

Lupe Fiasco "Cool"

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Yeah, yeah, the Kool, turn me up, yeah

He came back in the same suit that he was buried in
Similar to the one his grandfather was married in
Yes, he was still fresh to death
Bling, two earrings, a chain layin' 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 Hennessey from when his niggaz 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 fillin' the casket up
Floatin' down by his feet was the letter from his sister
Second grade handwritin' simply read 'I miss ya'

Suit jacket pocket held his baby daughter's picture
Right next to it, one of his mans stuck a swisher
He had a notion as he laid there soakin'
He saw that the latch was broken, he kicked his casket
open and he

This life goes passin' you by
It might go fast if you like
You born, you lived and you die
If life goes passin' you by, don't cry
If you're breakin' the rules, makin' your moves
Payin' your dues, chasin' 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, he swallowed it

Workin' like a reverse Archaeologist
Except, his buried treasure was sunshine
So when some shine through a hole that he had drove
It reflected off the gold and almost made some blind

He grabbed onto some grass and climbed
Pulled himself up out of his own grave and looked at
the time
On the watch that had stopped 6 months after the shots
That'd got him in the box, wringin' Henny out his socks

Figured it was hours because he wasn't older
Used some flowers to brush the dirt up off his shoulder
So with a right hand that was all bones
And with no reason to stay he decided to walk home,
so he

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He begged for some change to get him on the 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 of fact, only thing on his brain was brains
Yeah and gettin' back in his lane, doin' 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 little niggaz tried to sell him rocks
It just felt weird, bein' 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're scared, ain'tcha?"
He said, "Hustler for death, no Heaven for a gangsta",
and

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Yeah, cool

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