

# 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 up40 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 'emLet 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 punkI 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 bogartedWe 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 skillsWe 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 bendJust 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 hygiene  
Mental plus my gene equals nasty young bastard  
The raps be lung mastered takin' vinyl's virginityCoincidentally 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 penitentiary 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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