

## For My Sistas

Coolio

Now I didn't use the word bitch a few times in a rhyme, but  
Now it's '95 so let me drop a line  
This goes out to the young black queens  
On the neighborhood scene  
Who haven't lost their dream  
I know sometimes it seems like it ain't no love  
And to get where you go ya got to push an' shove  
Around the way girl with hope in your heart  
Do his five in the purse an' five in the start  
She's the kinda woman ya take home to momma  
The only kind you ever let get past the drama  
Coolio know that you ain't no ho  
And it's time to put you up on a pedestal seat  
Queen of the entire universe  
And you know how I know that you were put here first  
An' to every nigga that dissed ya an' every nigga that hit ya  
Accept my apologies for my brothaz....

My...sista...  
Give it up for my sistas  
Give it up for my sistas  
Give it up for my sistas  
You're all I need...

Princess of the Nile  
An' sweet black sexy child  
Ooh I like your style, huh  
First motha on the planet  
I know it's gettin' scary  
And all these wannabe pimps is all that ya meet  
But ya gotta shake 'em off like fleas an' nigga meat  
And use your God-given talents and abilities  
No matta where ya from ya get much respect  
From the top of your neck to your county check  
I see ya waitin' for the bus in the early morn  
Brick house with a face like Leena Horne  
I ain't no cap to save a ho  
But I got your front  
An' your side an' your back if that's what ya want  
So when it's time to put it down I won't be runnin'  
Ya got a dear lil' somethin' like Harriet Tubmanm, huh  
No matta what ya do or where ya go  
Ya got love from a nigga named Coolio....

My...sista...  
Give it up for my sistas  
Give it up for my sistas  
Give it up for my sistas  
You're all I need...

Hernie Dipp got the lips, finga tips, and the hips  
Ta make mice outa the crazy-ass Bloodz and Crypts  
Make a nigga sing a song all night long  
Til' his voice is gone  
Wit' no music on  
You can be a busta on a hardass low  
An' should be down wit' your ass when your poor and broke

And um uh  
Every time ya need I'll owe ya  
Gotta do is make a phone call, cuz  
When ya say 'come' ya know she's on her way  
Wit' no hesitance  
An' any type of the leg  
I talk about my granny  
Batana, an' Vanita  
Jacki an' Nicole an' Grandy an' Artisha  
I gots to give credit where credit is due  
An' all credit that is credited is credit to you  
I give praise to your wayz  
An' for all my day  
Apologies much respect to the sons I raise....

My...sista...  
Give it up for my sistas  
Give it up for my sistas  
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You're all I need...