

Bläck Föös

"Can I Get Down 1X"

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Verse 1, Coolio, Malika:

I'm gettin bunions from all the disrespectful sisters in
my face
I give love
But when push come to shove
I'm 'posed to solo
Diggin me out the ditch
(Hey, hey, Cool, give me some chips, fool) Ain't that a
bitch
Ain't no cash just fallin out the sky
You hella high
But why why did she touch the tie?
But I start on full wit a gangsta limp
Morris couldn't see this pimp
I'm backslappin gimps
True, I'll be in the cut, but you notice me
Try to throw with me
Now you wanna roll with me, fate
I'll lead you left instead of right
Tonight's the night
So, let's get the situation tight
I hear 'em tryin to playa hate me on the under
My momma said, "Never let a sucker take you
asunder"
Don't be gettin outta line where it concerns mine
It might be your time, but it's my rhyme

Chorus, Coolio, Malika:

Can I get down one time to make the people say yeah
And nobody wont care?
Can I get down one time without
All the criticism and media in my business?
Can I get down one time and release my rhyme
And speak my mind?
Can I get down one time?
Can I get down one time?

Verse 2, Malika:

I take my picture with a smile like Jack
Cause I'm back
You picturin all them chips in stack
I got love, though, don't be no stank hoe
I'm not fallin for the gank, yo
God I thank, though
Enemies it's your decision
The gift I been givin
Got you in the life I'm livin
Watch your sane, sane like Marley Mike
Your game ain't right
You be slippin every night
I'm hoverin up in the nest with the claws out
Cause he had his paws out
When he paused out
He's out, now it's in with the new
In with the two
You know how these thieves do

Chorus

Verse 3, Malika, Coolio:

I can't do what I want, or how I wanna
This shit is drama
So what is it you want, huh?
We tryin to make it to the tizzy
I'll be a hella busy bee
The gizzy
Through the frizzy, is we
Tryin to have somethin
We goin off frontin
Cause nothin leaves nothin
And nothin means we head bumpin
Pumpin, no punk can hit this, my stable
Twistin me a fable
Somethin sweet like sable

You shoulda reached out and grabbed it and got his
pay nice
Jealousy got him dropped, with his neck sliced
Liquor be revelain
The homies true feelins
So, I be willin
To turn into a villian
Then if you're still with me
You got to chill with me
Bustin lyrics with a skill when they deal with me
Never senseless
Thank you for your business
And I got more rhymes

Than L.A. Times got headlines

Chorus, Repeat 4X

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