

Hand on My Nutsac

Coolio

(I got my) I got my hand on my nutsac burnin 'cross the stage
in a motherfuckin rage like a animal in a cage
I catch wrecks like a junkyard fool (fool)
Fuck around and get'cha holdin that jar, Cool!
Yep that's me on the motherfuckin mic-a (mic-a)
Nova, happy to strike niggas like a viper
Who rules the step to the rep that I kept
for a long, long, long, long, long, long, long time
I got mor flavour then a truck load of Snickers
Ya punch her by the straps, ya got ta kick her, fuck it!
That's how it go when ya dealin with a pro-per
Got my hand on the mic and I'm about to let it flow
Coolio locc and I'm down ta blast
Peter Piper picked a paper, pick a pepper's and I jacked his ass
Motherfuckers curse me but they can't hurt me
When I'm doin dirt, that's why I show no mercy
I flips tha scripts and it's tha dips when I rips
and rock tha fuckin house for the Bloods and Crips
Danger danger, ol' gangsta gangsta
droppin dogs on the ??
40 Thevz and the band witta plan to make some stops
Niggas die on the street but they don't play taps
or 21 gun salute, there ain't cahoots
My name ain't Alex Haley but I still got roots
I bang bang bang to the air now ya dead
It was a black and white thang but now it's blue and red
This ain't an episode of Batman, it's more'n like a Blackman
Slap yo' ass up and I jacked ya for ya Walkman
Niggas on the top and you don't deserve nothin
They fightin punks, their rags is fucked, they shouldn't even be bumpin
Suckas play the back cos I'm dope when I rap
And my hand's on my motherfuckin nutsac
and it's like that!

It's time for me to step so I'm steppin in deep (deep)
I was born a thief so ya know I'm on the creep
Sucka nigga wanna test me but he can't best me
Buck-buck to the chest and I guess you're death-ly
Now I gotta treat ya like a sucka
cos you're soft like butter, you punk motherfucker
C-C-Coolio but you can call me Boo
I drop da shit on ya lyrics cos ya rhyme style is doo-doo
ass, faeces, you don't wanna see me
with a flashlight cos I serve dat ass (right, right, right)
Word to the motherfuckin homies and you know you can't hold me
or throw me...so blow me
How many niggas must I stick
before you get my d'ift and fully understand not to fuck with this
I never been a stoner, take ya momma home and blown her
One night stand and once again she's a loner
Cos I won't be played out, strung out, laid out
She only gave it up because she thought I had some crack
and I won't be strayed by a lame ass dame
Keep my dollars in my pockets cos I'm hip to ya game
Hoes be acting like they love me but they only wanna fuck me
and suck me but don't touch me
Back up off me hooker cos I won't be taken

Go find you another motherfucker you can break it
I gots ta keep playin these niggas like ping-pong
and hit em like King Kong, they singin the same song
'93 is the year and yes I'm gettin bigger
Gave a shot to the 121 cos they my niggas
Scotty B ridin shotgun, BOOM he got one
Only God knows if he'll catch a hot one
Knick-knack paddy-wack Wino's in the back
and my hand's on my motherfuckin nutsac
And it's like that

I got my hand on my nutsac
Na na na na na naaaaaa
[repeat x2]
And it's like that