

# Kool On

The Roots

Ooh  
Come get your kool on  
Stars are made to shine (4x)  
Stars are made to shine  
[Verse 1: Greg Purn]   
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  
With is on guard, I challenge you to a duel  
Who needs a chain when every thoughts a jewel  
God bless the weirdo when everyone's a fool  
Fuck 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  
[Chorus]  
[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 heroes 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  
[Chorus]  
[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