

# 2 Minutes & 21 Seconds Of Funk

## Coolio

Yeah, fuck all these niggaz  
You know what I'm talkin' about Wino, yeah  
Two minutes and twenty-one seconds of funk and I ain't no punk  
That's right, that's right  
A tisket a tasket that's all you ask it  
Snap your CD and drop the pieces in your casket  
Like little Jack Horna', I'm still bendin' corners  
Buckin' shots on your block, I'm sippin' on Corona's  
Uh, your McDonald had a farm with a six-fo on suicide  
Sittin' in the barn with no alarm  
Straight up collected it, cool and calm  
Crowbar in my hand and my skeleton brick still works like a charm  
Who's the rawest? My shit is flawless  
Had to be passin' out bruises, lacerations and broken jawses  
Emcees wanna floss you better understand who's the boss  
Before I do a Michael Jackson and cut your shit off  
Part of the penitentiary still, penetratin' your grill  
I keep on keepin' it right, while you keep on keepin' it real  
I'll bring the treble and the bass to delapatate your waist  
Coolio's on the case, get yo hoe out my face, fool  
Lodi Dodi, I don't know karate, but I know a razor  
And none of y'all can't fade me  
I know you wanna try to play me and busta's wanna playa hate me  
I'm one of the dopest niggaz out I guess that's why they hate me  
'Cause I slang hits like niggaz Slang Cavi  
I remain like khakis, I guess that's why they mad at me  
On a record you might outgat me but you can't outrap me  
My shit is fatta' and yo shit need a little bit more better  
Freestyle in unrestricted manner or method  
Free funk text readily selected, so check it  
Uh, dip diver, socializer, I've been rockin'  
These motherfuckin' microphones since nineteen seventy-niner  
And by the time that this little nappy head nigga retire  
I'ma be at the ripe old age of forty-eight or forty-niner  
My shit is wise, CPT MC for hire  
My name ain't Rick James but I'll burn your ass with a fire  
So, what's your desire baby love?  
Is it hands wrapped around mics or fingers wrapped around triggas?  
Eitha' way it go I'm dumpin' and I'm dippin'

Still tennis shoe pimpin', 40 Thevz in position  
Fee-Fi-Fo-Fum, now nigga I'm a giant  
And yo ass is like Jack, but yo magic beans is wack  
Skills is what you lack I'm like a Benz, you ain't even like Cadillac  
You're more like a Regal I'ma pit bull, and you's a Beagle  
I'm set to strangle hangin' emcee's at all angles  
As their legs start to dangle  
Dance around everybody like Mr. Bo Jangles  
Los Angeles, Compton, Long Beach, and Carson Hawthorne  
Livin' with the Watts I'm sendin' out shout outs  
I used to drink Old Gold now I just stroll  
Straight to the exit section of my neighborhood liquor store  
Huh, and you know what make me laugh, bitch?  
Even your mama want my autograph

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