

White Linen (Coolin)

Wale

Fly nigga couldn't tell me nothing different homes
And I be good til the fat woman sing a note
I'm tryna find life's meaning up in this Patron
I'm taking women to heaven and then I take em home
I'm waking up with something 20-something fly shit
Wanna stunt shit, all that new designer shit
Word.. she said she love me but she lying
Shit I'm lying too! Told that bitch I love her for her mind
Well that's quite true, bust-a-move, head game lover boo
Bust that pussy open, turn that sofa to a fuckin pool
I'm playing Cody, smoking stogies, make the rhythm better
I'm looking good in everything, but she look good in leather
Call me cocky I love it, baby father a sucker
I'm longer than em: I ain't talking no Rockin Republic
I don't shop in the public, ain't finna wait in line
This not a free throw, this easy as a lay-up line

If I got time, you got time too
You with a boss, baby, so when I move you move
Let's have some drinks: Malibu and how I do
And after that we do whatever we want to..
Girl I'm in charge: that means I'm coolin
I have my own agenda: that means I'm coolin
Baby I'm large: that means I'm coolin
Dealin with a winner: that mean I'm coolin

Pimp-stroll on em, the pen cold on em
Couldn't fuck with it with a million nymphos on ya
Bitches tend to love a nigga with the most money
I tell em "honey, I know (Cher?), I'm so sunny"
And this is all pro-bono
All-Star weekend floor seats by the coaches
Flying all frequent, reclining on beaches
Half a millie on the road, y'all relyin on features
I ain't married, but I'm tryna find a keeper
If she cook and keep her vagina like a secret
And we fuck, I beast up and throw a little peace up
So peace out, I'mma get up with you in like 3 months
Word, absence will make the heart grow
With that said, I ain't around like my old combs
And I be drinking all the brown straight, no Coke
I'm chasing money, not the liquor, y'all ain't even close
So let's have a toast, everything fine
This ain't a free throw, this easy as a lay-up line