Cool (ft. Mike G)

Earl Sweatshirt

On a dark night in the city
Of broken eagles, they fly
Play it coolStrumming the notes on the guitar
While I'm rocking my leather Mercedez coat like the R in the cut
Licking my wounds and soaking my scars
Crib full of empty bottles of liquor, broken cigars
On a table, going Ninja ? on the cable
When that dance make my stance unstable
Hem the bottom of my pants with staples
I split 'em with symmetry like a bagel
Play tic-tac-toe on your cheek with the razor cut up your facial
Sprinkle the magic dust on the reefer
Gutter creature, rap pornographic snuff double feature
I'm bubbling something up in the beaker
The night creeper, motivational mic speaker
Wallet ring like a Motorolla device beeper
Light sleeper, leave em shook with a light seizureOn a dark night in the city
Of broken eagles, they fly
No don't stress me
Check my leather so
? don't test me
Play it cool
Play it cool
Play it coolI got that shit for him, I'm finna flush it to you
It's nothing to you sending threats, I'm rushing to you
Have the little homie run it to you, then run into you
Like an intersection, and now you been intercepted
I end a session when the weed's all gone
Like a gardener, just working the hose on the lawn
But I'm a king to a pawn on the chess board
That stresses scores stuck in a square, just press 4
I'm sitting with the best, throwin' the game, picture the picture
In the the same frame of mind, Tarantino official
Couple cameras in the building, the body of work
Mentally a work out, your brain, your body will hurt
Niggas neck broken and bitches' bodies twerk
I swear I get jobs every corner looking for work
Black leather coat, let 'em know the boy is boss
?

And any cars, don't never cross
Don't never get involved
Be the next mystery that's unsolved
Good lordOn a dark night in the city
Of broken eagles, they fly
No don't stress me
Check my leather so
? don't test me
Play it cool
Play it cool
Play it cool
Play it cool
Play it cool
Play it coolI've been feeling old
I got demons on my soul when I'm writing
The beat play the role of a seat on a bike how I ride it
My vices proposed to me nights when I'm trapped in this pain
Ain't my wife when the light drizzle tap on the pain
I'm inside with them
When the sky clear up, still inside tripping
You can see I ain't been sleeping in my eyes, nigga
In the mirror throwing hands, I don't toss fights
I'm heavyweight, get a load of these light niggas
Looking washed online like light linen drying
I'm through trying with niggas
I'm gifted cause my eyes work in different
And I be seeing straight through the skies as my nigga
And all I see is snakes in the eyes of these bitches
And these guys what's the difference, I despise of 'em
I dispose of 'em too, I'm a trashman
You don't want trouble dude
Dirt from the shovel on a low bubble Goose
You a coyote fucking with a roadrunner fool
Bitch, you know what it do

Songwriters
ALAN DANIEL MAMAN, MICHAEL JACKSON, SAM HERRING, THEBE KGOSITSILEPublished by
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/