

# Coffee (F\*\*\*ing) [feat. Wale]

Miguel

I wish I could paint our love  
These moments and vibrant hues  
Wordplay, turns in to gun play  
And gun play turns into pillow talk  
And pillow talk turns into sweet dreams  
Sweet dreams turns into fucking in the morning

We talk street art and sarcasm  
Crass humor and high fashion  
Peach color, moon glistens, the plot thickens  
As we laugh over shot guns and tongue kisses  
Bubble bath, Truth or Dare, and Would You Rather  
A cold flame, the thrill of no shame  
Drugs, sex, and polaroids  
Pick a star in the sky  
We could both say goodbye all night

F\*\*king in the morning  
I dont wanna wake you  
I just wanna watch you sleep  
Itâ€™s the smell of your hair  
And itâ€™s the way that we feel  
Iâ€™ve never felt comfortable like this

Ay we back though  
The sunâ€™s still there, look  
Good morning baby, didnâ€™t mean to wake you  
But is your precious time and my temptation  
Never mind that, I guess Iâ€™ll climb the ladder later  
Less you try and put your back on me then Iâ€™ma take it  
What is this, macchiato you tasting?  
Caffeinated your body, I swear that yâ€™all only stay up  
Grab a towel, she need it, now she open again  
She say my stroke is a scone, I let that soak in her bean  
Wassup with it, ok whatâ€™s really good.. more  
I never know your bad side until you show your good  
Ok whatâ€™s up with it? Just let me set the mood  
She said she donâ€™t on the first night, the morning wood  
We talk recent movies and old tunes

Emulate 50 Shades over Jodeci grooves  
But Iâ€™m joking, Iâ€™m tryna sing your body that notion  
If nobody throw me a float, then Iâ€™ma drown in the ocean  
Come and take this work  
F\*\*k around and be late to work  
As the conversation fades letâ€™s play you hang up first  
With your silly self, pictures in my celly, well  
Kisses give her goosebumps, well thatâ€™s cool I used to tutor braille  
Sup baby, ainâ€™t mean to wake you  
I can put you back to sleep if thatâ€™s a consolation  
And Iâ€™m tired of waiting, so no more disappointment  
Iâ€™m not your regular Joe, Iâ€™ll be your coffee in the morning

Wordplay, turns in to gun play  
And gun play turns into pillow talk  
Pillow talk turns into sweet dreams  
Sweet dreams turns into fucking in the morning

Old souls we found a new religion  
Now Iâ€™m swimming in that sin, thatâ€™s baptism  
Pick a star in the sky  
We could both say goodbye  
Old souls we found a new religion  
Now Iâ€™m swimming in that sin, thatâ€™s baptism  
Two lost angels discover salvation  
Under bright peach skies watching the sunrise  
F\*\*king in the morning  
Pick a star in the sky  
We could both say goodbye  
F\*\*king in the morning  
Pick a star in the sky  
We could both say goodbye all night  
Old souls we found a new religion  
Now Iâ€™m swimming in that sin, thatâ€™s baptism  
And two lost angels discover salvation  
F\*\*king in the morning  
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