

Cowsills

"Can I Get a Yo"

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Verse 1:

I gots to rock the freakin mic, and yes I gots to rock the show,
but when the stress hits me, yo, it's like 10 blows to the head,
I'm always being hasseled, there's no end,
hasseled by my Moms and hasseled by the feds,
pressure rising and I'm feeling really tired,
they look into my future and see 'nigga for hire',
stay outta trouble, but I gots to break some rules,
no love to the brothers that were cruel,
but now whenever people act like that,
they wants to see my flop but I cuts no slack,
My head's pumpin in and out of my brain,
all the stress is causin mental pain,
however, any type of weather, I can rock the show and sit back and live
forever (and ever),
I try to block everything out of mind,
no peace in my life, well not that I can't find,
My life is so confusing,
I don't know who's doing the playing or doing the using,
I'm getting dissed, even by my principle,
you say you're not in shit and say your not incapable,
buk-buk-buk, Brown goes down,
another concussion of the hip-hop sound,
I strive in my life to keep my heart pumping,
gots to do my job and keep the crowd jumpin,
dealin with this and that, can I get a yo, can I get a yo

Chorus:

Can I get a yo, Can I get a yo, Can I get a yo?
(Yooooooo!)

Can I get a ho, Can I get a ho, Can I get a ho?
(Hooooooo!)

Verse 2:

Yo, you never left me rest,
yes, you keep me 24 stressed,
criticized by my mom 'cause my pants sag,
don't wanna go home, don't wanna hear the nag,
I gotta go the the studio and release my stress with the
funky fresh flow,
and just as I get to the peak of rap singing, ding-a-ling-
a-ling, the phone
starts ringing,
and I know what's gonna happen,
some kind of bad news suds up my rappin',
I get a record to do, I gotta perform, I go to be rough,
but yo, I can only
do so much,
so hey,
hey diddle diddle,
when you start fighting, Frankie's in the middle,
and now you want to pick sides,
so I don't go home, don't answer the phone, so I can
hide,
'cause if I do, I gotta dis one of you,
nobody really understands what I be going through,
forget this shit,
I gotta try to get a grip, or I might just slip, or my lid
might flip,
and sometimes I wish I could switch, aggravate my
brain, just like an itch,
walked all over like a doormat,
can I get a break can I get a kit-kat,
or can I get a yo, can I get a yo, can I get a yo

Chorus

Verse 3:

Can't get no shut eye, always gots the pen to my hand,
wanna close my lid, saying to myself I know now I can
like the little engine
that could,
try to explain to my Moms, but she never understood,
the way we gotta do this thing, I head for the
microphone and I drop my swing,
used to be slippin, now I got a grip,
90% in math, now I'm that tip,
back to the fact, I'm on the bus, gotta finish my rhyme,
on the way to
studio check it about that time,
the pressure just killin my brain cells,
gotta do this and that ringin through my head like a
bell,
gotta stay on track, stay on track,

define what's good, bad, phat and wack,
didn't succeed when I tried to run away from it all,
I came back then I heard my blue pen call,
I'm still striving to reach my goal,
can I get a yo, can I get a yo

Chorus

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