

N da Closet

Coolio

5:30 in the morning and I haven't been to sleep
A pair of raggedly ass Pro Wings on my feet
Ten dollars in my pocket and now I'm on the creep
To the double up spot 'cos the shit is comin' cheap
It's 1984 and the rocks is all fat
Southern California L.A. is where it's at
I'm smokin' like a motherfuckin' choo choo train
Big cocaine inside my brain aah
But nobody knows that I'm on the hype
Use to be in cream well now I hit the pipe
Face sucked in, yellow tooth grin
No bitches, no friends, no ends to spend
I'm stuck like a rat in a sticky ass trap
And I sold everything but my motherfuckin' gat
I got a habit like a rabbit and I wanna stop it
But I can't 'cos I'm locked n da closet
Oh make me wanna holler, right into my life
Oh make me wanna holler, right into my life
Oh make me wanna holler, right into my life
Listen homey
No rehabilitation, no wantin' to talk to
Doin' crimes on every fuckin' place I can walk to
I still get props in the hood when I stroll by
'Cos niggas don't know that I'm smokin' like Popeye
Mama's in the kitchen cookin' rice
Daddy's in the pen doin' life
Sister gotta husband, she's a wife
And I'm in the backyard hittin' the pipe
It's been three or four months since I started usin'
It's a uphill battle and now I know I'm losin'
I go to the spots where my face ain't familiar
And I cook here jack 'cos I don't know these niggas
I'm livin' like a peasant and it ain't pleasant
I think I need to change my direction
I got the five dollar piece now I'm all in the carpet
In the dark 'cos I'm locked n da closet
Someone's knockin' at the door, somebody's ringin' a bell
Somebody's locked n da closet, somebody's goin' to hell
Do me a favor, open the door and let 'em have it
Ooh, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
One year done passed and now I'm lookin' dusty
Disgusted because my own mama don't trust me
My sister's on the trip 'cos she knows I'm on the hit
And I can't take this shit
There's a rumor goin' round that I'm puffin heavily
And my neighbors is lookin' at me crazy, G
I guess they figured out that I broke in they house
And stole all they shit while they was out
My sister told my aunt and my aunt told Pam
And Pam let it slip to that bitch Roxanne
Roxanne told Bill and Bill told Duke

Now the whole hood knows that I play the flute
But before I lost my respect
I didda lick your dumb ass on a jet, shit
Now I'm back to life, yeah I'm back to reality
Ain't no side effects or technicalities
There's one thing about it when your life is fucked
At the bottom the only way to go is up, aah
No more cocaine bitches
I kick the door off the motherfuckin' hinges, I'm out the closet
Someone's knockin' at the door, somebody's
ringin' a bell
Somebody's locked n da closet, somebody's goin' to hell
Do me a favor, open the door and let 'em have it
And let 'em have it
Someone's knockin' at the door, somebody's ringin' a bell
Somebody's locked n da closet, somebody's goin' to hell
Do me a favor, open the door and let 'em have it
Ooh yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

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