Cool Off

Wale

Sometimes you gotta give a nigga a little bit of space you know
Gotta cool off you know
And all I'm saying is like, spoil me with your consistency
Always remain the same you and you won't have to worry about a different me
Let's get it

I ain't your boyfriend, we got a understandin'
Titles for soap operas, why is you so dramatic
Why is you over-exaggerating with all the chatter
Slappin' me on my back, hoping that something happen
Give me a second or two, that's why I ain't messin' with you
Hangin' me on so you can holler domestic abuse
See it's time that a nigga rode
Things have gone awry and you tryna change a nigga road
Never trust a bitch, just tryna meet a side bitch
They just fly enough to out-connive the prior one
And it be fine to just get high and let the time run
But all that bullshit cryin' got me tryna tell you I'm done

Just give me a second to cool off
If you respect me then take a second and cool off
Sit and reflect, these imperfections is with us all
Wrap up a blunt and we wrap it up when it's - hol' up
Give me a second to cool off
If you respect me then take a second and cool off
Sit and reflect, these imperfections is with us all
Light up another and we discuss when it's all gone

Oh baby
Keep it cool cause I'm a lose if you gon' lose on my love
Oh baby
Keep it cool cause I'm a lose if you gon' lose on my love

Nah this ain't no deep shit, this ain't no we shit
This is that honesty, that's how it's gotta be shit
Gotta say peace to you when you on that weak shit
I'm on that see you out in public and don't speak shit
You ain't my main joant. we got a understandin'
She catchin' feelings and now them feelings is hard to manage
She broke up with her man, threw me all in the middle
Let's keep it real doe, you probably thinkin' I'd be your pillow
Thinkin' I'd be your shoulder, you tell me what's on your temple
In turn you givin' me lip our bodies is inconsistent
So pardon my starin' but see your body is so prolific
A body magnificent make designer she worth expenses
And every woman over 20 want a perfect man
And 20 something women just want someone understand
But as you live and learn, and you love and lose
By 47 you lucky if someone give a damn
So we can just enjoy the company of one another
And I only answer the phone if it's Warner Brothers
Rozay and some others, that mean it's numbers comin'
See money talkin' that little box, end of discussion

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