Can U Dig It

Coolio

Uh, yeah what up?
I know y'all wanna take me down
I know y'all wanna see me get clowned
I know y'all wanna take my sound
And put a nigga like me in the lost and found
But I refuse to fade I'll stay this way
Spreadin' venom in the mic till I'm old and gray
And now niggaz wanna attack me
Flip flop and back me
But fool you's a mackey
I'll starch your ass like some khakis
Your shit is tacky and you better play the backwoods
Me and my crew will use your CD for a hackey sack
Imagine that and it shouldn't be hard
'Cause your style ain't large
And you wanna make all the profits with crowbars
Can you dig it? When nothin' can save it
Shock your ass like a phaser
Burn and cut like a laser
Amaze you, with this flava
I run with a pack of tennis shoe playas
Can you dig it? Can you dig it?
Can you dig it?
Can you dig it? Can you dig it?
Can you dig it?
The first law of age is called survival
That's why I'm deadly on revival
And it's vital to my basic instinct
That all wack mcs become extinct
Because we on the brink or, should I say the edge
Like a schizophrenic with seventeen personalities walkin' on a ledge
Then you can't see the black 'cause it's blocked
By the blue and the red
U.f.o.s and scandalous ass hoes
Waist deep in the shit, it's still smellin' like a rose
And I suppose you want me to play superstar
And when I see you on the street act like I don't know who you are
So, you can run back and tell that but I won't do that

So, fool you can chew that to all sucka mcs you better beware
I been conjurin' up forces way back in my lair
And my crew don't scare and we don't care, we act, we wear, I swear
Can you dig it? Can you dig it?
Can you dig it?
Can you dig it? Can you dig it?
Can you dig it?
It's the thrilla straight outta Compton, not manila
Got a choke hold on the mic like I was M.C. gorilla
Take this to the heart for real a
Don't you ever try to steal a
Like aids this shit came like gin a
Might fuck up your Liva
Call me pharaoh 'cause I'm floatin' bustas up the river
When I deliver make your sister and your grandma shiver
Top feelin' steadily rakin' up the scrilla
Kickin' back in my easy chair sippin' on some henna
Exol 'cause my whole crew is locin'
And fools always tryin' to fix shit that ain't broken
I'm down with pixies so you don't wanna see me
So, grab everyone in your crew and disappear like a genie
Never said I was the best but I ain't the one to be testin'
Cross the line and in pieces you'll be destined
Don't stop, get it, get it
'Cause I blow up the spot every time
I grab the mic and hit it, hit it
Can you dig it? Can you dig it?
Can you dig it?
Can you dig it? Can you dig it?
Can you dig it?
Can you dig it? Can you dig it?
Can you dig it?
Can you dig it? Can you dig it?
Can you dig it?
Can you dig it? Can you dig it?
Can you dig it?
Can you dig it? Can you dig it?
Can you dig it?

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/