

## King Crimson

### "Act A Fool"

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[ verse 1 ]

It's friday night on the streets of l.a.  
I'm goin out, been hangin round the house all day  
So i take me a shower, dress like a big daddy  
Stop at the arco, put some gas in my caddy  
Armor on my wheels, shine up my daytons  
Check my 12-gauge, i see jackers just waitin  
Got in my car, rolled up the tinted glass  
Looked for my zapp tape to pop in my dash  
Can't find it, forget it, went under my seat  
Found my old fired tape of the song "knee deep"  
So i popped it in, then i pumped it up  
Love hearin funk because disco sucks  
Body got chills when the basses started poundin  
I took off because i'm goin to town, and  
Won't be back till mornin, don't have to go to school  
(better get ready) i'm finna act a fool

[ verse 2 ]

Now i'm on the move, got a grand in my pocket  
Reached for my phone, plugged it in the socket  
Heard the dial tone, so i dialed up aladdin  
He answered the phone and said "what's up?" i said  
"what's happenin"  
He said, "where you been? i been tryin to get in touch  
The party's in watts," i said, "i don't give a fuck"  
"if you wanna go, just wear neutral colors  
If anybody asks you, just tell em you're my brother"  
Stopped at the store to buy me a cisco  
A 40 ounce and some crackers by nabisco  
[amount] and i pulled out a 10  
And said, "fuck it, supersacco and gin  
I'm finna act a fool"

[ verse 3 ]

Now i'm drivin down compton on my way to get aladdin  
Feelin like a pimp till my tape started draggin  
It's a old tape anyway, it ain't no thing  
Pulled it out and slapped in dana dane  
Got to aladdin's house and i honked my horn  
He said, "when we comin back?" i said, "6 n tha morn"

So he got in the car, lookin half-dead  
So i gave him my cisco and took the 40 to the head  
Now i'm feelin tipsy, and i'm headed for watts  
But wait, what do i see sittin at the bus stop?  
Sexy susanna, had a butt that kills  
Pretty long hair, but they say it's not real  
Aladdin yelled (these fake or real?) she threw a rock in  
my glass  
So i got out my car and drop-kicked her ass  
I checked out my window, everything was cool  
She was lucky i was nice and i didn't act a fool

[ verse 4 ]

We finally arrived at the party, drunk as a jerk  
Got out my car, pressed the kit so the alarm, would  
chirp  
After that we made our way, i tried not to fall  
Couldn't walk a straight line if they let me crawl  
Got to the door, and what spots my eye?  
My homeboy mr. prince, and he's smokin some thai  
So i stumbled his way and said, "hey, pass the jay"  
I took a hit for my mouth spray  
This girl asked me to dance, but i told the hoe no  
Cause she was on my tip cause of my big gold rope  
But it seems she got offended - that's splendid  
Before she starts somethin, i just slap her and end it  
Cause i feel like a gangster, and i just don't care  
About a girl with fake drag, fake eyes, fake hair  
Fake clothes, fake nails and all that fake jewelry  
All she wanna do is tell her friends that she screwed  
me  
I get nutty, act a fool when i want to  
Run up when i'm drunk and i just might pump you  
Take your car, your wife, keep talkin, your life  
Beat you down and have you smokin the pipe  
(you know why?) cause i'm cool

(well, kill me!  
Shoot me, muthafucka!)  
(i gotcha)  
(oh goddamn)

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