

# Kool On

## The Roots

Hook : Come get your cool on, stars are made to shine

Greg Porn

Im 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 age

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Black 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 type  
Hook : Come get your cool on, stars are made to shine  
Truck North  
yeah 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 on  
been a quantum leap from a king to a pawn  
but it was destined the conclusion was forgone  
serenade of the former slave promenade  
cos 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 hornet  
damn it felt good to see people up on it

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