

Digital Underground "Fool Get A Clue"

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Yo wake up it's the 'D' crew up in here
With the Black Spooks and we 'bout to drop it on y'all
Y'all best get a clue
Fool get a clue, get a clue, get a clue

Now everybody wanna tell everybody who to be with
Really doesn't matter to me long as I miss that H-I-V
shit
And AIDS ain't the end of the world girls and us do
kinky stuff
And there's way to muff without the fluids touchin'

Never hide the truth if my body and hair is sacred
Then why we can't be naked in public
It's totally natural like sex is but this is
A law that had to be made by men with itty bitty penises

The streets of this world they are my playground I
explore them
Meet somebody I don't like and I ignore them I don't
destroy them
They way that you know who be he want me to hate like
he hate
But I got too much poo, poo with me

Fool get a clue it's a new game
Can't be trippin' on you I go my own way
Players gonna play with who they wanna play with
People gonna always lay with who they wanna lay with

Well it's the B, L, A, C, K to the S, P double O, K
It don't matter what another man say
I'm gone still do it all my way
'Cause I'm slick like C-Bo's quick

I don't wanna be down with yo gross click
I just wanna snap photo flicks
With a freaky little trick puffin dodo sticks
I can live foul as dirt road hicks

I can make three plus two make six
Cut with verbal scrapes and nicks

I'm as ill as chicks with dicks
Scuff my kicks I'm bustin' licks

Openin' somebody up like Vicks
Purchase ism by the bricks
Plus I brick city hoes I picks
All in yo mix as I ease betwixt

Like sitcom Vix be greasin' dicks
I be skeezin' chicks when the season switch
I be makin' tricks itch like fleas and ticks
I swoop low and prey on tricks

Large I've got my own prefix
I'll stop twitchin' where's my fixer
I gonna break shit up like Twix

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You want me to want what you want
(I go my own way)
You want me to be like you be
(I go my own way)

You want me to trip like you be trippin'
(I go my own way)
Gotta go my own way
(I go my own way)

Maybe it ain't your flava but I'm gettin' wit it
Maybe you wouldn't be seen wit it yo but I'm splittin' wit
it
Maybe it ain't your style or your shape but I'm hittin' it
You want me to hate what you hate
But quit it forget it, 'cause I ain't wit it

This country tis of thee
Taught me how to bring the groceries
Now I'm crazy just like I'm supposed to be
Smokin' mothafucka's my mentality
Sex, money and drugs mean the most to me

Murderin' mothafuckas ain't a thang to me

And I'ma keep slanging 'G'
Hold on young blood hold on
You gotta keep holdin' on
You gotta keep on fightin'

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