

Kool Keith, Livin' Astro

[Kool Keith]

Yeah

Every morning I wake up, lookin in the mirror
I am, the original Black Elvis
That's right when you see me, with my wig to the side
wearin my short leather jacket
Marilyn Monroe on my back
I'm livin that life
I'm for real with this
That's what I think about
I like to tell my fans

I got my shades, big rock star compared to Elvis
Signin autographs for rappers, while girls move they pelvis
Write songs quickly, for Elton John or Lionel Richie
Call up my butler, get clothes washed by the maid
Ivory soap, this is clean, feel like Cascade
I count the bills, roll to Detroit in Sedan DeVille's
I throw my skully on, big robe like Marvin Gaye
Step in the front row, primetime I move your way
Budweiser Fest soundcheck, demanding more respect
I come correct through the Metro, and turn y'all petrol
I'm up here early bitin donuts sippin on espresso
While you sleep, I creep, gainin ground by the week
Ampex reels, makin phone calls, I'm closin deals
I move with skill, ride through Philly streets in Cherry Hill
I'm doin it well, I'm doin it swell
Yeah

Flying saucers, spaceships move at warp speed
MTV level three when I fly on BET
Livin' astro, tell me how you feel
One two, one two

Movin roughly, straight to the desert, San Antonio
I talk swift the Rock King Black Romeo
I pack clubs, promoters put me out in Tokyo
Damage your area, I'ma launch a fierce missile
I roll schools, movin butt like I'm toilet tissue
What is your issue? You over man, I don't miss you
Scottie soft, you play like Jan Van Britteclaw
New Jersey Nets real man, you ain't no Donald Hillman
Bald head like Slick Watts, I run rap like Mayor Koch
Forward your info, while Tony Lou, crank the Benzo
Move out your driveway, white girls look, turn they eyeway
Jealous in fact, tryin to rip the capes off my back
I move with calm and, potential, through instrumentals
Y'all front on BET with slum gold, drivin rentals
I get real dino, runnin groups like a rhino
Endin careers, that's my job, yo your rap is final
Cancel your in-stores, your new job is moppin floors
Fixin tiles, stoppin potholes up on the roof
You work for service no tips man I speak the truth

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Pull your hoods down, I bumrush your afterparty
Have your manager scared, the radio station say I'm sorry
Pack your bags, I move my luggage to the coliseum
Infinite prime piece with statues in the rock museum
Changin my zones, drinkin cocktails on cellular phones
I tour with Anthrax, through Texas with the Rolling Stones
Booked by the agency, famous artists payin me
Hotels with fly room, with sneakers starin at the moon
Mad atmosphere, ridin first class on British Air
Lobster and steak, while y'all back in time, doin remakes
I'm futuristic, nine-nine, to the year 4000
I make announcements, drop skills, then I bounce with
fly young ladies, AMG kicks, 2000 Mercedes
Brand new models, only seen one, in Colorado
Light green metallic in the Shark Bar, eatin salad
Lorenzo Wills, valet park, shoppin in Beverly Hills
Step up your wildest spaceship kid, in the Plymouth Prowler
Comin down

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