

# **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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