

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 wont end 'til I sip Hen
But 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
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