

# Hand On My Nutsac

## Coolio

I got my hand on my nutsac burnin 'cross the stage  
In a motherfuckin' rage, like a animal in a cage  
I catch wrecks like a junkyard fool  
Fuck around and getcha holdin' that jar, Cool  
Yep, that's me on the motherfuckin' mic-a  
Nova, happy to strike niggas like a viper  
Who rules the step to the rep that I kept  
For a long, long, long, long, long, long, time  
I got more flavor than a truck load of Snickers  
Ya punch her by the straps, ya got to kick her, fuck it  
That's how it go when ya dealin' with a proper  
Got my hand on the mic and I'm about to let it flow  
Coolio locc and I'm down to blast  
Peter Piper picked a paper, pick a pepper's and I jacked his ass  
Motherfuckers curse me but they can't hurt me  
When I'm doin' dirt, that's why I show no mercy  
I flips the scripts and it's the dips when I rips  
And rock the fuckin' house for the Bloods and Crips  
Danger, danger, ol' gangsta, gangsta  
Droppin dogs on the  
40 Thevz and the band with a plan to make some stops  
Niggas die on the street but they don't play taps  
Or 21 gun salute, there ain't cahoots  
My name ain't Alex Haley but I still got roots  
I bang, bang, bang to the air, now ya dead  
It was a black and white thang but now it's blue and red  
This ain't an episode of Batman, it's more like a Blackman  
Slap yo' ass up and I jacked ya for ya Walkman  
Niggas on the top and you don't deserve nothin'  
They fightin' punks, their rags is fucked, they shouldn't even be bumpin'  
Suckas play the back 'cause I'm dope when I rap  
And my hand's on my motherfuckin' nutsac and it's like that  
It's time for me to step so I'm steppin' in deep  
I was born a thief so ya know I'm on the creep  
Sucka nigga wanna test me but he can't best me  
Buck, buck to the chest and I guess you're deathly  
Now I gotta treat ya like a sucka  
'Cause you're soft like butter, you punk motherfucker  
Coolio but you can call me Boo

I drop da shit on ya lyrics 'cause ya rhyme style is doo-doo  
Ass, feces, you don't wanna see me  
With a flashlight 'cause I serve that ass  
Word to the motherfuckin' homies  
And you know you can't hold me or throw me, so blow me  
How many niggas must I stick before you get my dift?  
And fully understand not to fuck with this  
I never been a stoner, take ya momma home and blown her  
One night stand and once again she's a loner  
'Cause I won't be played out, strung out, laid out  
She only gave it up because she thought I had some crack  
And I won't be strayed by a lame ass dame  
Keep my dollars in my pockets 'cause I'm hip to ya game  
Hoes be actin' like they love me but they only wanna fuck me  
And suck me but don't touch me  
Back up off me hooker 'cause I won't be taken  
Go find you another motherfucker, you can break it  
I gots to keep playin' these niggas like ping-pong  
And hit 'em like King Kong, they singin' the same song  
93 is the year and yes I'm gettin' bigger  
Gave a shot to the 121 'cause they my niggas  
Scotty B ridin' shotgun, boom, he got one  
Only God knows if he'll catch a hot one  
Knick-knack, paddy-wack, Wino's in the back  
And my hand's on my motherfuckin' nutsac and it's like that  
I got my hand on my nutsac, na na na na na na  
I got my hand on my nutsac, na na na na na na  
I got my hand on my nutsac, na na na na na na and it's like that

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