Kid Ink, Cool Back

I walk in this bitch like a mah'fuckin' villain I'm just tryna bring cool back
Can't too many motherfuckers pull that off
Lookin' like a million dollar outfit
Nah nigga that's me, it don't matter what it costs
Make it look good
Had it on 'fore you seen it in a look book
Said you ain't fuckin' with a young fresh ass nigga
Fashion police should arrest that nigga
Okay, okay, kay, kay, okay
I'm with a model ass bitch out in St. Tropez
In some high ass heels, can't stand all day
It's a price for your beauty, baby girl I pay

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I'm just tryna bring cool back I'm just tryna bring cool back I walk in like Joker Livin' like Bruce Wayne, can I get a toast to All of the light skin girls and the mochas Tryna get it in for the night, no emotions, motions My way, everything I own off of the runway Talkin' bout the girls and even the white tits I'm way too fresh go on let a nigga cook Money on the cover nigga, I'm that book Know you went to the store, they ain't have this All you mah'fuckers look like last year And I I walk in this bitch like a mah'fuckin' villain Waxin' a blunt, waxin' a denim Rodeo for the linen And I'm a cool nigga out in Beverly Hills like Dilan Okay, okay, wavin' this dede all up in your face See the OJ glove, red carpet killa Rest of you nigga just see filas Say ain't nobody cooler All you dirty mah'fuckers look like Kunta? Walk right by get a wet in the coucha Still yo' bitch nigga like king koopa

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