

## **Big Bopper**

### **"Can I Get Down 1X"**

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Verse 1, Coolio, Malika:

I'm gettin bunions from all the disrespectful sisters in  
my face  
I give love  
But when push come to shove  
I'm 'posed to solo  
Diggin me out the ditch  
(Hey, hey, Cool, give me some chips, fool) Ain't that a  
bitch  
Ain't no cash just fallin out the sky  
You hella high  
But why why did she touch the tie?  
But I start on full wit a gangsta limp  
Morris couldn't see this pimp  
I'm backslappin gimps  
True, I'll be in the cut, but you notice me  
Try to throw with me  
Now you wanna roll with me, fate  
I'll lead you left instead of right  
Tonight's the night  
So, let's get the situation tight  
I hear 'em tryin to playa hate me on the under  
My momma said, "Never let a sucker take you  
asunder"  
Don't be gettin outta line where it concerns mine  
It might be your time, but it's my rhyme

Chorus, Coolio, Malika:

Can I get down one time to make the people say yeah  
And nobody wont care?  
Can I get down one time without  
All the criticism and media in my business?  
Can I get down one time and release my rhyme  
And speak my mind?  
Can I get down one time?  
Can I get down one time?

Verse 2, Malika:

I take my picture with a smile like Jack  
Cause I'm back  
You picturin all them chips in stack  
I got love, though, don't be no stank hoe  
I'm not fallin for the gank, yo  
God I thank, though  
Enemies it's your decision  
The gift I been givin  
Got you in the life I'm livin  
Watch your sane, sane like Marley Mike  
Your game ain't right  
You be slippin every night  
I'm hoverin up in the nest with the claws out  
Cause he had his paws out  
When he paused out  
He's out, now it's in with the new  
In with the two  
You know how these thieves do

Chorus

Verse 3, Malika, Coolio:

I can't do what I want, or how I wanna  
This shit is drama  
So what is it you want, huh?  
We tryin to make it to the tizzy  
I'll be a hella busy bee  
The gizzy  
Through the frizzy, is we  
Tryin to have somethin  
We goin off frontin  
Cause nothin leaves nothin  
And nothin means we head bumpin  
Pumpin, no punk can hit this, my stable  
Twistin me a fable  
Somethin sweet like sable

You shoulda reached out and grabbed it and got his  
pay nice  
Jealousy got him dropped, with his neck sliced  
Liquor be revelain  
The homies true feelins  
So, I be willin  
To turn into a villian  
Then if you're still with me  
You got to chill with me  
Bustin lyrics with a skill when they deal with me  
Never senseless  
Thank you for your business  
And I got more rhymes

Than L.A. Times got headlines

Chorus, Repeat 4X

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