White Linen (Coolin) (Feat. Ne-Yo)

Wale

Fly nigga couldn't tell me nothing different homes
And I be good til the fat woman sing a note
I'm tryna find life's meaning up in this Patron
I'm taking women to heaven and then I take em home
I'm waking up with something twenty something fly shit
Wanna stunt shit, all that new designer shit
Word, she said she love me but she lying
Shit I'm lying too! Told that bitch I love her for her mind
Well that's quite true, bust-a-move, head game lover boo
Bust that pussy open, turn that sofa to a fuckin pool
I'm playing Cody, smoking stogies, make the rhythm better
I'm looking good in everything, but she look good in leather
Call me cocky I love it, baby father a sucker
I'm longer than em I ain't talking no Rockin Republic
I don't shop in the public, ain't finna wait in line
This not a free throw, this easy as a lay-up lineIf I got time, you got time too
You with a boss, baby, so when I move you move
Let's have some drinks, Malibu and how I do
And after that we do whatever we want to
Girl I'm in charge, that means I'm coolin
I'm on my own agenda, that means I'm coolin
Baby I'm large, that means I'm coolin
Dealin with a winner, that mean I'm coolinPimp-stroll on em, the pen cold on em
Couldn't fuck with it with a million nymphos on ya
Bitches tend to love a nigga with the most money
I tell em "honey, I know Cher, I'm so sunny"
And this is all pro-bono
All-Star weekend floor seats by the coaches
Flying all frequent, reclining on beaches
Half a millie on the road, y'all relyin on features
I ain't married, but I'm tryna find a keeper
If she cook and keep her vagina like a secret
And we fuck, I beast up and throw a little peace up
So peace out, I'mma get up with you in like three months
Word, absence will make the heart grow
With that said, I ain't around like my old combs
And I be drinking all the brown straight, no Coke
I'm chasing money, not the liquor, y'all ain't even close
So let's have a toast, everything fine

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