

# U Know Hoo!

Coolio

aiyo Coolio, what's up with all these fools always poppin' off at the lip  
talkin' about the last sucka to fuck up, and stuff like that, loc,  
what's up?

yeah, don't beleive everything you read, fool

nah, they know what time it is  
but, you know, for those who don't know  
I think it's time that we step to the mic and set the record straight  
aiyo, G  
we're gon' do it like this  
why don't you tell 'em who you're down with loc

right  
all you niggas run and tell a friend, um  
bad mutha fuckas is bad again  
MAAD Circle's in the house for the ninety fo' and  
if I tell I got a fo'ty four and  
I shoot they ass up like rifleman  
'cause I never wore a suit made by Dapper Dan  
them punk mutha fuckas be hittin' me up  
and I hit 'em right back 'cause I don't give a fuck  
so throw your mutha fucking M in the sky  
if the nigga next to you ain't down, bust him in the eye  
if you leaped up your seat you met your doom  
Big G could start a fight in an empty room  
you fuck with me, you gotta fuck with crazy tunes  
Wino, Billy Boy, P.S. and Spoon  
I don't give a fuck about you or your crew  
(I'm down with the MAAD ass you know who)

brothers of the mother MAAD Circle  
I'm down with the MAAD ass you know who

nigga clear the lane, get the kids off the street  
it's the one nine nine fo' and \*sniffing\* I smell booty  
stank ass skag mutha fucka wanna basket  
getting paid by you niggas from the nigga Dub' C  
the quicker to sticker, sucka nigga killa, bust it  
yo Coolio, what's up with these punk mutha fuckas  
(I don't know)  
don't they know, um  
I gets busy like Illegal  
flow like water  
drop bomb shit like a seagull  
a janky ass nigga known to sag  
and like Old English, I'm setting mutha fuckas on they ass  
diggin' graves for the braves, that's a trade when I flow  
decapitating rappers and pissin' down they throats  
cause I'm the, rusty mac pistol macking  
and like Mike Tyson, baby, my style is (causing static)  
and jabbin' stabbin' mutha fucka you don't want static  
nineteen ninety fo' and you cowards all done had it  
these ol' whack ass niggas getting popped for record deals  
I'm broke 'cause it take no skills to pay the bills  
but that's alright because I gotta kill a crew

(I'm down with the MAAD ass you know who)

brothers of the mother MAAD Circle  
I'm down with the MAAD ass you know who

another day, another dollar, I'll be there when ya holla  
it's the skanded ass, sticky face, alleway scholar  
I dip two sticks off a ten dollar, fold it  
turn it to the hook and kick in the door  
may all the traytons be forgot  
but if you're steppin' to the Circle we'll connect your dots  
I, always feel like somebody's watchin' me  
and, even though you're watchin, you can't stop a G  
cause I been where you're goin' and I know what you see  
you might build a rep, but not on the C, double O to the L to the I to the O  
with the mutha fucking god damn flow  
so, fuck it, fuck it, fo' niggas in a bucket  
wit an old ass janky thirty eight causing ruckus  
yo be a fool tryin' to step to the crew  
(I'm down with the MAAD ass you know who)

brothers of the mother MAAD Circle  
I'm down with the MAAD ass you know who

un huh  
all you punk ass mutha fuckas  
the real steel is in the heel for year feel  
brand new, we're nowhere a year ago, yeah  
we're not cooking ya crew, beeyotch