

## Quick Way Out

WC

Down on my motherfuckin luck  
Hangin at the park, shootin dice, and I just got..  
bucked  
And now I'm mad cause I'm broke as hell  
Cause a nigga's unemployed plus I just got out of jail  
So now I gotta come up on a lick  
but the lick that I hit can't be no bulllllllshit  
So now I gotta call up my nigga  
My nigga Ty, yeah, my homey from Wakeside  
Yo nigga whassup? I need a lick  
He told me to trip, he knew this fool up on 75th  
who had a safe and a whole lot of yea  
Two six-fours and a ragtop sittin on them thangs  
He said this motherfucker was worth ten mill'  
I said, 'Cool then it's a done deal'  
Went to the pad and grabbed the black ski-mask  
Put it on tight so nobody could see my ass  
So now I got the mac with the teller  
just in case these motherfuckers wanna play Goodfellas  
Called up the crew; aiy Coolio  
This motherfucker said he knew this nigga with some  
loot  
So what's it gonna be, jack kidnap or rape?  
Nawww motherfucker just murder and a take  
Cool, then set it up  
Aight nigga here I come  
Hung up the phone went to my room and I grabbed another  
gun  
Slapped on my khakis, I'm gone  
Went outside and jumped in the bucket, motherfucker  
it's on yeah  
Three-wheel motion, throwin up the M  
Nigga Dana Dane's what I call my rims  
Scooped up Cool', now we in pursuit  
Two niggaz with a plan to get some loot  
Hit the one-ten on my way to my homeboy's house  
Lookin for a quick way out, nigga  
{\*scratching\*}  
So now we at my nigga Ty house  
Cookin up a plan on the best way to take this nigga out  
Just got out of Quentin for a caper  
and I don't wanna go back so motherfucker put it on  
paper  
And no sooner than we got the info  
I shot the nigga in the head with the fo'-fo'  
I grabbed my mac when the motherfucker hit the flo'  
  
God damn Coolio, what you shoot him fo'?  
Look, I know you and you know me  
but I don't know him and that's the way it's gonna be  
Who's that nigga?  
That was my homeboy nigga!  
Yo fuck that nigga! WE CAN GET BIGGER!  
So now we on our way to get paid  
Rollin in a fucked up van with taped up license plates  
Took the back way through the alley  
And now we're sweatin cause we just took a hit from the

wet daddy  
Got out the van, hit the back gate  
Everything's goin according to plan  
I had the front and Dub had the back  
I had the fo'-fo' and he had the mac  
Now we runnin through the house like motherfuckin SWAT  
and if anything move it's gonna get popped  
Awwwww, there go the nigga that we lookin for  
Fool, GET YO' MOTHERFUCKIN ASS ON THE FLO'  
Now he's bound and gagged with duct tape  
Dub, I got the motherfuckin safe  
BAY-BAYYYY!  
Jumped in the van and now we rollin  
And I'm trippin off this fat-ass grip that I'm holdin  
And the nigga, huh, don't worry about him  
Took the combination and the yea and I shot him  
We got the loot and now we in route  
to get a motherfuckin drink and knock some boots  
Big money big trout ain't no doubt  
I'm lookin for a quick way out, motherfucker!  
{\*tires peel, instrumental interlude\*}  
So now we on our way to the spot  
A bucket full of ducats to drop before the streets get  
hot  
But little did we know that the nigga we smoked  
had some homies in the cut, sittin in the six-fo'  
So now we gettin chased by some niggaz in the cut  
but I bet this mac'll make they ass stay back  
Hit up the gat, damn my shit is jammed  
Good thing a nigga had a backup plan  
But it's too late to grab the extra gat  
Burnin rubber in the bucket and we cracked  
So we jumped out the van and no matter what the  
cost  
we had our mind set on sendin niggaz to Harris and Ross  
But this time a nigga wasn't color blind  
Fucked around and got smoked at the end of the crime