

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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