

Big Black "One Mo"

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Chorus:

I got one mo switch I can hit
I got one mo bullet in my clip
I got one mo drink I can steal
I got one mo sack I can twist

Verse 1, Coolio:

I wear a "S" on my chest
I prefer my vest
And if the chronic run out, loc, pass the stress
Cause all I wanna do is just roll my things
Turn up the alphine and let the woofers bang bang
To the boogie say up jump the boogie
He was tryin' to get a grip on my cookies
I shook thee
I coulda took him, but he wadn't even worth a bullet
I had my finger on the trigger, but I couldn't pull it
From defamation to desimation
Every day is like summer vacation
A nigga couldn't wait for somethin good to put in yo
Kenwood
Turn it up to twenty-one, and bop it in your hood
I'm a eastside nigga (Nigga)
Gotta have sprilla (Sprilla)
Do or die, low down, real life killa (Killa)
They comin' through the hold on tip toe
You swear, so
I gotta get your grip, hoe

Chorus

Verse 2, 40 Thevz (Lek Ratt, P.S.):

Yes, yes, y'all (Yes y'all)
40 Thevz in the house, with a fifth y'all (Fifth y'all)
Better recognize a tennis shoe pimp, y'all (Pimp y'all)
When I'm rollin' through your hood in my six, ohhhh,
that be you
When our four colors rock, front and ass out
All the riders shake and smile when they see me hit the
block
Your sounds ain't beatin

So your girls ain't freakin
Watch your fly, got the whole post meetin
Hit 'em in their eyes
And go suicides
Later, pump them on the ground just to show 'em what
it's like
To hit the mic for a lickin
Hell no, I ain't trippin
Cause I kinda like pimpin
Bein' freer than a pigeon
Got your bitch down in positions
All kinda ways
40 Thevz pimpin these suckas till they graze
So, come with these weak flows if you must
But I got a hundred and twenty-one mo rounds I can
bust

Chorus

Verse 3, Coolio:

Put the pep in yo step and the glide in your stride
Like Clyde
Drexler, this is eastside
Westa, recognize the routine
Mo jackers and packers than the Super Bowl ring team
So, why you tellin me to sell a key of yayo
That's how you give a fellow need like Jayo
We lay low
All up in the cut
If it's suicide then roll the bustas up
And I'ma hit 'em up like uppercut
Better shuffle yo feet like double dutch
Now the party didn't start til I walked in
And it probably wont end til I sip Hen
But in the meantime
And in between time
Better tuck in your chin
And learn to take your lumps and grin
You know you can't wait cause I'ma stay on one
One switch, one sack, one sip, but I ain't done

Chorus, Repeat 4X

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