

# 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