
Got a chance to travel, guess I had to take it
Drop an album and it splashes like the fattest anchor
But I was sinking with it and I hadn't even made it yet
Record labels on the phone, I left them all on hold
Did a lap around the globe and went back to wrecking shows
Oh, what's the difference now? I've been, I've been around
Not your average rapper trapped in geographical sounds
I'm an honest survivor, thinking 20/20 thoughts
Perfect vision planning for 2020, dog
Fuck your five year plan, I'm on my lifelong hustle
Searching for more than money brought me to third world countries
Lost my first real hunny, it got bitter and ugly
When I forgot how to smile, she could no longer trust me
Maybe it wasn't fair, but I was already gone
Before she came in my bed and went to parties under my armAnnotate

Yeah it's hard, but sometimes you've got to do (do it)
I know you thought you were cooler than all the cooler (coolest)
But oh my God, step out the box and never regret it
Since I opened my heart, life ain't ever been better
Life ain't ever been better
Life ain't ever been better
Life ain't ever been better, since I opened my heart
Life ain't ever been betterAnnotate

Uh, uh I'm on my Zilla shit
I'm on my one life to live, I don't give a shit
I'mma risk it all and more, so I can eat with the fam
And God, I ain't leaving until my people can stand
I'm in my momma mother land, writing raps in the back of a truck
If we crash I'm done, act like I don't give a fuck
If it happens, it happens, bad luck
At least I was in Port-au-Prince, living it up
Spreading my love, yup, I'm out here getting in touch
You think you're tough, you ain't ever seen a ghetto so rough
City so light, where the kids kill kids in the middle of the day
Growing up in the shittiest way
And then the earthquake turned the city to a grave
What can I say, words can't fix the brakes
And outsiders don't get the pain
And that's why I had to reconnect before I hit the stageAnnotate

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