

# Thought You Knew

## Coolio

Never gave a fuck and I still don't  
So save your lectures, I'm a gangbang for the rest of my life  
A young BG deranged in the brain  
The youngest motherfucker on the chain gang Yeah, I still slang my thangs like a G  
Really can I ever make your ass rest in peace?  
No need to waste my energy squabbin'  
Quick to pull the trigger, put your ass in a coffin Never been a baller but I trap many ballin'  
Homies y'know I don't give a fuck, I was starvin'  
You better hide your daughter cos I'm out to get laid with dick  
And have her sprung on this black ass nigga Straight up out the gutter  
Have her stealin' from her daddy and her mother  
Sellin' rocks to the scandalous ass clockers  
Ready to meet my snaps, yeah I'm cool like that  
And I never gave a fuck about a stupid ass hoodrat Bitches ridin' on my bit  
Niggas hit me up and shit  
But I'm from the Eastside  
Where the niggas do or die  
Representin' like a dream  
The circle's deep I thought you knew As I crack dice from one hood to the next  
Doin' credit card schemes and cashin' hot cheques  
I got a 9 for any nigga that come runnin' up  
Keepin' motherfuckers on the duck You can give a this or that sling, the yea or the tracks  
But when your chick starts choking ya, you gots ta break me off  
I sweat ya like Keith until ya give me my ends  
If a nickel bag is sold in the park I want in In the middle of the night when the spot's not hot  
You can find Billy Boy rollin' down your block  
Hittin' switches 'cause your bitch is gettin paid, 'cause that's my way  
And all the hoes still wanna fuck  
(You know we do) I bleed like the next man but when the gat is in my hand  
You can bet my monkey ass is comin' out on top  
L.A. hustlers can't live without money  
So before I make sense I gots ta make a knot 'Cause I can't fuck without my hoes  
And I can't hit no switch without the 6-4  
Everybody wanna fuck a nigga like me  
But I won't be gettin back in the CPT Niggas tryin' to give me stuff  
Billy Boy don't give a fuck  
First I warn you with my rhyme  
Then I'll fuck you with my 9 Don't give your please cos I don't bang  
But I'm down to fully slang

40 Thevz end down your crew  
The circle's deep I thought you knew I fold a rapper like a dollar just to hear his punk ass holler  
Walk into his hood and grab his homies by the collar  
Stock 'em all up like a pack of punk bitches  
Now I got his whole crew wearin' heels and doin' dishes You don't wanna see me out the motherfuckin' front  
Don't you take this shit for granted just cos niggas call me Cool  
R E S P E C T C O O L I O G  
M to the A, A to the D  
A circle full of niggas that you don't wanna see You ain't nuttin' but a pistol that's fuckin' with a missile  
I chew your ass like gristle 'til the ref blows the whistle  
Sing a song of six packs, a pocket full of snaps  
Ain't no punks in my motherfuckin' pack  
See I use to be broke now I blow indo smoke  
First you diss my city then you choke C O M P T O N  
Punk motherfuckers get two to the chin  
I don't give a fuck what'cha got or who you know  
Step to the madness, your ass gotta go Ain't a damn thing changed but only the year  
East Coast, West Coast get this clear  
You don't wanna see my crew  
The circle's deep I thought you knew

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