

I'm Too Cool

I'm too cool to talk to my mother

I don't mind it if she cook my food

I don't mind it if she wash my clothes

But if she asks me how I'm doin' I don't say nothin'

Cause everybody knows – that I'm too cool to talk to my mother

I don't mind it if she make my bed

I don't mind it if she cut my hair

I don't mind it if she drive and drive and drive me

Everywhere - but I'm too cool to talk to my mother

I like it when she fix my favorite meal

Just the way that it should be

But when she say "Sit down and tell me how you feel"

I feel like eating at the TV!

I'm too cool [to talk to my mother]

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