

Smokin' Stix

Coolio

Alright alright, alright alright alright.

Next we got a guy comin out from

Compton, California, gonna tell you all about his experiment with a drug called Stix.

That's some kind of embalment fluid mixed with scherm those niggas down in..
.ha, those black guys down in Compton.

[guy toking up]

Yo stop that!

Who got the bomb? Who got the bomb?

Somebody? Anybody? Who got the bomb?

Who got the bomb? Who got the bomb?

Somebody? Anybody? Who got the bomb?

Pass me the dip, it's time to take a hit
of the potent ass shit the kind that make you strip
Two headed critter, now I'm an airplane
flyin high inside my brain

You know karate, I no rizzateign

Try to beat me down I feel no pain

Puffer, toker, loopy loop smoker

Coolio loca, laugh like The Joker

Loony, psychotic, nutty, kinda crazy

Down for mine that's the way mama raised me

Summertime we freak in the heat

Butt naked in the middle of the street

We're smokin stix

Yeah

Who got the bomb? Who got the bomb?

Somebody? Anybody? Who got the bomb?

Who got the bomb? Who got the bomb?

Somebody? Anybody? Who got the bomb?

If you don't know how to do it, yo here's how ya do it

Take the scherm and cigarette and dip it in the fluid

Oh my God! Oh my God! Now the shit is lookin lovely

Light and stars all around me and above me

Never feelin good, I watch a motherfucker work

Try to step into the Circle I chop em up like wood

put em in an envelope and send it off to Interscope

Cos nigga's gettin short, I'm chokin from the smoke

I pass it to my homey so he can take a toke

Got a large loot, got it robbin that's cos I was broke

Jumped in the bucket, mad styles like a demon

If only you could trip off that shit that I'm seein

I got to get a grip cos the nigga's about to flip

Sometimes that's how it get when you're smokin stix

Yeah

Who got the bomb? Who got the bomb?

Somebody? Anybody? Who got the bomb?

Who got the bomb? Who got the bomb?

Somebody? Anybody? Who got the bomb?

Wake up the next morning in a cold sweat

under the bed, soakin wet, wearin boots and a hair net

Empty .45 was layin on the dresser
Last night I played the role of the tester
Toked up a good bag, Jenna had a good nap
Flashback got me ready to scrap
I don't know what I done did
and I don't know where I done been
I know last night I robbed my friend
and if that's wrong then call it a sin
But I was broke and broke ain't no joke
and I can't cope without my Smith so
so dip it up and watch me suck it up
and I'll get fucked up and I might go nuts
So pass the loot motherfucker, pass the loot!
Pass the loot motherfucker to a troop
We're smokin stix