

Yo-Yo**"You Better Ask Somebody"**

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[VERSE 1]

I'm rough, I kicks the stuff

That make you wanna take a fat puff

Of the chronic, I'm hooked on phonics

I'm hooked on beats, I'm hooked on blunts, I knock out
fronts

And I'm bout as wicked as a wicked-ass witch from the
west

So you and Toto better know that it's Yo-Yo

I'm cute, I loot, and if you dispute

Ice Cube taught a nigga how to shoot

Got mo' flavor than a lifesaver with a hole in the middle
and

Shit'll hit the fan

If you don't let me get buckwild on the strap, eh

I turn into Cleopatra

Don't spend all day lookin for the third leg

But I ain't too proud to beg

Cause sometimes you gotta 'pump that hottie'

Fool, you better ask somebody

Ain't nobody tryin to look pretty, I gets busy

(You better ask somebody)

(Here we go, here we go)

[VERSE 2]

It's 93, Yo-Yo grew a little bit wiser

(Still going) like an Energizer

Heat mizer, cause I light the phillies

Rich as the Beverly Hillbillies

I know the time cause I clock the cash

In raw-ass [???

I can get mad as a mean guy

And on the other hand be sweet as a bean pie

Microphone fiend, I never had a hoe flex

But ShantÃ©, trick, get the Kotex

Nappy-head hooker, don't got no ends

Been wack every since Roxanne's Revenge

Little dumb black girl

How in the hell you gon' come and dis a black pearl?

Now I gotta wetcha like John Gotti

Hoe, I'm a damn pro, you better ask somebody

[VERSE 3]

Lookin for a 'soul brother straight from mecca'

But niggas try to play me like Woody Woodpecker

EdAd's, never needed knee pads, black

So hit the road, jack

Down with Tyson, hate Anita and Clarence

Reportin to the devil like parents

Ban rap, but still let the rock sell

Fire up the cocktail

Va-boom! Everyting blows up

When black folks rose up

Don't guess, yes, I blast your ass

Sufferin succotash!

L.A., New York, and my 'Motownphilly' friends

We gotta turn these Boys II Men

Naughty By Nature, cause by nature I'm naughty

Fool, you better ask somebody

[Ice Cube:]

Yeah

Yo-Yo, 199-Trey

Givin a knock-out punch

Street Knowledge, Ice Cube

All that's in the house

We in the house with my man QDIII

And that's how we do it

We got Bob behind the mutha-

Hey, I'm out this mutha-

Yo

(Here we go, here we go)

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