

Sworn Enemy

"Lose My Cool"

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Redman

Hey, yo, word up I gotta ask her myself
'cause she says she saw you the other day
Hey yo, word
Hey yo, Coko, Hey yo, Coko, hey, hey, hey
I heard you losing your cool
Yo, Lee
I heard you losing your cool
Yo, Taj
I heard you losing your cool, baby
Na, na, na, chill, chill, chill, chill, freeze

I'm just rolling with some broads
That got pretty toes with me
SWV pumpin' out the plat' 4-50
I got my brotha's Keith, Eric Sermon on deck
No matter what the media hype
Ya still get wrecked
We trying to eat and trying to be consecutive with the
ruck
Calm our tempers down mo' 'cause Biggie Smalls was
enough
Save yo beef for the rice and broccoli
I lose my cool for gettin' the cheddar
So I suggest you better
SWV

People say when love comes your way
You will know how to take it
Others say you won't know so
Just fake it
Until you make it
Verse 1

In my case
I wouldn't know how to recognize
Love
If he looked me in the eyes
But what I do know is my cover is blown
My composure is gone

When you come around
Verse 2

I lose my cool
Whenever you're around
I can't help myself
No, uh uh
I lose my cool
Over again and again
Hiding my feelings

You make my heart
Stop then it beats again
I can not hide
From these vibes that you send
Oh why, oh why, am I so into you
And why do I
Deny this cool I lose
Repeat 1

Repeat 2

Repeat 2

Redman

Out, out, out
Check it, check it out, check it, check it out
Push it up, push it up

Can you blame me
For losing my cool?
I bounce as hard as Bronsen
Every time you take a toe out yo shoes
I be brawling with brotha's from your project apartment
For talkin' slick wit you
I got more balls than Spaulding
Girl, who feeds you when your sugar Walt's callin'
Your fiance's corny
He don't got nutin' on me
I admit it
My plans was to skip when I
But you reverse game now the doc is feelin' committed
Exhibit the lyrics
The hard core definition got you wilding
Puffin' El's out your expedition
I seen yo' whole girl crew
I know they get jig
But you the quietest
And plus the rest of them got kids
When yo

I get your parts, whether they 'dore me, you know
My meat, true lie, don't front no papi chulo
I'm like Harold Melvin without the Blue Notes
I'm never going platinum
Besides, the credit cards an underground action
Repeat 2

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