

# Cool (feat. Mike G)

## Earl Sweatshirt

On a dark night in the city  
Of broken eagles, they fly  
Play it cool Strumming 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 Motorola device beeper  
Light sleeper, leave em shook with a light seizure  
On 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 I 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 lord On 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 cool I'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

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