Goodie Bag

Teairra MarÃ-

Put some fire on that ass end of dat weed
'Cause in da swat's red hots don't drip or bleed
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Cuz' you know me givin' me left hand dap
P funk be ridin' shot gun escort your window broke out son
A cool breeze got my lips chap mornin' slap some
Soul in my bread basket gap contain X marks the spot
Twain O.C. the cut layin'
A stew of empty gas in my tank
A buck thirty lookin' ugly think but it ain't gonna stop no show
Ol' burd puttin' a buzz in you ear
It's gonna snow or maybe perhaps sleet
Rap up the beat outside barely made it to your wake
Lookin' like Mr. Fisher, dickie down no suit, no tie
Niggaz ain't gonna be able to just get by no mo'
You leavin' the hotel 254
Today was good to me
I went to the Goodwill with the ten dollar bill
Got that London Fog out tha back paid tha man
Me and Khujo and T-Boo, three jack lumbers on tha loose
Cut your ass Lo like Cee, be under tha water
Half these figures around me be hollering New
Now what the fuck has this politician did for you
Complain, complain but Mr. Clampett ain't gon' change
Just ribb your ass up just to gut your pockets out
I heard Bill put two G's up for some folks
That they found in they house beat up
And I don't discuss that color scheme that they fall on
'Cuz tha scheme that they fall on don't match wit my tone
See, I wonder will I walk tha streets in 1995
And not have to make bond from 254
Uh, will somebody please turn the lights on 166
I can't see where tha fuck I'm going
I can't do shit but get mad
I can't keep get Billie and his uncle out my fuckin' Goodie Bag
Without your shank you can't thank
Without your niggas you up the creek
Stank with a ass fool of ore

Takin' what I say for what it's worth
It don't matter 'cuz how I feel might be triggered
From thoughts I had in the past
Now I struggle to reach the sky, why try so hard
If all I'ma get is spit on
'Cause life at the bottom ain't hittin' on shit
But some of these folks is gettin' rich
I know about mines, unwind, can't take at times going through
The same drama that got me here in this state of mind
Red-hot in the summer time
First of all, I stand a little more than five feet tall

But we can still brawl nigga, I ain't scared at all
I guess you niggas don't know or can't see
That it ain't even wise steppin' to me incorrectly
But yet still when nigga's feel they can deal
I will split yo' ass up for real
'Cause we the maniacs with the chunky Goodie sac's
So I don't carry an ax, but I still swing low with the lumber jax trax
Are being made by Organo-i-z-e
Why we coolin' in the shade ain't gettin' paid
For chillin', illin' willin' to do what I got to do
To come through your speaker
Cee-Lo, he will never come weaker
Uniquer than a lot of emcees out today
Because I'm more than careful about what I say
When I pick up a microphone it's on
Them better leave me alone, I'm in my zone
Prone to snap if you offer me a chance
Like it when them chunky hoes can dance
I'll enhance the microphone when it's in my grip, I do not slip
I can't forget my nigga's Jo, T-Mo and Gipp
Ha, ha, ha, well, Great Scott, is he a thief?
It seems like he has a mouth fulla gold teeth
I smile because your eyes can't take the glare
But Cee-Lo, him don't care, I cut off all my hair
And everybody stop and stare when we come in the place
And I can get on the mic wit' no time to waste
Get right up in yo' face, kick the flavor you taste
And when I'm on the microphone it's a damn disgrace
How you don't comprehend what I'm saying to you
And I'm the C, the double E from the Goodie Mo Crew
I'm coming through, I'm comin' true, ooh I can't even stop
It's Cee-Lo B, I'm down wit that nigga pop, pop, pop
And my nigga Mike L and Bert P and my nigga Pretty Ken

You know he down wit' me
We from Atlanta, G-A, that is where we stay
I'm diggin' all in the Goodie Bag each 'n ever day
Ooh, shit
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