

Kool Keith

"Livin' Astro"

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[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 DeVille's

I throw my skully on, big robe like Marvin Gaye

Step in the front row, primetime I move your way

Budweiser Fest soundcheck, 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

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'ma 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 Britteclaw
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
eyeway
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

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Pull your hoods down, I bumrush your afterparty
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 4000
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

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