

Livin' Astro

Kool Keith

[Kool Keith]

Yeah

Every morning I wake up lookin' in the mirror
I am the original black Elvis
That's right; when you see me with my wig to the side
Wearin' my short leather jacket
Marilyn Monroe on my back
I'm livin' that life
I'm for real with this
That's what I think about
I like to tell my fans I got my shades, big rock star compared to Elvis
Signin' autographs for rappers while girls move they pelvis
Write songs quickly for Elton John or Lionel Richie
Call up my butler, get clothes washed by the maid
Ivory soap; this is clean; feel like Cascade
I count the bills, roll to Detroit in Sedan De villes
I throw my skully on, big robe like Marvin Gaye
Step in the front row, prime time; I move your way
Budweiser Fest sound check, demanding more respect
I come correct through the Metro and turn y'all petrol
I'm up here early, bitin' donuts, sippin' on espresso
While you sleep, I creep, gainin' ground by the week
Ampex reels, makin' phone calls; I'm closin' deals
I move with skill, ride through Philly streets in Cherry Hill
I'm doin' it well, I'm doin' it swell
Yeah [Chorus]
Flying saucers, spaceships move at warp speed
MTV level three when I fly on BET
Livin' astro; tell me how you feel
One two, one two Movin' roughly, straight to the desert, San Antonio
I talk swift; the rock king, black Romeo
I pack clubs; promoters put me out in Tokyo
Damage your area; I'm a launch a fierce missile
I roll schools, movin' butt like I'm toilet tissue
What is your issue? You over, man; I don't miss you
Scottie soft, you play like Jan Van Breda Kolff
New Jersey Nets real man; you ain't no Donald Hillman
Bald head like Slick Watts, I run rap like Mayor Koch
Forward your info while Tony Lou crank the Benzo

Move out your driveway; white girls look, turn they eye away
Jealous in fact, tryin' to rip the capes off my back
I move with calm and potential through instrumentals
Y'all front on BET with slum gold, drivin' rentals
I get real dino, runnin' groups like a rhino
Endin' careers - that's my job; yo, your rap is final
Cancel your in-stores; your new job is moppin' floors
Fixin' tiles, stoppin' potholes up on the roof
You work for service
No tips, man, I speak the truth[Chorus]Flying saucers, spaceships move at warp speed
MTV level three when I fly on BET
Livin' astro; tell me how you feel
One two, one two, one twoPull your hoods down; I bum rush your after party
Have your manager scared, the radio station say I'm sorry
Pack your bags; I move my luggage to the coliseum
Infinite prime piece with statues in the rock museum
Changin' my zones, drinkin' cocktails on cellular phones
I tour with Anthrax through Texas with the Rolling Stones
Booked by the agency, famous artists payin' me
Hotels with fly room, with sneakers starin' at the moon
Mad atmosphere, ridin' first class on British Air
Lobster and steak while y'all back in time doin' remakes
I'm futuristic, nine-nine to the year four thousand
I make announcements, drop skills, then I bounce with
Fly young ladies, AMG kicks, 2000 Mercedes
Brand new models, only seen one in Colorado
Light green metallic in the Shark Bar eatin' salad
Lorenzo Wills, valet park, shoppin' in Beverly Hills
Step up your wildest spaceship, kid, in the Plymouth Prowler
Comin' down[Chorus x 3]

Songwriters

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