

# Too Good

Tom MacDonald

Too cold for a bitch, too hot to chill  
Too cool for a gang, too high for a pill  
Too real to fade, too smart to lose  
Too drunk to drink, too good for you  
I love it  
I-I I love it  
And I won't take it  
I-I I won't take it back  
And I hate it  
But I have never heard 'em  
'Cause I'm too young to care

Man, I hardly rock the fit no more  
The evolution of my imagine has no room for hats with stickers  
Or shirts with glitter, I know  
That doesn't leave much room inside my closet for the 2012 collection of summer wear in my genre but  
I'm fine with that, these trucker hats and plaid shirts will do  
Still got my Supras but I'm stomping in these leather boots  
Uh, my attitude is still the same however  
Uh, I'm getting money anyway however  
Uh, and I'm always 'bout whatever man  
My heart still on my sleeve, but I rolled 'em up to catch a tan  
I'm rolling out and yelling "catch me if you can!"  
I'm higher than I've ever been, meet me where I land  
Enough with all the partying, the competition's arguing amongst themselves  
They're exactly where we wanted them  
The only one that's on my team is my producer  
And his style is overwhelming, all these jealous, scrubby losers  
Pointing out the obvious, he looks like a rapper  
They're just scared of what they don't know and they don't know what they're after  
And I could tell them, but I won't  
And I could help them, but I won't

We really do this  
I hope y'all won't make it through this  
But I doubt that you will  
I'm 'bout what I feel  
Dear haters, my hunters are out for the kill

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I tell them go ahead, but I don't let them take the lead for long  
My girl is cool, my drink is stiff, my eyes are red, my weed is strong  
And my intentions are as pure as I can make them, man  
My feelings are in check like they play defense on a skating rink  
I bet they think I'm just some brokenhearted rapper, man  
That 808s and Heartbreak shit has always been the answer for me  
But now I'm  
Taking my heart on my sleeve and I'll lock it away in a box and I'll throw out the key, that's fine like you parked on the street  
Fuck it man, I'm good now  
Ask about it, you would now

Try me guy, you should now  
Leave your city boy ass in a small town  
They want me to leave, well, y'all gon' have to force me out  
'Cause I know a couple cowboys and they heard it from the horses mouth  
Y'all are jealous, y'all should work that out  
I'll shut you down like a computer when you nerding out  
And my girl is so fed up with all the whispering  
And I am fucking sick to death of calling her to fill her in

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Haven't made much noise but trust me  
Hate me or love me we're coming, they're screaming out "fuck me"  
I'm yelling out "fuck 'em", I'm screaming out "fuck 'em"  
I'm throwing up wine 'cause it's hard on my stomach  
I'm running out of romantic ideas for dinner on date nights and parties on e  
venings  
'Cause all that I think over lobster and drinks are the different occasions  
I said what I think and I shouldn't have  
But I really did  
Don't fuck with me I'm not a city kid  
Oh, yeah

All these other rappers on a beach and they watching all the pussy  
We just watching what we eat  
Oh, they spend time and they keep their receipts  
Probably better off trying to suck love from a leaf, bitch  
We're all good and like none of them are happy  
'Cause they know we'll be working on our tans in Miami with a Grammy on the  
way  
And Grammo in the J and some grammar for the bitches that we met along the w  
ay

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Dear haters, my hunters are out for the kill  
Put a price on your head, then bounce on the bill  
Headshot through the window, and brains on the sill, uh

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