

**W.C.****"U Know Hoo"**Visit "[U Know Hoo](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Aiyo Coolio, what's up with all these fools?  
Always poppin' off at the lip, talkin' about the last sucka  
To fuck up and stuff like that, loc, what's up?  
Yeah, don't believe everythin' you read, fool

Nah, they know what time it is but you know for those  
Who don't know, I think it's time that we step to the mic  
And set the record straight, aiyo, G, we're gon' do it  
like this  
Why don't you tell 'em who you're down with loc? Right

All you niggas run and tell a friend, um  
Bad mutha fuckas is bad again  
M.A.A.D. Circle's in the house for the ninety fo' and  
If I tell I got a fo'ty four and I shoot they ass up like  
rifleman

'Cause I never wore a suit made by Dapper Dan  
Them punk mutha fuckas be hittin' me up  
And I hit 'em right back 'cause I don't give a fuck  
So throw your mutha fuckin' M in the sky

If the nigga next to you ain't down, bust him in the eye  
If you leaped up your seat you met your doom  
Big G could start a fight in an empty room  
You fuck with me, you gotta fuck with crazy tunes

Wino, Billy Boy, P.S. and Spoon  
I don't give a fuck about you or your crew  
I'm down with the M.A.A.D. ass u know hoo

Brothers of the mother M.A.A.D. Circle  
I'm down with the M.A.A.D. ass u know hoo  
Brothers of the mother M.A.A.D. Circle  
I'm down with the M.A.A.D. ass u know hoo

Nigga clear the lane, get the kids off the street  
It's the one nine nine fo' and I smell booty  
Stank ass skag mutha fucka wanna basket  
Paid by you niggas from the nigga Dub' C

The quicker to sticker, sucka nigga killa, bust it  
Yo Coolio, what's up with these punk mutha fuckas?  
I don't know, don't they know, um, I gets busy like  
Illegal  
Flow like water, drop bomb shit like a seagull

A janky ass nigga known to sag  
And like Old English, I'm settin' mutha fuckas on they  
ass  
Diggin' graves for the braves, that's a trade when I flow  
Decapitatin' rappers and pissin' down they throats

'Cause I'm the, rusty mac pistol mackin'  
And like Mike Tyson, baby, my style is causin' static  
And jabbin' stabbin' mutha fucka you don't want static  
Nineteen ninety fo' and you cowards all done had it

These ol' whack ass niggas gettin' popped for record  
deals  
I'm broke 'cause it take no skills to pay the bills  
But that's alright because I gotta kill a crew  
I'm down with the M.A.A.D. ass u know hoo

Brothers of the mother M.A.A.D. Circle  
I'm down with the M.A.A.D. ass u know hoo  
Brothers of the mother M.A.A.D. Circle  
I'm down with the M.A.A.D. ass u know hoo

Another day, another dollar, I'll be there when ya holla  
It's the skanded ass, sticky face, alleway scholar  
I dip two sticks off a ten dollar, fold it  
Turn it to the hook and kick in the door

May all the traytons be forgot  
But if you're steppin' to the Circle we'll connect your  
dots  
I always feel like somebody's watchin' me  
And even though you're watchin', you can't stop a G

'Cause I been where you're goin' and I know what you  
see  
You might build a rep but not on the C  
Double O to the L to the I to the O  
With the mutha fuckin' goddamn flow

So, fuck it, fuck it, fo' niggas in a bucket  
Wit an old ass janky thirty eight causin' ruckus  
Yo be a fool tryin' to step to the crew  
I'm down with the M.A.A.D. ass you know who

Brothers of the mother M.A.A.D. Circle

I'm down with the M.A.A.D. ass u know hoo  
Brothers of the mother M.A.A.D. Circle  
I'm down with the M.A.A.D. ass u know hoo

Uh huh, all you punk ass mutha fuckas  
The real steel is in the heel for year feel  
Brand new, we're nowhere a year ago, yeah  
We're not cookin' ya crew, beeyotch

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