U Know Hoo!

Coolio

Aiyo Coolio, what's up with all these fools?
Always poppin' off at the lip, talkin' about the last sucka
To fuck up and stuff like that, loc, what's up?
Yeah, don't believe everythin' you read, fool
Nah, they know what time it is but you know for those
Who don't know, I think it's time that we step to the mic
And set the record straight, aiyo, G, we're gon' do it like this
Why don't you tell 'em who you're down with loc? Right
All you niggas run and tell a friend, um
Bad mutha fuckas is bad again
M.A.A.D. Circle's in the house for the ninety fo' and
If I tell I got a fo'ty four and I shoot they ass up like rifleman
'Cause I never wore a suit made by Dapper Dan
Them punk mutha fuckas be hittin' me up
And I hit 'em right back 'cause I don't give a fuck
So throw your mutha fuckin' M in the sky
If the nigga next to you ain't down, bust him in the eye
If you leaped up your seat you met your doom
Big G could start a fight in an empty room
You fuck with me, you gotta fuck with crazy tunes
Wino, Billy Boy, P.S. and Spoon
I don't give a fuck about you or your crew
I'm down with the M.A.A.D. ass u know hoo
Brothers of the mother M.A.A.D. Circle
I'm down with the M.A.A.D. ass u know hoo
Brothers of the mother M.A.A.D. Circle
I'm down with the M.A.A.D. ass u know hoo
Nigga clear the lane, get the kids off the street
It's the one nine nine fo' and I smell booty
Stank ass skag mutha fucka wanna basket
Paid by you niggas from the nigga Dub' C
The quicker to sticker, sucka nigga killa, bust it
Yo Coolio, what's up with these punk mutha fuckas?
I don't know, don't they know, um, I gets busy like Illegal
Flow like water, drop bomb shit like a seagull
A janky ass nigga known to sag
And like Old English, I'm settin' mutha fuckas on they ass
Diggin' graves for the braves, that's a trade when I flow
Decapitatin' rappers and pissin' down they throats

'Cause I'm the, rusty mac pistol mackin'
And like Mike Tyson, baby, my style is causin' static
And jabbin' stabbin' mutha fucka you don't want static
Nineteen ninety fo' and you cowards all done had it
These ol' whack ass niggas gettin' popped for record deals
I'm broke 'cause it take no skills to pay the bills
But that's alright because I gotta kill a crew
I'm down with the M.A.A.D. ass u know hoo
Brothers of the mother M.A.A.D. Circle
I'm down with the M.A.A.D. ass u know hoo
Brothers of the mother M.A.A.D. Circle
I'm down with the M.A.A.D. ass u know hoo
Another day, another dollar, I'll be there when ya holla
It's the skanded ass, sticky face, alleway scholar
I dip two sticks off a ten dollar, fold it
Turn it to the hook and kick in the door
May all the traytons be forgot
But if you're steppin' to the Circle we'll connect your dots
I always feel like somebody's watchin' me
And even though you're watchin', you can't stop a G
'Cause I been where you're goin' and I know what you see
You might build a rep but not on the C
Double O to the L to the I to the O
With the mutha fuckin' goddamn flow
So, fuck it, fuck it, fo' niggas in a bucket
Wit an old ass janky thirty eight causin' ruckus
Yo be a fool tryin' to step to the crew
I'm down with the M.A.A.D. ass you know who
Brothers of the mother M.A.A.D. Circle
I'm down with the M.A.A.D. ass u know hoo
Brothers of the mother M.A.A.D. Circle
I'm down with the M.A.A.D. ass u know hoo
Uh huh, all you punk ass mutha fuckas
The real steel is in the heel for year feel
Brand new, we're nowhere a year ago, yeah
We're not cookin' ya crew, beeyotch

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/