

## Lupe Fiasco "Coolest"

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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 law  
But she doesn't see, therefore I spoil  
I trip, I fall  
run up and raw.  
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 him  
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 amongst 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 go and make you 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 receive thee  
So.  
Shed no tear  
when we're not here  
and keep your faith,  
as we chase

The Cool [echoes]

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