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Kelis "Goodie Bag"

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Put some fire on that ass end of dat weed Cause in da SWAT's red hots don't drip or bleed

Cuz', you know me, givin' me left hand dap P-funk be ridin' shot gun escort your window broke out son

A cool breeze got my lips chap, mornin' slap some Soul in my bread basket gap contain "X" marks the spot

twain, O.C. the cut layin' a stew of empty gas in my tank A buck thirty lookin' ugly - think, but it ain't gonna stop no show

Ol' burd puttin a buzz in you ear
"It's gonna snow" or maybe perhaps sleet
Rap up the beat outside barely made it to your wake
Lookin' like Mr. Fisher, dickie down no suit, no tie
Niggaz ain't gonna be able to just get by no mo'
You leavin' the hotel - 254

Today was good to me
I went to the Goodwill with the ten dollar bill
Got that London Fog out tha back paid tha man
Me and Khujo and T-Boo, three jack lumbers on tha
loose

Cut your ass Lo like Cee, be under tha water
Half these figures around me be hollering Newt
Now what the fuck has this politician did for you
Complain, complain but Mr. Clampett ain't gon' change
Just ribb your ass up just to gut your pockets out
I heard Bill put two G's up for some folks
That they found in they house beat up
And I don't discuss that color scheme that they fall on
Cuz tha scheme that they fall on don't match wit my
tone

See, I wonder will I walk tha streets in 1995 And not have to make bond from 254 Uh, will somebody please turn the lights on 166 I can't see where tha fuck I'm going, I can't do shit but get mad

I can't keep get Billie and his uncle out my fuckin'

Goodie Bag...

Without your shank you can't thank
Without your niggas you up the creek
Stank with a ass fool of ore takin' what I say for what it's
worth

It don't matter cuz how I feel might be triggered
From thoughts I had in the past
Now I struggle to reach the sky why try so hard
If all I'ma get is spit on
Cause life at the bottom ain't hittin on shit
But some of these folks is gettin rich
I know about mines, unwind, can't take at times going through

The same drama that got me here in this state of mind...

Red-hot in the summer time

First of all, I stand a little more than five feet tall
But we can still brawl nigga, I ain't scared at all
I guess you niggas don't know or can't see
That it ain't even wise steppin' to me incorrectly
But yet still when nigga's feel they can deal
I will split yo' ass up for real
Cause we the maniacs with the chunky Goodie sac's
So I don't carry an ax, but I still swing low with the
lumber jax trax

Are being made by Organo-i-z-e
Why we coolin' in the shade ain't gettin paid
For chillin, illin' willin' to do what I got to do
To come thru your speaker
Cee-Lo, he will never come weaker
Uniquer than a lot of emcees out today
Because I'm more than careful about what I say
When I pick up a microphone it's on
Them better leave me alone, I'm in my zone
Prone to snap if you offer me a chance
Like it when them chunky hoes can dance
I'll enhance the microphone when it's in my grip, I do
not slip

I can't forget my nigga's Jo, T-Mo, and Gipp Ha, ha, ha, well Great Scott, is he a thief? It seems like he has a mouth fulla gold teeth I smile because your eyes can't take the glare But Cee-Lo, him don't care, I cut off all my hair And everybody stop and stare when we come in the place

And I can get on the mic wit no time to waste Get right up in yo' face, kick the flavor you taste And when I'm on the microphone it's a damn disgrace How you don't comprehend what I'm saying to you And I'm the C, the double E from the Goodie Mo Crew I'm coming thru, I'm comin' true, ooh I can't even stop It's Cee-Lo B, I'm down wit that nigga pop, pop, pop and my nigga Mike L

And Bert P and my nigga Pretty Ken, you know he down ...

wit me We from Atlanta, G-A, that is where we stay

I'm diggin all in the Goodie Bag each 'n ever day
Ooooh shit!!

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