

Coolio

"Get Up Get Down"

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[Featuring Malika Shorty Leek Ratt PS Ras Kass WC]

Verse One: Malika

Steppin up out the shadows I comes equipped to wreck
Hold up just a sec Coolio I'm on deck (Malika)

Yeap the diction is on point

Causin friction when I flex up the jaw to hit the joint
That can actually give a blood mob like Gotti
Like the body cool keep the strap up by the naughties
Niggle trippin why you beam us I don't step up with no bullshit

See that there it's clip for this stickup on the hip

Peep the correct way to get your pimp on

Let me hit the bong oh and my mind's quite strong

Wreck it nice and proper if it's on I'm finsta to stop her
If I'm swingin for the knockout, best believe I'm fits to drop her

Ninety-five's on poppin, representin I keep stompin

Throw up my fists just like this when I'm mobbin

Verse Two: Shorty

I killed the last, killed the ass, with my ninety-five drive

I'm deep like Denzel with my Crimson Tide, nigga

Like Chaka Khan, I tell you something good

I'm Hi-C like Spike Lee within Tales From the Hood

You need it, I'll feed it, baby check the size

Have you Goin' Down like Mary J. Blige

When it's poppin like this, you can't be a coward

Shorty freaks fuckin beats like Adina Howard

My squad is hard, with players, and hustlers

No toleration, for fakers and busters

Fuckin with me with all honesty

You get bombed rap songs comin constantly

Bumpin G-15's, Westside scene

Killin the competition, while making a fuckin green

So ring, around the rosie, and mosey to the Rosie

And I want you to know G

Chorus:

We bust and cuss and kick up dust

Don't none of y'all niggaz want to fuck with us

So what's the time? It's time to get real

Why you bust your rhyme? Cause I got skills

We bust and cuss and kick up dust

Don't none of y'all niggaz want to fuck with us

So what's the time? It's time to get real
Why you bust your rhyme? Cause that's how I bail
Verse Three: Leek Ratt (of 40 Thevz)
Watch me, swallow this nickel and shit five pennies
I'm the loc'est of them all though the rat is kinda skinny
How many linny and squidgy think they can see me?
I'm from Compton where even in the summer niggaz
wear beanies
Bustin lyrics sharper than razor blades catch it from
head to toe
If you're shocked, then amazed, when you see me at
my stage show
For my stage show beat em up
40 Thevz gettin busy rockin coast to coast
Dogs the most rap the hoes then rocks em up
Givin it up for hip-hop vicitims how should I drop em
and then pop em
For poppin like to get what I got, and I ain't got a whole
lot of
Nuthin
'cause I been ruffin and scuffin so give it up when I'm
bustin or get to
Duckin
'cause I ain't given em nuthin
Fools can't get none, so fuck em!

Verse Four: PS
Let me rock the motherfuckin mic
Smoke a whole stick of dynamite, then fight all night
I got jabs like a welterweight champion
The pocket-pincher purse-snatcher pistol-packin
Quick to get it crackin
Went from jackin to rappin to runnin with a pack of mad
men
Pull a trick out my sleeve like Aladdin
Some fool tried to play me for a punk I had to have him
like
Lunch or dinner, he's just a beginner
Fuckin with a winner, number one contender top dog
Head nigga in charge runnin with a group of hogs
40 Thevz, MAAD Circle, Cat, and Crowbar
Best to put your daughter
Wack ass rappers get tossed up
Trying to come in here with that garbage
My crew see the dopest and the hardest
So clear the path or get your punk ass Bogart-ed

Chorus 1/2

Verse Five: Ras Kass
I peep game and get recognized, buyin all the hard
liquor
Toothpick and beedy-dyin
Bitch you got dealt, peeled your cap the other way

Like a reversible Louis-Vitton Gucci belt
And ain't nothin crackin
For them niggaz steppin up with the funk I'm packin
Tinactin
Cause I be earnin stripes in tight bunches
All the homies carry nines I carry rhymes in sucker
punches
What? Tootsie, my knees don't bend
Just like that actor Hoffman I be Dustin off men often
Jaywalkin over your coffin with an eleven shot loss and
John wrecked that Austin won't soften you're lost and
See arson, to exterminate the flyest nigga like Orkin
Stalkin lofts men to New York and in between
So take caution, leave the flossin for dental hygiene
Mental plus my gene equals nasty young bastard
The raps be lung mastered takin vinyl's virginity
Coincidentally I run shit like Walter Payton
Niggaz player hatin cause I spoke like a Dayton
I kick the bass like Ron Carter at the Carter when
C and B came strollin
Blowin niggaz up like when Mookie's stupid ass got
caught smokin
Figure, your stigma is lack of enigma
So bitch-ass niggaz better step, like the Delta Sigma
Thetas

Verse Six: Coolio
We don't give a fuck, fools better duck
39 deep in the back of Wino's truck
Like robbin in the paint, fool think I ain't?
Your crew is on stank, that's why I'm pullin rank
I rev like a motor float ON like a boat to
Kick a style like Tical from here to North Dakota
The ambassador of funk with amps in the trunk
And when it's time to rock a mic I won't be no punk
I bring death to the evil and power to the people
My name ain't Steve Miller but I Fly Like an Eagle
Don't play me for a chump, I get around like Gump
And I, got more con in my verse than Chuck
And you don't want no motherfuckin problems here
'cause I can round up a posse like Paul Revere
Your whole crew'll get took out, turned out, shook out
Burned up like a cookout, so fools better look out

Verse Seven: WC
Fresh out the penalty box
Sportin a stockin cap, cut off dickies, and some high-top striped
Socks
The freestyle fanatic pyschosomatic back at it causin
static
With lyrics still as tight as a straight jacket
The last in line but one of the first to get wit cha

Bringin more terror to MC's than a Michigan militia
Click click boom, nigga fuck your crew
It's the chancy hip-hopper, takin over pissin in your
stage monitor
Socket you think that you can fuck with mine in your
wildest dreams
You best to wake up and apoligize
Niggaz penetentiary yearn me 'cause I, burn like Parker
But anyway, half of y'all couldn't see me with a pair of
Blu Blockers
The lyrical night stalker stalkin at night in a pair of
creased Khakis
Chuck Taylors, my pistol grip tight
Dub-C, that nigga from Westside MAAD Circle
Ay man! Ay ay.
What's up Wino?
Uh like loc, it's like late, let's get the fuck up out of here
Are we out?
Yeah yeah fuck it
Fuck it, MAAD Circle bitch!

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