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## W.A.L.E. ''Sun.Day.Breeze''

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## Cool -

**MotoLyrics** 

As a summer breeze, Pimpin is nothin to me. Roll up the purple and breathe, Sit back and fuck up the beat. Them niggas be hatin' But them niggas suckas to me.

Who here is fucking with me? It's not a discussion, I be in my own class, Bitch I got them cold raps. I fuck the world; I'll fuck your girl And give them both a orgasm. Leave your show cancelled, Leave 'em with no answer: The master of my domain, Yes I am no costanza. First I have potential, Now I got them answers. I'm smoking on that voodoo And that's word to papa shango Cooler than a fan circulating When they dancing in my face I get my chance now I'm a take it.

So, lord forgive me for my indirect sinnin' Am I cheating on this woman If I'm gettin' naked pictures from another A lover And I'm always gonna want it But let me be 100 See monogamy's redundant Sometimes you find the one Sometimes you give it up Sometimes you buy the ring With no problems you will love Sometimes it ain't what's up Sometimes you play the fool So for now I'm doing me And I'm finding it's cool... I hear them talking and they all saying they doing they thing But they not like me I'm getting all this lovin' All this money That's how it is and how it's gon be

A-a-and then

When you're ballin When you're ballin You can see 'em major fans watch em niggas on the sideline hatin' (sideline hatin') But I'm too high up I can't hear what they sayin'

A-a-and then

Definition of cold: Ice, 30 below Champagne, foreign names in my pool. Take you home, Let you sleep in my clothes, Roll some weed The homies ain't gotta know Get you high Keep it on the low All this paper I fold Meetin' fuckin hos on the road It's takin it's toll Now how you think Don't even speak Unless you talkin franklins Ran out of weed but see I kept a g and brought a joint to bake so...

lt's cool... Haha

So cool my bitch got no shoes My whip is new but I'm playin old school Always keep it up to date That's why the hos choose. Yesterday's paper, That's why you old news. Hating on my team until they see we won't lose. Homey used to be a player, Now I coach fools On how to get your money, Live it and spend it Just how you're supposed to Call some bitches to roll through and...

It's cool...

What is hittin' for My niggas is winning though Everywhere I'm at I make you feel like it is 10 below It ain't nothing yo Let me change the temperature And do I need to mention when

A-a-and then

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A-a-and then

Back in my zone Fresh out the b.e.tizzi Shout out bieber and nikki Tell mr. hill we ain't trippin, we cool I'm blowin sticky I'm blowin out of that lex I'm living with no regrets Well I'm getting over my exes

Access granted:

Take a step up to my world cause My niggas is thorough cut Sip until I hurl up, oca Hold up I got bitches sewed up What cha all niggas know about it My kick game is world cup

It's cool...

World cup I know that they don't get me I keep them bitches clean Though my sneakers game is messy Due to my under sellin' No I did not get that bentley But this amg I do for nothing And you niggas won't catch me

Vicious transmission for my vicious ambition I just wanna rep my hood So I be good if I don't get rich I'm good if y'all don't listen Just catch me out the district And I'm probably in some limited edition They ain't never shippin'

Sometimes you do get dough Sometimes you get the cheese Sometimes you go stores and buy everything that you see Sometimes you do get broke Sometimes you be on need But for now just roll it up and just become one with the breeze

It's cool...

I hear them talking and they all saying they doing they thing But they not like me I'm getting all this lovin' All this money That's how it is and how it's gon be

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