

## Coolio "County Line"

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Seven in the morning, standing in the line  
Three fools in front of me, drinking on some wine  
Two in the back of me sucking on a joint  
And one in back of them ready for a new sport

There's four, five suckers way way in the back  
Stooped down low with the crowd smoking crack  
They looking at me funny 'coz I got a record out  
And a nigga with a record out is supposed to have  
some proud

A forth of the people in the line be hookers  
But the other forth betta ask help themself  
A forth of the people having good faith  
And all of the rest all fucked up in the head

A bald headed stank bitch is about to make me laugh  
And a nigga who need a bath is asking for my  
autograph  
Ain't nothing changed but the time  
I got to get mine, so I'm standing in the county line

This ain't funny so don't you dare laugh  
'Coz it's all about money, ain't a damn thing funny  
This ain't funny so don't you dare laugh  
You got to have the conned and let them looking funny

I walked through the front door to fill out my ap  
Here comes another sap asking if I rap  
I don't say a word 'coz he know that I do  
I'm down with the mad ass you know hoo

I take a numer and a seat I'm sweating from the heat  
Somebody got their shoes off I smell their feet  
My number is 80, it's still on 20  
I look up at the clock and now is 10:30

Free butter and cheese oh please, oh please  
Can I get my food stamps so I can leave  
I got money and a car but they don't really know it  
Now they asking me a gang of questions  
'Coz I told them I was homeless

I'm living in a car drive back in the alley  
But I use to shack up with a hooker named Sally  
Line after line Ruff is the time  
My life is in a bomb so I'm standing in the county line

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'Coz it's all about money, ain't a damn thing funny  
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I'm sitting at a desk talking to a social worker  
She thinks I'm a fool but I know that I can work her  
Punk ass ho' sitting behind the window all toe up ass  
tramp  
Rolling that week sheets of mine  
You have a penetentry record I said, "I know that bitch"

She wants to know what kind a work do I do  
I said, 'I haven't worked since 1982  
I can't find a job though I looked and I looked  
Took one hit of the crack and mistook

She sitting there wondering what did 'coz I did  
And the whole time I'ma watching like I'm smoking me  
a joint  
Job search work the projects whackness  
And in a few weeks I'd get my check

Now I got to wait for them to call me trough the window  
So I can get some cash to pay for the hotel and the  
bathshow  
It's 5:13 by the clock on the wall  
Mothafuckez move so I can make a phonecall  
Shit is getting late and the time is 29  
That why so many niggas standing in the county line

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