

## Coolio "Smokin' Stix"

Visit "[Smokin' Stix](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Alright, alright, alright, alright, alright  
Next we got a guy comin' out from Compton, California  
He gonna tell you all about his experiment with a drug  
called Stix  
That's some kind of embalment fluid mixed with  
scherm  
Those niggas down in, those black guys down in  
Compton  
Down in Compton, yo, stop that

Who got the bomb? Who got the bomb?  
Somebody? Anybody? Who got the bomb?  
Who got the bomb? Who got the bomb?  
Somebody? Anybody? Who got the bomb?

Pass me the dip, it's time to take a hit  
Of the potent ass shit the kind that make you strip  
Two headed critter, now I'm an airplane  
Flyin' high inside my brain

You know karate, I no rizeign  
Try to beat me down I feel no pain  
Puffer, toker, loopy loop smoker  
Coolio Loca, laugh like The Joker

Loony, psychotic, nutty, kinda crazy  
Down for mine that's the way mama raised me  
Summertime we freak in the heat  
Butt naked in the middle of the street  
We're smokin' Stix, yeah

Who got the bomb? Who got the bomb?  
Somebody? Anybody? Who got the bomb?  
Who got the bomb? Who got the bomb?  
Somebody? Anybody? Who got the bomb?

If you don't know how to do it, yo here's how ya do it  
Take the scherm and cigarette and dip it in the fluid  
Oh my God! Oh my God! Now the shit is lookin' lovely  
Lights and stars all around me and above me

Never feelin' good, I watch a motherfucker work

Try to step into the Circle I chop 'em up like wood  
Put 'em in an envelope and send it off to Interscope  
'Cause nigga's gettin' short, I'm chokin' from the  
smoke

I pass it to my homey so he can take a toke  
Got a large loot, got it robbin' that's 'cause I was broke  
Jumped in the bucket, mad styles like a demon  
If only you could trip off that shit that I'm seein'  
I got to get a grip cos the nigga's about to flip  
Sometimes that's how it get when you're smokin Stix,  
yeah, yeah

Who got the bomb? Who got the bomb?  
Somebody? Anybody? Who got the bomb?  
Who got the bomb? Who got the bomb?  
Somebody? Anybody? Who got the bomb?

Woke up the next morning in a cold sweat  
Under the bed, soakin' wet, wearin' boots and a hair  
net  
Empty 45 was layin' on the dresser  
Last night I played the role of the tester

Toked up a good bag, Jenna had a good nap  
Flashback got me ready to scrap  
I don't know what I done did  
And I don't know where I done been

I know last night I robbed my friend  
And if that's wrong then call it a sin  
But I was broke and broke ain't no joke  
And I can't cope without my Smith so

So dip it up and watch me suck it up  
And I'll get fucked up and I might go nuts  
So pass the loot motherfucker, pass the loot  
Pass the loot motherfucker to a troop  
We're smokin' Stix

[Incomprehensible]

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