

Act A Fool

King Tee

It's Friday night on the streets of L.A.
I'm goin' out, been hangin' round the house all day
So I take me a shower, dress like a big daddy
Stop at the Arco, put some gas in my Caddy
Armor on my wheels, shine up my Daytons
Check my 12-gauge, I see jackers just waitin'
Got in my car, rolled up the tinted glass
Looked for my zapp tape to pop in my dash
Can't find it, forget it, went under my seat
Found my old fired tape of the song "knee deep"
So I popped it in, then I pumped it up
Love hearin' funk, because disco sucks
Body got chills when the basses started poundin'
I took off because I'm goin' to town, and
Won't be back 'til mornin', don't have to go to school
(Better get ready) I'm finna act a fool Now I'm on the move, got a grand in my pocket
Reached for my phone, plugged it in the socket
Heard the dial tone, so I dialed up Aladdin
He answered the phone and said "what's up?" I said "what's happenin'?"
He said, "where you been? I been tryin' to get in touch
The party's in watts," I said, "I don't give a fuck"
"If you want to go, just wear neutral colors
If anybody asks you, just tell 'em you're my brother"
Stopped at the store to buy me a Cisco
A 40 ounce and some crackers by Nabisco
(Amount) and I pulled out a 10
And said, "fuck it, Supersacco and gin
I'm finna act a fool" Now I'm drivin' down Compton on my way to get Aladdin
Feelin' like a pimp 'til my tape started draggin'
It's a old tape anyway, it ain't no thing
Pulled it out and slapped in dana dane
Got to Aladdin's house and I honked my horn
He said, "when we comin' back?" I said, "6 in tha morn"
So he got in the car, lookin half-dead
So I gave him my Cisco and took the 40 to the head
Now I'm feelin' tipsy, and I'm headed for watts
But wait, what do I see sittin' at the bus stop?
Sexy Susanna, had a butt that kills
Pretty long hair, but they say it's not real

Aladdin yelled "these fake or real?" she threw a rock in my glass
So I got out my car and drop-kicked her ass
I checked out my window, everything was cool
She was lucky I was nice and I didn't act a fool
We finally arrived at the party, drunk as a jerk
Got out my car, pressed the kit so the alarm, would chirp
After that we made our way, I tried not to fall
Couldn't walk a straight line if they let me crawl
Got to the door, and what spots my eye?
My homeboy Mr. Prince, and he's smokin' some Thai
So I stumbled his way and said, "hey, pass the jay"
I took a hit for my mouth spray
This girl asked me to dance, but I told the hoe no
'Cause she was on my tip 'cause of my big gold rope
But it seems she got offended, that's splendid
Before she starts somethin', I just slap her and end it
'Cause I feel like a gangster, and I just don't care
About a girl with fake drag, fake eyes, fake hair
Fake clothes, fake nails and all that fake jewelery
All she want to do is tell her friends that she screwed me
I get nutty, act a fool when I want to
Run up when I'm drunk and I just might pump you
Take your car, your wife, keep talkin', your life
Beat you down and have you smokin' the pipe
(You know why?) 'Cause I'm cool

Songwriters

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