

Coolio "Sticky Fingers"

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Brainiac with a zany act cleptomaniac
Before I go to work I smoke me a fat sack
Of indo then climb through the window
And eye the VCR and load it in the Pinto huh!
Yes I'm on my way to the bait
Or should I say the pawn shop but I don't smoke rocks
Some people say I'm crazy and they think I'm on crack
Cause I hock all the shit and I never get it back
Coolio loco you better call Bronco
Stole a link from my auntie, and sold it to my uncle
Took the flowers from a hearse, romanced a nurse
Put the girl to sleep then I went through her purse
Bandit, underhanded, yes I'm skanless
Snake in the grass fool, I'm taking chances
If the price is right, you can call me a killer
Before I was a rap singer, they called me Sticky Finger
("But he's stickin you, and takin all of you money" --
Guru)
("I ain't never got gaffled like that" - JD)
("Don't, you blink, or I'ma rob your ass blind" - Sticky
Fingers)
("What you doin stickin in that people's window?" -
Richard Pryor)
("Gimme that...") big fat dope sack
("Gimme that...") ca-di-llac
("Gimme that...") big gold chain
("That's the life, a-that I lead" -- Run-D.M.C.)
Coolio call me shady, janky, slick right
You and your crew better duck from my gunshots
I takes no shit, carryin no drama
If I can't get you I bust a cap on your momma
I never had a grip, so I learn how to shoplift
My trenchcoat is long and now I got some fresh shit
Yeah, buddy, sht's lookin good
Gets much props and respect from the hood
Caps from my raps and a trunk full of hubcaps
Step to the crew, and you're bound to catch a pimp slap
But I don't pimp no bitch for my dough
They got somethin I want, I just rob the hoe
Early birds catch the worm so I crow like a rooster
They follow me round the store because they know that
I'm a booster

Tell me what you want and I'll be the stealer
Call me Coolio, or call me Sticky Fingers
("Coolio...")
("First they do' ring, now they mob ring")
("Told you before, you shouldn'ta never fell asleep" -
Big Daddy Kane)
("Give it up, give it up, give it up")
I don't wanna go to jail cause I don't like the lockup
Turn out the lights and get ready for the sock up
One plus three equals four for the knockout
Got circles on that ass like a Mike Tyson PunchOut
You better hide your shit if you wanna keep it
I'm driving down the street in your 'llac while you're
sleepin
I was born with a sickness, that they call brokeness
Never said I was the best, but I'm damn sure the loc'est
Up, up, and away, like a rocket
Some fool got shot, now I'm goin through his pockets
He won't be needin no dollars where he's goin
And when I get to hell I'ma act like I don't know him
I'm takin everything that ain't bolted to the floor
And before I go I steal the knocker of your front door
Let me be free for I'm a thief and a gangster
Before I was a rap singer, they called me Sticky Fingers
("Yeah we want everything... do you have any dreams,
we want them
Too")

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