

# One Mo'

## Coolio

I got one mo switch, I can hit  
I got one mo bullet in my clip  
I got one mo drink, I can steal  
I got one mo sack, I can twist I wear a 'S' on my chest, I prefer my vest  
And if the chronic run out, loc, pass the stress  
'Cause all I wanna do is just roll my things  
Turn up the alpine and let the woofers bang bang To the boogie say up jump the boogie  
He was tryin' to get a grip on my cookies, I shook thee  
I coulda took him, but he wasn't even worth a bullet  
I had my finger on the trigger, but I couldn't pull it From defamation to decimation  
Every day is like summer vacation  
A nigga couldn't wait for somethin' good to put in yo Kenwood  
Turn it up to twenty-one, and bop it in your hood I'm a East Side nigga, gotta have sprilla  
Do or die, low down, real life killa  
They comin' through the hold on tip-toe  
You swear, so I gotta get your grip, hoe I got one mo switch, I can hit  
I got one mo bullet in my clip  
I got one mo drink, I can steal  
I got one mo sack, I can twist Yes, yes, y'all  
40 Thevz in the house, with a fifth y'all  
Better recognize a tennis shoe pimp, y'all  
When I'm rollin' through your hood in my six, oh, that be you When our four colors rock, front and ass out  
All the riders shake and smile when they see me hit the block  
Your sounds ain't beatin' so your girls ain't freakin'  
Watch your fly, got the whole post meetin' Hit 'em in their eyes and go suicides  
Later, pump them on the ground just to show 'em what it's like  
To hit the mic for a lickin Hell no, I ain't trippin'  
Cause I kinda like pimpin' bein' freer than a pigeon Got your bitch down in positions, all kinda ways  
40 Thevz pimpin' these suckas till they graze  
So, come with these weak flows, if you must  
But I got a hundred and twenty-one mo rounds I can bust I got one mo switch, I can hit  
I got one mo bullet in my clip  
I got one mo drink, I can steal  
I got one mo sack, I can twist Put the pep in yo step and the glide in your stride  
Like Clyde, Drexler, this is East Side  
Westa, recognize the routine  
Mo jackers and packers than the Super Bowl ring team So, why you tellin me to sell a key of yayo?  
That's how you give a fellow need like Jayo  
We lay low, all up in the cut

If it's suicide then roll the bustas up  
And I'ma hit 'em up like uppercut  
Better shuffle yo feet like double dutch  
Now the party didn't start 'til I walked in  
And it probably won't end 'til I sip HenBut in the meantime and in between time  
Better tuck in your chin and learn to take your lumps and grin  
You know you can't wait 'cause I'ma stay on one  
One switch, one sack, one sip, but I ain't done  
I got one mo switch, I can hit  
I got one mo bullet in my clip  
I got one mo drink, I can steal  
I got one mo sack, I can twist  
I got one mo switch, I can hit  
I got one mo bullet in my clip  
I got one mo drink, I can steal  
I got one mo sack, I can twist  
I got one mo switch, I can hit  
I got one mo bullet in my clip  
I got one mo drink, I can steal  
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