Stay Cool

The Roots

Bass for your face, highs for your eyes
Don't blink, Black Ink has arrived, all rise
Rudebwoys keep dem thing at your side, be alright
Muh'fuckers Philly we up in here, we all live
I'm puffin this Cohiba mami coolin' her heels
All she ever seem to do is play it cool f'real
She be pushin', pop vessel, and her shoes is ill
But her hand, keep slippin' on the woodgrain wheel
But it's cool, we never slippin' when there's moves to make
Especially when what we talkin' ain't ya usual cake
I pump bass for y'all bathin' apes, to get charged
Nah, I'm not a dealer, I'm a poet at large
We in the wind with the roof back, lettin' the breeze hit us
The bathrobe on with sweatpants and slippers
Comin' to pay a visit to whoever on the hit list
Some of y'all been tryin' for years, you'll never get this fool
Check it out
(Stay cool)
Stay cool daddy
(Stay cool)
Stay cool ma
(Hey, hey)
C'mon
(Stay cool motherfuckers y'all know the rules)
(Hey, stay cool, stay cool)
There it is
(Yeah hah hah, stay cool)
Hip-hop my main bitch, I got a few on the side
The game stitched y'all I'm doin' my job
Go up against enormous odds
Wouldn't break a sweat, money make her bet
Funny son you threat, well I ain't shakin' yet
Twenty-fo'-sev' chillin', tougher than penicillin
From the block where the crooked cops killin' like a villain
Children, in the hood gettin' rocked by they buildings
And brothers, 'cross the board gettin' knocked by the millions
The stress, got me ignitin' the potent marijuana leaf
Tryin' to play it cooler than a polar bear colony

You feel the music know I'm over there probably
Pimpin' on the same system that forever shorted me
I got the soul of a young Sam Cooke when I spit
It make you wanna make a new dance up
It's all to the good shorty 'gwan do that stuff
It's not another sound system rockin' steady as us and it's cool
(Stay cool)
Yeah
(Stay cool)
Stay cool ha
(Hey, hey)
Check it out, and just
(Stay cool motherfuckers y'all know the rules)
Yeah
(Hey, stay cool, stay cool)
(Yeah hah hah, stay cool)
Yeah, when I'm crusin' in my vehicle, the chase harass me
They never ride past me, they really comin' at me right
They wanna know where the drugs guns and cash be
Probably wanna get me to run, so they can blast me
Just, blast me in your box, play my shit
I know it's crowded at the top, 'cause I'm on the tip
And that's as high up at the top, as a brother could get
And how I do it make a lot of muh'fuckers upset
But it's fine, re-gizzlin' I'm back for mine
In case y'all gettin' tired of the same ol' shine
And I'm calm, calculated and perfectly aligned
The way I'm operatin' what is a surgery of rhyme
It's not a thang when I lower the gradient lens frames
I'm cooler than Clyde Stubblefield, drummer for James
Hip-hop is out of Hustleville, comin' for change
I exercise 'til a muscle build, breakin' the chains and I'm cool
Stay cool, stay cool hey, hey
Stay cool motherfuckers y'all know the rules
Hey, stay cool, stay cool
Yeah hah hah, stay cool

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