

Roots

"Kool On"

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[Hook]

Come get your kool on
Stars are made to shine

[X4]

Stars are made to shine

[Verse 1: Greg Porn]

I'm in the double G, three-piece tux
Screaming dressed to kill
Hope somebody call my bluff
It's a full house sipping on a royal flush
Two queens is on my cuffs
Good times is in the cards
Living on borrowed time
I'm paying the extra charge
To feel like something small is worth a hundred large
Swag is on retard, charm is on massage
Wit is on guard, I challenge you to a duel
Who needs a chain when every thought's a jewel
God bless the weirdo when everyone's a fool
F*ck a genie and three wishes
I just want a bottle, a place to write my novel
I am like heroin to those that hear a rhyme and think
How do you find this upper echelon this time
Let's toast to better days, a beautiful mind, and a flow
that never age

[Hook]

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[X4]

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[Verse 2: Black Thought]

Yo, I'm never sleeping like I'm on meth-amphetamines
Move like my enemy ten steps ahead of me
Say my reputation precedes me like a pedigree
Gentlemanly gangsta steez beyond the seventies
Holdin fast money without running out of patience
Move in silence without running up in places
Cake by the layers, rich but never famous

Hustle anonymous still remain nameless
In hindsight gold come in bars like a klondike
The minute before the storm hit is what I'm calm like
Suited and booted for a shooting like it's prom night
It's suicide right pursuers tried like
To no avail and a hero's what they died like
I've got em waiting on the news like I'm Cronkite
Not in the lime light or needed for the crime right
No boasts, just bodied, chalked close to the line tight

[Hook]

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[X4]

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[Verse 3: Truck North]

Yeah outside where the killers and the dealers swarm
And inside they dressed up like it's a telethon
Black tie affair but they holding heavy arms
Straight cash with a stash in the cummerbund
More Bacardi and the bouncers of the party hum
Riots erupting around and still we party on
Made the quantum leap to a king from a pawn
But it was destined the conclusion was foregone
Serenade of the former slave promenade
Cause them long days in the sun
Have now become shade
So we doing high speeds in a narrow lane
Say cheese, free falling from the aeroplane
Another feather in the cap for all the years
That we spent in luxuries lap without looking back
Cause memories could sting like hornet
Damn it felt good to see people up on it

[Hook]

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