

# The Roots

## "Stay Cool"

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Bass for your face, highs for your eyes  
Don't blink, Black Ink has arrived, all rise  
Rudebwoys keep dem thing at your side, be alright  
Muh'fuckers Philly we up in here, we all live  
I'm puffin this Cohiba mami coolin' her heels  
All she ever seem to do is play it cool f'real  
She be pushin', pop vessel, and her shoes is ill  
But her hand, keep slippin' on the woodgrain wheel

But it's cool, we never slippin' when there's moves to  
make  
Especially when what we talkin' ain't ya usual cake  
I pump bass for y'all bathin' apes, to get charged  
Nah, I'm not a dealer, I'm a poet at large  
We in the wind with the roof back, lettin' the breeze hit  
us  
The bathrobe on with sweatpants and slippers  
Comin' to pay a visit to whoever on the hit list  
Some of y'all been tryin' for years, you'll never get this  
fool

Check it out  
(Stay cool)  
Stay cool daddy  
(Stay cool)  
Stay cool ma  
(Hey, hey)  
C'mon  
(Stay cool motherfuckers y'all know the rules)  
(Hey, stay cool, stay cool)  
There it is  
(Yeah hah hah, stay cool)

Hip-hop my main bitch, I got a few on the side  
The game stitched y'all I'm doin' my job  
Go up against enormous odds  
Wouldn't break a sweat, money make her bet  
Funny son you threat, well I ain't shakin' yet  
Twenty-fo'-sev' chillin', tougher than penicillin  
From the block where the crooked cops killin' like a  
villain  
Children, in the hood gettin' rocked by they buildings

And brothers, 'cross the board gettin' knocked by the  
millions  
The stress, got me ignitin' the potent marijuana leaf  
Tryin' to play it cooler than a polar bear colony  
You feel the music know I'm over there probably  
Pimpin' on the same system that forever shorted me  
I got the soul of a young Sam Cooke when I spit  
It make you wanna make a new dance up  
It's all to the good shorty 'gwan do that stuff  
It's not another sound system rockin' steady as us and  
it's cool

(Stay cool)  
Yeah  
(Stay cool)  
Stay cool ha  
(Hey, hey)  
Check it out, and just  
(Stay cool motherfuckers y'all know the rules)  
Yeah  
(Hey, stay cool, stay cool)  
(Yeah hah hah, stay cool)

Yeah, when I'm crusin' in my vehicle, the chase harass  
me  
They never ride past me, they really comin' at me right  
They wanna know where the drugs guns and cash be  
Probably wanna get me to run, so they can blast me  
Just, blast me in your box, play my shit  
I know it's crowded at the top, 'cause I'm on the tip  
And that's as high up at the top, as a brother could get  
And how I do it make a lot of muh'fuckers upset

But it's fine, re-gizzlin' I'm back for mine  
In case y'all gettin' tired of the same ol' shine  
And I'm calm, calculated and perfectly aligned  
The way I'm operatin' what is a surgery of rhyme  
It's not a thang when I lower the gradient lens frames  
I'm cooler than Clyde Stubblefield, drummer for James  
Hip-hop is out of Hustleville, comin' for change  
I exercise 'til a muscle build, breakin' the chains and  
I'm cool

Stay cool, stay cool hey, hey  
Stay cool motherfuckers y'all know the rules  
Hey, stay cool, stay cool  
Yeah hah hah, stay cool

