

## Coolio "Exercise Yo' Game"

Visit "[Exercise Yo' Game](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

When I was fifteen years old  
Straight dope game I was told  
I went from selling pennies of the riders dank, ah  
(Riders dank, ah)  
Timin' ass think of slangin' crank  
(Think of slangin' griqua)  
Situation critical, phone home, phone home  
Talkin' on my digital, call phone

Ya seen a boatload of situations, for dangleations  
Invalid ghetto pass late ass registrations  
Boy, I tell you shit is pitiful, damn  
Vocally repentable, dead right  
I try to stay away from artificial  
(Artificial)  
Plastic ass, pleather motherfuckin' individuals  
(Plastic ass, fuck ah)

Exercise yo' game main  
'Cuz things is changin' and rearrangin'  
Exercise yo game main  
Just use yo' brain main don't run the same game

Exercise yo' game main  
Fertilize yo' grass, playa get that cash  
Exercise yo' game main  
But you gotta make it last

One lone loco rides away into the sunset but I ain't  
done yet  
Respect yourself and wear your vest  
Keep your guard up 'cuz fools be hard up  
When you hittin' dips better check yo' clips  
And watch the police and the Bloods and the Crips  
Anyway you choose, got ta pay your dues  
Keep one in the chamber 'cuz the shoes always lose  
Rubber wheels beat rubber heels any day

Put the green in your jeans and get the holes out ya  
halo  
Or you can stay broke while your homies is rollin'  
smokes

And sippin' yak and smokin' dank and tellin' jokes,  
haha  
Pa-pap, pa-pap, fool you can have that  
I worked too hard for mine to let you take a dime  
No pain, no gain, no pocket change  
Prepare yourself for battle, exercise yo' game

Exercise yo' game main  
Make your money grow don't you be no hoe low  
Exercise yo' game main  
Keep your works on tight to make yo' stash stay right  
and

Exercise yo' game main  
Fertilize your grass, playa get yo' cash  
Exercise yo' game main  
Playa get your coins, be like Donald Goines  
Have heart, have money, man, have heart, have money  
man  
Ya know

I got next you wanna run with me homey  
(Yeap)  
Well, I don't need playas in the paint who can't do  
nuttin fo' me  
Show me, get down, nigga, we can make sumpim'  
happen  
(Right, yeah)  
I'm west coast, eastside east hood slum gangsta  
rappin'  
Niggaz say you want to be affiliated  
(Yeah)  
Well, let me warn you, I'm the kind of playa that's really  
hated

I'm rated X like Malcolm  
E-40, Coolio, and KAM, sprinkle game like talcum  
You want to make money in the game, well, let me  
show you  
How to do for self 'cuz ain't nobody gon' do this for you  
Oh, you caught like lint, if you waitin' on the mystery  
God  
'Cuz ain't nobody gonna give you shit, you gotsta get  
up, off yo' ass  
And put yourself in heaven on earth, before you pass  
And exercise yo' game, exercise yo' game, fool

Peep game from a young ass, rollin' on the one way  
Foot to the gas got the indo mixed with hash  
Monday through Sunday and all in-between  
I fiend for my paper, my fed, and my green

Ain't no busters or no suckers on my team or in my  
mattress

Just call me the Pimp and you can call me the Rat  
Watch my feet hit the tracks it, ain't no lookin' back

I'm on a mission tryin' to put my fuckin' click on the  
map

But these niggaz don't know the half  
Runnin' with riff raff but I got some game for your bitch  
ass

'Cuz your game is weaker than an anorexic  
I exercised my game until I had my game perfected  
I wrote the game on paper then I put the game on  
record

You better check it nigga don't you every disrespect it

E X C E, R I S E, Y O G A, M E for 40 day  
Thevz in the house better exercise yo' game  
Exercise yo' game

Have heart, have money main, have heart, have  
money, man

Yaknow

Exercise yo' game main

Make your money grow don't you be no hoe low

Exercise yo' game main

Keep your works on tight to make your stash stay right  
and

Exercise yo' game main

Fertilize your grass, playa get that cash and

Exercise yo' game main

But you gotta make it last

(Make it last)

All day e'ry time

Yeah

E-40 and tha motherfuckin' Click

That's right

PMD

Yeah

Crowbar, Barr 9

Uh, huh

40 Thevz

That's right

E'ry time, motherfucka

In that ass

Like Buggy

Yeah

De massive

Uh, huh  
We don't stop

My nigga Kam  
We don't quit  
Goddamn  
Fuck a motherfucka, we on hit, the Bay to L.A.  
Slide  
Motherfucka display  
All the way to Compton  
Yo' game orientate in situations

Niggaz dump all on my Clickalications, I'm pervin'  
Oh yeah  
E'ry time motherfucka  
Sho' we do, don't let us in we breakin' in fool  
This is what I do  
Yeah, E-40, Coolio, the 40 Thevz, my nigga Kam,  
goddamn  
Yeah, Barr 9 in the house

Visit [Coolio](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.