

Luny Tunes

"The Cool"

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[Talking]

Yeah...

Yeah...

The cool.

Turn me up

Uh-huh..

Yeah..

He came back

In the same suit that he was buried in

Similar to the one his grand father was married in

Yes... he was still fresh to death

Bling, two ear-rings, a chain laying on his chest

He still had it 'cause they couldn't find it

And the bullets from his enemies sat like two inches
behind it

Smelled the Hennessy from when his niggas got
reminded

And poured out liquor in his memory, he didn't mind it,

But...

He couldn't sip it fast enough

So the liquor was just filling the casket up

Floating down by his feet was the letter from his sister

Second Grade hand-writing simply read "I miss ya"

Suit jacket pocket held his baby daughter's picture

Right next to it one of his man's stuck a swisher

He had a notion as he laid there soaking

Saw that the latch was broken, he kicked his casket

open

And he...

[Chorus]

This life goes passing you by

It might go fast if you lie

You go and you live then you die...

O-oh-oh-ohh

If life goes passing you by
Don't cry
If you breaking the rules
Making your moves
Paying your dues...
Chasing the cool

Not at all nervous as he dug to the surface
Tarnished gold chain is what he loosened up the earth
with
He used his mouth as a shovel to try and hollow it
And when he couldn't dirt spit... swallowed it
Working like a.. hmm.. reverse archaeologist
Except.. his buried treasure was sunshine
So when some shined through a hole that he had drove
It reflected off the gold and almost made son blind
He grabbed on to some grass, he climbed
Pulled himself up out of his own grave and looked at
the time
On the watch that had stopped six months after the
shots
That had got him in the box wringing Henny out his
socks
Figured it was hours because he wasn't older
Used some flowers to brush the dirt up off his
shoulders - so..
With a right hand that was all bones and no reason to
stay
Decided to walk home
So he..

[Chorus]

He begged for some change to get him on a train
"Damn that nigga stank", is what they complained
Tried to light the blunt but it burst into flames
Caught the reflection in the window of what he became
A long look... Wasn't shook, wasn't ashamed
Matter fact only thing on his brain was brains.. yeah
And getting back in his lane, doing his thang
First he had to find something to slang
Next stop was his block
It had the same cops
Walked right past the same spot where he was shot
Shocked that some lil' niggas tried to sell him rocks
It just felt weird being on the opposite
They figured that he wasn't from there
So they pulled out and robbed him
With the same gun they shot him with

Put it to his head and said "You scared ain't ya?"
He said: "Hustler for death. No heaven for a gangsta."

[Chorus]

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