

# Lupe Fiasco, Cool

Yeah...

Yeah...

Cool.

Turn it 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, 2 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 2 inches behind it  
Smell the Hennesey 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...

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 6 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..

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He begged for some change to get him on a train  
&quot;Damn that nigga stank&quot;, 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 little 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 &quot;You scared ain't you?&quot;  
He said: &quot;Hustler for death. No heaven for a gangsta.&quot;

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