

Cool It Down

Riff Raff

I love for sure how you look, yeah
I'll run the way to the sky, oh
I'm never coming down

Tryna keep my cool, neck full of jewels
Been grinding twenty years like a damn fool
Everything I own I done worked for
No kids, no wife, no child support
You think this life is luck? No shortcuts
If I could I'd live my life inside a tour bus
I could remember being 19, nice dreams
Nightmares, crystal stares, they don't like me
Flashback '94 Honda Hatchback
Had to pull these streets away from the club cause the windshield cracked
Fast throttle, 'course I drive the black Porsche
Everything inside my closet I done paid for

You say that I'm not the one
That I can't stunt
That I didn't grind
Always wanna stunt my shine
I ain't feeling fine
Need me a glass of wine, so I can cool it down

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Yeah, glacier berry watch, got time froze
I done, I done shook dice with Pete Rose
Crew cut, top peeled back like a nice orange
I used to shoot jumpers with precise form
They wanna tell you what you can't do based on formal facts
If I wanted to hear that bullshit I'd be in history class
If I'd have been around you five minutes I'd need a six pack
If I would've listened to your bitch ass I wouldn't be Riff Raff

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