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