

Hand On My Nutsac

Coolio

I got my hand on my nutsac burnin 'cross the stage
In a motherfuckin' rage, like a animal in a cage
I catch wrecks like a junkyard fool
Fuck around and getcha holdin' that jar, CoolYep, that's me on the motherfuckin' mic-a
Nova, happy to strike niggas like a viper
Who rules the step to the rep that I kept
For a long, long, long, long, long, long, time I got more flavor than a truck load of Snickers
Ya punch her by the straps, ya got to kick her, fuck it
That's how it go when ya dealin' with a proper
Got my hand on the mic and I'm about to let it flow Coolio locc and I'm down to blast
Peter Piper picked a paper, pick a pepper's and I jacked his ass
Motherfuckers curse me but they can't hurt me
When I'm doin' dirt, that's why I show no mercy I flips the scripts and it's the dips when I rips
And rock the fuckin' house for the Bloods and Crips
Danger, danger, ol' gangsta, gangsta
Droppin dogs on the 40 Thevz and the band with a plan to make some stops
Niggas die on the street but they don't play taps
Or 21 gun salute, there ain't cahoots
My name ain't Alex Haley but I still got roots I bang, bang, bang to the air, now ya dead
It was a black and white thang but now it's blue and red
This ain't an episode of Batman, it's more like a Blackman
Slap yo' ass up and I jacked ya for ya Walkman Niggas on the top and you don't deserve nothin'
They fightin' punks, their rags is fucked, they shouldn't even be bumpin'
Suckas play the back 'cause I'm dope when I rap
And my hand's on my motherfuckin' nutsac and it's like that It's time for me to step so I'm steppin' in deep
I was born a thief so ya know I'm on the creep
Sucka nigga wanna test me but he can't best me
Buck, buck to the chest and I guess you're deathly Now I gotta treat ya like a sucka
'Cause you're soft like butter, you punk motherfucker
Coolio but you can call me Boo
I drop da shit on ya lyrics 'cause ya rhyme style is doo-doo Ass, feces, you don't wanna see me
With a flashlight 'cause I serve that ass
Word to the motherfuckin' homies
And you know you can't hold me or throw me, so blow me How many niggas must I stick before you get my
dift?
And fully understand not to fuck with this
I never been a stoner, take ya momma home and blown her
One night stand and once again she's a loner 'Cause I won't be played out, strung out, laid out
She only gave it up because she thought I had some crack

And I won't be strayed by a lame ass dame
Keep my dollars in my pockets 'cause I'm hip to ya game
Hoes be actin' like they love me but they only wanna
fuck me
And suck me but don't touch me
Back up off me hooker 'cause I won't be taken
Go find you another motherfucker, you can break it
I gotta keep playin' these niggas like ping-pong
And hit 'em like King Kong, they singin' the same song
93 is the year and yes I'm gettin' bigger
Gave a shot to the 121 'cause they my niggas
Scotty B ridin' shotgun, boom, he got one
Only God knows if he'll catch a hot one
Knick-knack, paddy-wack, Wino's in the back
And my hand's on my motherfuckin' nutsac and it's like that
I got my hand on my nutsac, na na na na na na
I got my hand on my nutsac, na na na na na na and it's like that

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