

# One Mo'

Coolio

I got one mo switch I can hit  
I got one mo bullet in my clip  
I got one mo drink I can steal  
I got one mo sack I can twist

I wear a "S" on my chest  
I prefer my vest  
And if the chronic run out, loc, pass the stress  
Cause all I wanna do is just roll my things  
Turn up the alphine and let the woofers bang bang  
To the boogie say up jump the boogie  
He was tryin' to get a grip on my cookies  
I shook thee  
I coulda took him, but he wadn't even worth a bullet  
I had my finger on the trigger, but I couldn't pull it  
From defamation to desimation  
Every day is like summer vacation  
A nigga couldn't wait for somethin good to put in yo Kenwood  
Turn it up to twenty-one, and bop it in your hood  
I'm a eastside nigga (Nigga)  
Gotta have sprilla (Sprilla)  
Do or die, low down, real life killa (Killa)  
They comin' through the hold on tip toe  
You swear, so  
I gotta get your grip, hoe

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Yes, yes, y'all (Yes y'all)  
40 Thevz in the house, with a fifth y'all (Fifth y'all)  
Better recognize a tennis shoe pimp, y'all (Pimp y'all)  
When I'm rollin' through your hood in my six, ohhhh, that be you  
When our four colors rock, front and ass out  
All the riders shake and smile when they see me hit the block  
Your sounds ain't beatin  
So your girls ain't freakin  
Watch your fly, got the whole post meetin  
Hit 'em in their eyes  
And go suicides  
Later, pump them on the ground just to show 'em what it's like  
To hit the mic for a lickin  
Hell no, I ain't trippin  
Cause I kinda like pimpin  
Bein' freer than a pigeon  
Got your bitch down in positions  
All kinda ways  
40 Thevz pimpin these suckas till they graze  
So, come with these weak flows if you must  
But I got a hundred and twenty-one mo rounds I can bust

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Put the pep in yo step and the glide in your stride  
Like Clyde  
Drexler, this is eastside  
Westa, recognize the routine  
Mo jackers and packers than the Super Bowl ring team  
So, why you tellin me to sell a key of yayo  
That's how you give a fellow need like Jayo  
We lay low  
All up in the cut  
If it's suicide then roll the bustas up  
And I'ma hit 'em up like uppercut  
Better shuffle yo feet like double dutch  
Now the party didn't start til I walked in  
And it probably wont end til I sip Hen  
But in the meantime  
And in between time  
Better tuck in your chin  
And learn to take your lumps and grin  
You know you can't wait cause I'ma stay on one  
One switch, one sack, one sip, but I ain't done

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