

# Geto Highlites

## Coolio

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

What you gonna play now  
Get on up, get on up, get on up, get on up Every geto got a different name, but they all the same  
So Coolio loco gonna put you up on game  
We got homies who sell straps, homies who sell crack  
Homies who sell the bomb chronic sacks thats a fact 'Cause you from the neighborhood, niggas love  
Pimps, players, suckers, hoes, forty thieves, ganstas and thugs  
To unwrap the strap [Incomprehensible] what  
The loudmouth one loced up in front of the icecream truck And broke all of the [Incomprehensible] where the  
big G's live  
The little homie be gettin' out on account  
This time he might get stuck attempted  
One eight seven and he's a minor with pride So the D A want him tried as an adult  
The big homey just had a son, no joking  
I think his baby's mom is smoking 'cause she always broke  
And the young girls is dressing more and more sleazy  
And everybody and their momma talking 'bout O.J. defense To the hoochies in the Hondas and Sentras  
Young niggas fightin' their case with public defenders  
Be your own good ride, right, right  
These are the geto highlites To the niggas who smokin' indo chocolate, tired of stress  
Niggas, who got warrants out for their arrest  
Be your own good ride, right, right  
These are the geto highlites Slap boxin' with all the young hoochies watchin'  
Dead cats in the street playing craps  
Niggas, catchin' dice with they feet  
Think they got the funk, that one fool got stoked out 'Cause he's a mark with a gun  
The nosy bitch up the street called 911, now  
One time his D jacked a nigga and old bitch  
Liscence and registration, "All I got is a drivers permit" Niggas, can't have shit  
We got dogs that rip but don't even trip, welcome to Southern California  
Liquor stores and churches on every other corner  
Your little brother plays Pop Warner Darks raided the dope spot  
Eight year old kid got shot 'cause they mistook his B B gun for a glock

And I ain't forgot about the homey, Lano  
He got killed by a sucker way back in the eighties, oh  
I heard the homies, mighties is ballin' out of state  
He got himself off unemployment checks in Section 8  
Hey the homiez kickin' it real, yeh, I hear what he's  
sayin' loc  
Sometimes it's just like that in the hood  
Yeh, don't nothin' change of the game but the name  
That's right, you know that's right  
To the young hustlers that's trying to stack that knot up  
The house parties that's gonna always get shot up  
Be your own good ride, right, right  
These are the geto highlites  
To the negros, real to stop the violence  
All the niggers who loced up during the L.A. riots  
Be your own good ride, right, right  
These are the geto highlites  
The nigger with all sixteen switches sitting ODs  
Who got jacked, he tried to pull out his gat  
Pulling sex in through his back  
Now his momma, ain't all black  
And niggas is going to the barber to get a fade  
They carried their dead homey to his grave  
Pour out a little liquor  
Homegirl, down the street with the green eyes  
And big titties is getting thicker  
Neighborhood clubs beat him up  
And crackheads be selling TV's and VCR's  
For forty bucks, so what's up  
Yesterday the homey committed a bank caper  
Saw the chase on the news and read the story in today's paper  
His little girl's just now taking training wheels off  
her bike  
While her daddy's got twenty-five to life at Fort Strike  
The little homey just tripped and stripped  
Because he didn't realize that the joint was dipped, that's right  
O.G's joining the nation and it's all good  
Big G's is retaliating 'cause they enemies are crossed out the hood  
Crackhead momma's smoking whole county  
checks  
Dope dealers who serve nickel pieces for sex  
Be your own good ride, right, right  
These are the geto highlites  
Young niggas going to school to be a doctor  
Late night sounds of gunshots and helicopters  
Be your own good ride, right, right  
These are the geto highlites  
To all the motherfuckers who think their shit don't stank  
Rollin OD's and then appear for robbing banks  
Be your own good ride, right, right  
These are the geto highlites  
This is just a little something for my nigga  
That's still gonna be a nigga if he don't get no bigger  
Be your own good ride, right, right  
These are the geto highlites  
Get on up, get on up, get on up, get on up  
Get on up, get on up, get on up, get on up

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