Sticky Fingers

Sarah Jory

Brainiac with a zany act, cleptomaniac
Before I go to work, I smoke me a fat sack
Of indo, then climb through the window
And eye the VCR and load it in the Pinto, huh
Yes, I'm on my way to the bait or should I say
The pawn shop but I don't smoke rocks
Some people say I'm crazy and they think I'm on crack
'Cause I hock all the shit and I never get it back
Coolio loco, you better call Bronco
Stole a link from my auntie and sold it to my uncle
Took the flowers from a hearse, romanced a nurse
Put the girl to sleep then I went through her purse
Bandit, underhanded, yes I'm skanless
Snake in the grass fool, I'm taking chances
If the price is right, you can call me a killer
Before I was a rap singer, they called me Sticky Finger
But he's stickin' you and takin' all of you money, I ain't never
Got gaffled like that, don't you blink or I'ma rob your ass blind
What you doin' stickin' in that people's window?
Gimme that big fat dope sack, gimme that Cadillac
Gimme that big gold chain, that's the life, a-that I lead
Coolio call me shady, janky, slick right
You and your crew better duck from my gunshots
I takes no shit, carryin' no drama
If I can't get you, I bust a cap on your momma
I never had a grip, so I learn how to shoplift
My trench coat is long and now I got some fresh shit
Yeah buddy, shit's lookin' good
Gets much props and respect from the hood
Caps from my raps and a trunk full of hubcaps
Step to the crew and you're bound to catch a pimp slap
But I don't pimp no bitch for my dough
They got somethin' I want, I just rob the hoe
Early birds catch the worm, so I crow like a rooster
They follow me round the store because they know that I'm a booster
Tell me what you want and I'll be the stealer
Call me Coolio or call me Sticky Fingers
Coolio, first they do' ring, now they mob ring, told you before
You shouldn'ta never fell asleep, give it up, give it up, give it up

I don't wanna go to jail 'cause I don't like the lockup
Turn out the lights and get ready for the sock up
One plus three equals four for the knockout
Got circles on that ass like a Mike Tyson punch out
You better hide your shit if you wanna keep it
I'm driving down the street in your 'llac while you're sleepin'
I was born with a sickness that they call brokeness
Never said I was the best but I'm damn sure the loc'est
Up, up and away like a rocket
Some fool got shot, now I'm goin' through his pockets
He won't be needin' no dollars where he's goin'
And when I get to hell, I'ma act like I don't know him
I'm takin' everything that ain't bolted to the floor
And before I go I steal the knocker of your front door
Let me be free for I'm a thief and a gangster
Before I was a rap singer, they called me Sticky Fingers
Yeah, we want everything, do you have any dreams?
We want them too

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/