

2 Minutes & 21 Seconds Of Funk

Coolio

Yeah, fuck all these niggaz
You know what I'm talkin' about Wino, yeah
Two minutes and twenty-one seconds of funk and I ain't no punk
That's right, that's right A tisket a tasket that's all you ask it
Snap your CD and drop the pieces in your casket
Like little Jack Horna', I'm still bendin' corners
Buckin' shots on your block, I'm sippin' on Corona's Uh, your McDonald had a farm with a six-fo on suicide
Sittin' in the barn with no alarm
Straight up collected it, cool and calm
Crowbar in my hand and my skeleton brick still works like a charm Who's the rawest? My shit is flawless
Had to be passin' out bruises, lacerations and broken jaws
Emcees wanna floss you better understand who's the boss
Before I do a Michael Jackson and cut your shit off Part of the penitentiary still, penetratin' your grill
I keep on keepin' it right, while you keep on keepin' it real
I'll bring the treble and the bass to delapatate your waist
Coolio's on the case, get yo hoe out my face, fool Lodi Dodi, I don't know karate, but I know a razor
And none of y'all can't fade me
I know you wanna try to play me and busta's wanna playa hate me
I'm one of the dopiest niggaz out I guess that's why they hate me 'Cause I slang hits like niggaz Slang Cavi
I remain like khakis, I guess that's why they mad at me
On a record you might outgat me but you can't outtrap me
My shit is fatta' and yo shit need a little bit more better Freestyle in unrestricted manner or method
Free funk text readily selected, so check it
Uh, dip diver, socializer, I've been rockin'
These motherfuckin' microphones since nineteen seventy-niner And by the time that this little nappy head nigga
retire
I'ma be at the ripe old age of forty-eight or forty-niner
My shit is wise, CPT MC for hire
My name ain't Rick James but I'll burn your ass with a fire So, what's your desire baby love?
Is it hands wrapped around mics or fingers wrapped around triggas?
Eitha' way it go I'm dumpin' and I'm dippin'
Still tennis shoe pimpin', 40 Thevz in position Fee-Fi-Fo-Fum, now nigga I'm a giant
And yo ass is like Jack, but yo magic beans is wack
Skills is what you lack I'm like a Benz, you ain't even like Cadillac
You're more like a Regal I'ma pit bull, and you's a Beagle I'm set to strangle hangin' emcee's at all angles
As their legs start to dangle
Dance around everybody like Mr. Bo Jangles
Los Angeles, Compton, Long Beach, and Carson Hawthorne
Livin' with the Watts I'm sendin' out shout outs I used to drink Old Gold now I just stroll

Straight to the exit section of my neighborhood liquor store
Huh, and you know what make me laugh, bitch?
Even your mama want my autograph

Songwriters

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