

Kool On

The Roots

Hook : Come get your cool on, stars are made to shineGreg PornIm in a double g three piece tux

screamin dressed to kill hope somebody call my bluff

its a full house sipping on a royal flush

two queens is on my cuffs

good times is on the dodge ?

livin on borrowed time im payin a extra charge

to feel like something small is worth a hundred large

swag is on retard

charm is on massage

wit is en garde i challenge you to a duel

who needs a chain when every thoughts a jewel

god bless the widow and everyones a fool

fuck a genie and three wishes

i just want a bottle a place to write my novel

i am heroin to those who had rhyme

and ask how do you find this upper echelon this time

lets toast to better days

a beautiful mind and a flow that never ageHook : Come get your cool on, stars are made to shineBlack

Thought:Yo Im never sleeping like im on methamphetamines

move like my enemy ten steps ahead of me

say my reputation preceed me like a pedigree

gentlemenly gangster steez beyond the seventies

holding fast money without running out of patience

move in silence without running up in places

cake by the layers rich but never famous

hustle anonymous still remain nameless

in hindsight, gold come in bars like a klondike

the minute before the storm hit is when im calm like

suited and booted for the shooting like its prom night

its suicide right

but you was tried like ????

to no avail and they heros what they died like

i got em waitin on the news like i was cronkite

not in the lime light or needed for crime right

no boast just body and chalk close to the the line typeHook : Come get your cool on, stars are made to

shineTruck Northyeah outside where all the killers and the dealers swarm

and inside they dressed up like its a telethon

black tie affair but they holdin heavy arms

straight cash with the stash in the cumberbund

more bacardi and the bastards of the party home
riots erupt around us but still we party onbeen a quantum leap from a king to a pawn
but it was destined the conclusion was forgone
serenade of the former slave promenadecos them long days in the sun have now become shade
so we doing high speeds in a narrow lane
say cheese free falling from the aeroplane
another feather in the cap
for all the years that we spent in luxuries lap without looking back
cos memories can sting like a hornetdamn it felt good to see people up on it

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