

## Is This Me?

Coolio

Mossberg Smith & Wesson

Forty-five let me tell you how I learned my lesson  
House party in the hood at some niggas I don't know  
But I had to go they had a house full of hos  
I stepped into that party with my nigga high off that head  
The hos is looking good so we try to make a friend for night  
Let's get it right let's get it straight  
But now these punkass niggas in the party want to play a hate  
I'd bust a cap to save a rat so what's up with that  
It's 1996 so these bustas get no kinda of doubt  
Like American Express here we go again  
I never leave home without it so don't even think about it  
Just let me leave and I won't have to make you bleed  
But if you make an offensive move then I'm gonna have to show a groove  
Back up off let's keep it soft  
Don't make me have to show you who these 16 bosses be

This really ain't me no more  
These streets won't let me go  
I can't escape this life  
That they got me trapped inside  
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Way back in the days we dudes don't forget a name  
Now everybody wants the fame but things change ain't the same  
All these sucker set-trippin killin for no reason  
That's why I never leave the house without my nina  
I love my baby carry my baby wherever I go  
For these suckers get in a twist they say I beat their pimpin  
Stop wishin you was in my shoes  
And learn to be yourself stop acting like somebody else  
It's ninety-six and most of the homeys thinking of six feet  
The six I found out if you wear partners where the friends go  
Every week you don't see me I gotta put at work  
I guess the shit don't stop till my gaskets drop  
Stop hating my life and get your own  
Be true to this game or this game will do you cold  
Everywhere I go I got my back  
I hate to do my all black but I must stay strapped

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No no oooo I can't escape this life

I been trying to live in piece but these fools won't cease  
They insist with their bullshit so I got a full clip  
Chitty-chitty bang-bang doin it's a new thing

One shot from a Jake .38 can make your brain ache  
I'm the kinda nigga that don't believe in frontin'  
But if you run up on me trippin you best believe I'm dumpin'  
I got bills to pay and kids to raise  
And a whole generation of lost niggas to save  
So I ain't got time for that yip yap  
If you start some static I'm gonna have to blow your mind back  
Believe that nigga daisy if you do it's true  
Fuck with Coo you get done that's how we do it to it  
Don't start no shit and it won't be none son  
But if you do I'm going for my gun  
Like Doc Holliday a nigga ain't scary  
So if you want to trip then I'll be your huckleberry

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