

## Simple Things

### The Cool Kids

It was like, 10-somethin', cool summer  
Ride 'round bumpin' on my new shit  
Wonder what you doin', and who you wit'  
Can I scoop ya, we can groove girl  
It's up to you, up to you  
I just want you in my presence  
Don't go actin' like you don't love the attention  
I could be there in a second  
Get ready girl

I am not your average, posin' for the cameras  
Always trying to be seen  
See, me, I'd rather go pick up a bad one  
Tell her roll a fat one  
Drive till we get hungry  
The simple things (you know wassup)  
The simple things (you know wassup)

Can I get the fries on the side with a small milkshake  
Try to avoid the 101 when you come this way (for real)  
No matter what happens, you hit L.A. traffic  
So I roll two for the road, we gon' be starving  
Keep the fist on my comb when I pick out my 'fro  
Let the hair flow in the wind, skin like cinnamon  
Brown butter baby, and your bathing suit is wavy  
And that line down the side of your thigh, drive me crazy  
It's the little shit  
Long top Chucks with the anklet  
Small gold chain with my name in it, you saving me  
It's simple like your chin dimples, smiling gets deep  
Remembering the first time I caught you in my t-shirt  
We kicked back, lit that, sipped that on ice  
Clipped that, laid back, talked about life  
I'm loving where we goin'  
I don't need much, I just love that you know that

You know, you know wassup  
You know that so long as I'm with you, you're all that I want (all that I)  
Baby, you know I hate it, though  
I hate the part of the baggage I'm packing, your darling And you can leave me  
e for good (leave me for good)

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Now let me ask you, is it still fun?  
As it was, back when y'all was first hooking up  
That's a rush, you shouldn't rush it on your itinerary, fill up quick  
Gonna start to be a little too much, shit  
With the obligations, the interviews on the phone at the gate, wait  
For the plane that's supposed to take us on a vacation (uh-huh)  
While you was trippin', I was in the dungeon

Writin' hits, and yup, I bet they love it  
The unsigned nigga with the budget  
A long time coming, motherfuckers  
The time better now than any other  
So girl listen up, you missin' it, here go your chance  
They got the bright lights on you, hope you know the dance  
You need a drink, got the ice with her So drop a man then you going HAM  
Cuz man, all of these projections, and all of these suggestions  
Make relationships age even quicker  
Girl, that's how the game go

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