Get Up, Get Down

Coolio

Steppin' up out the shadows, I comes equipped to wreck
Hold up just a sec Coolio, I'm on deck
(Malika)
Yeap, the diction is on point
Causin' friction when I flex up the jaw to hit the joint
That can actually give a blood mob like Gotti
Like the body cool, keep the strap up by the naughties
Niggie trippin' why you beam us, I don't step up with no bullshit
See that there, it's clip for this stickup on the hip
Peep the correct way to get your pimp on
Let me hit the bong, oh, and my mind's quite strong
Wreck it nice and proper, if it's on I'm finsta to stop her
If I'm swingin' for the knockout, best believe I'm fits to drop her
Ninety-five's on poppin', representin' I keep stompin'
Throw up my fists just like this when I'm mobbin'
I killed the last, killed the ass with my ninety-five drive
I'm deep like Denzel with my Crimson Tide, nigga
Like Chaka Khan, I tell you something good
I'm Hi-C like Spike Lee within tales from the hood
You need it, I'll feed it, baby, check the size
Have you goin' down like Mary J. Blige
When it's poppin' like this you can't be a coward
Shorty freaks fuckin' beats like Adina Howard
My squad is hard with players and hustlers
No toleration, for fakers and busters
Fuckin' with me with all honesty
You get bombed rap songs comin' constantly
Bumpin' G-15's, Westside scene
Killin' the competition while making a fuckin' green
So ring, around the rosie and mosey to the Rosie
And I want you to know G
We bust and cuss and kick up dust
Don't none of y'all niggaz want to fuck with us?
So what's the time? It's time to get real
Why you bust your rhyme? 'Cuz I got skills
We bust and cuss and kick up dust
Don't none of y'all niggaz want to fuck with us?
So what's the time? It's time to get real
Why you bust your rhyme? 'Cuz that's how I bail

Watch me, swallow this nickel and shit five pennies
I'm the loc'est of them all though the rat is kinda skinny
How many linny and squidgy think they can see me?
I'm from Compton where even in the summer niggaz wear beanies
Bustin' lyrics sharper than razor blades, catch it from head to toe
If you're shocked, then amazed
When you see me at my stage show
For my stage show beat 'em up
40 Thevz gettin' busy, rockin' coast to coast
Dogs the most rap, the hoes then rocks 'em up
Givin' it up for hip-hop victims how should I drop 'em and then pop 'em
For poppin' like to get what I got, and I ain't got a whole lot of nuthin'
'Cuz I been ruffin' and scuffin', so give it up when I'm bustin'
Or get to duckin' 'cuz I ain't given 'em nuthin'
Fools can't get none, so fuck 'em
Let me rock the motherfuckin' mic
Smoke a whole stick of dynamite, then fight all night
I got jabs like a welterweight champion
The pocket-pincher purse-snatcher pistol-packin'
Quick to get it crackin'
Went from jackin' to rappin' to runnin' with a pack of mad men
Pull a trick out my sleeve like Aladdin
Some fool tried to play me for a punk
I had to have him like lunch or dinner, he's just a beginner
Fuckin' with a winner, number one contender top dog
Head nigga in charge runnin' with a group of hogs
40 Thevz, MAAD Circle, Cat, and Crowbar
Best to put your daughter, wack ass rappers get tossed up
Trying to come in here with that garbage
My crew see the dopest and the hardest
So clear the path or get your punk ass bogarted
We bust and cuss and kick up dust
Don't none of y'all niggaz want to fuck with us?
So what's the time? It's time to get real
Why you bust your rhyme? 'Cuz I got skills
We bust and cuss and kick up dust
Don't none of y'all niggaz want to fuck with us?
I peep game and get recognized
Buyin' all the hard liquor, toothpick and beedy-dyin'
Bitch, you got dealt, peeled your cap the other way
Like a reversible Louis-Vitton Gucci belt and ain't nothin' crackin'
For them niggaz steppin' up with the funk, I'm packin' Tinactin
'Cuz I be earnin' stripes in tight bunches
All the homies carry nines, I carry rhymes in sucker punches
What? Tootsie, my knees don't bend

Just like that actor Hoffman, I be dustin' off men often
Jaywalkin' over your coffin with an eleven shot loss
And John wrecked that Austin won't soften
You're lost and see arson, to exterminate the flyest nigga like Orkin
Stalkin' lofts men to New York and in between
So take caution, leave the flossin' for dental hygeine
Mental plus my gene equals nasty young bastard
The raps be lung mastered takin' vinyl's virginity
Coincidentally I run shit like Walter Payton
Niggaz player hatin' 'cuz I spoke like a Dayton
I kick the bass like Ron Carter at the Carter
When C and B came strollin'
Blowin' niggaz up like when Mookie's stupid ass got caught smokin'
Figure, your stigma is lack of enigma
So bitch-ass niggaz better step like the Delta Sigma Thetas
We don't give a fuck, fools better duck
39 deep in the back of Wino's truck
Like robbin' in the paint, fool think I ain't?
Your crew is on stank, that's why I'm pullin' rank
I rev like a motor float on like a boat to kick a style
Like Tical from here to North Dakota
The ambassador of funk with amps in the trunk
And when it's time to rock a mic I won't be no punk
I bring death to the evil and power to the people
My name ain't Steve Miller but I fly like an eagle
Don't play me for a chump, I get around like Gump
And I got more con in my verse than Chuck
And you don't want no motherfuckin' problems here
'Cuz I can round up a posse like Paul Revere
Your whole crew'll get took out, turned out, shook out
Burned up like a cookout, so fools better look out
Fresh out the penalty box
Sportin' a stockin' cap, cut off dickies
And some high-top striped socks
The freestyle fanatic psychosomatic back at it causin' static
With lyrics still as tight as a straight jacket
The last in line but one of the first to get wit' cha
Bringin' more terror to MC's than a Michigan militia
Click, click boom, nigga fuck your crew
It's the chanky hip-hopper, takin' over pissin' in your stage monitor
Socket you think that you can fuck with mine in your wildest dreams
You best to wake up and apologize
Niggaz penetentiary yearn me 'cuz I burn like Parker
But anyway, half of y'all couldn't see me with a pair of Blu Blockers
The lyrical night stalker stalkin' at night in a pair of creased Khakis

Chuck Taylors, my pistol grip tight
Dub-C, that nigga from Westside mad circle
Ay man, ay ay, what's up Wino?
Uh, like loc, it's like late, let's get the fuck up out of here
Are we out? Yeah, yeah, fuck it
Fuck it, mad circle bitch

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