

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..

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

He begged for some change to get him on a 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 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 "You scared ain't you?"
He said: "Hustler for death. No heaven for a gangsta."

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.