

Lupe Fiasco, Coolest

The coolest niggah... what? [X16]

Lord please have sympathy, and forgive My Cool Young History, as

The coolest niggah... what? [X4]

[Verse 1]

I love the Lord,

But sometimes it's like that I love me more

I love the peace

And I love the war

I love the seas

and I love the shore

No love for no beach

baby, that's loyal

But she doesn't see, therefore I spoil

I trip, I fall

run up and brawl.

I love her, with all my heart

Every vein, every vessel,

every bullet lodged

With every flower that I ever took apart

She said - that she would give me greatness,

status, placement above the others

My face would grace covers

of the magazines of the hustlers

Paper, the likes of which that I had never seen

Her eyes glow green with the logo of our dreams

The purpose of our scene,

The obscene obsession for the bling

She would be my queen,

I could be her king

Together, she would make me cool

and we would both rule, forever,

And I would never feel pain

and never be without pleasure, ever, again

And if the rain stops,

And everything's dry

she would cry

Just so I can drink the tears from her eyes

She'll teach me how to fly

Even cushion my fall

If my engines ever stall

and I plummet from the sky

But she will keep me high

And if I ever die

She would commission my image on her bosom

To hum

Or maybe she'd retire as well

A match made in Heaven set the fires in Hell

and I'll be...

The coolest niggah... what? [X8]

Lord please have sympathy,

And forgive My Cool Young History as

The coolest niggah... what? [X4]

[Verse 2]

And so began our reign

The Trinity, her and I came

No weather man could ever stand

What her and I can

Hella hard

Umbrella, whatever,

put plywood on propeller panes,

And pray to God that the flood subside

'cause you gonna need a sub till he does reply

And not one of Jared's

You think it's all arid

and everything's irie
Another supply
That means another July
Inside my endless summer
That was just the eye of the Unger
Felix, 'cause he is the cleanest among the
Younger, outstanding achieving up-and-comers
The ones that had deadbeat daddies
and well to do mommas
But not well enough to keep 'em from us
The ones that were fightin' in class
Who might not pass
Rap record pressure to laugh
and a life not fast
"Can you feel it?"[echo]
That's what I got asked
"Do I love her?"[echo]
I said I don't know
Streets got my heart, Game got my soul
One time's my sunshine will never hurt your soul
Quote
To a crying, dishonored baby momma
Who's the momma to a daughter
That I had fathered from afar
My new lady gave me a Mercedes
and a necklace with a solid gold key
Like the starter of a car
The opener of a door or two pounds of raw
You gave me a baby, but what about lately?
then ha-ha-ha-ha-ha'd
Right up in her face, G
There's more fish in the sea,
I'm on my mission to be, be
The Coolest niggah... what? [X8]
Lord please have sympathy,
and forgive My Cool Young History
The Coolest... what? [X4]
[Verse 3]
Come. These are the tales of The Cool.
Guaranteed to make you go and fail from your school
And seek unholy grails like a fool
and hang with the players of the pool
Fast talkin' on the hustle
No Heaven up above you
No Hell underneath ye
and nowhere will recieve thee
So.
Shed no tear
when we're not here
and keep your faith,
as we chase
The Cool [echoes]