

Lose My Cool

SWV

Yo, word up I gotta ask her myself
'Cause she says she saw you the other day
I know, hey yo, word
Hey yo, Coko, Hey yo, Coko
I heard you losing your cool
Yo, Lee
I heard you losing your cool
Yo, Taj
I heard you losing your cool, baby
Na, na, na, chill, chill, chill, chill, freeze
I'm just rolling with some broads
That got pretty toes with me
SWV pumpin' out the plat' 4-50
I got my brotha's keeping Eric Sermon on deck
No matter what the media hype
Ya still get wrecked
We trying to eat and trying to be consecutive with the ruck
Calm my tempers down more 'cause Biggie Smalls was enough
Save yo beef for the rice and broccoli
I lose my cool for gettin' the cheddar
So I suggest you better

People say when love comes your way
You will know how to take it
Others say you won't know
So just fake it
Until you make it

In my case
I wouldn't know how to recognize
Love
If he looked me in the eye
But what I do know is my cover is blown
My composure is gone
When you come around

I lose my cool
Whenever you're around
I can't help myself
No, uh uh
I lose my cool
Over again and again
Hiding my feelings

You make my heart stop then it beats again
I can not hide
From these vibes that you send
Oh why, oh why am I so into you
And why do I deny
This cool I lose

In my case
I wouldn't know how to recognize
Love
if he looked me in the eye
But what I do know is my cover is blown
My composure is gone

When you come around, I loose my cool

Out, out, out

Check it, check it out, check it, check it out

Push it up, push it up

Can you blame me

For losing my cool?

I bounce as hard as Bronsen

Every time you take the toe out yo shoes

I be bawling with brotha's from your project apartment

For talkin' slick wit you

I got more balls than Spalding

Girl, who feeds you when your sugar Walt's callin'

Your fiance's corny

He don't got nutin' on me

I admit it

My plans was to skip when I

But you reverse game now the doc is committed

Exhibit the lyrics

The hard core definition got you wilding

Puffin' El's out your expedition

I seen yo' whole girl crew

I know they get jig

But you the quietest

And plus the rest of them got kids

When yo

I get your parts, whether they adore me, you know

My mix, you lie, don't front no poppy chulo

I'm like Harold Melvin without the Blue Notes

I'm never going platinum

Besides, the credit cards an underground action