

Coolio, Can U Dig It

Uh! Yeah! What Up?

Verse 1:

I know y'all wanna take me down
I know y'all wanna see me get clowned
I know y'all wanna take my sound
And put a nigga like me in the lost and found
But I refuse to fade
I'll stay this way
Spreadin venom in the mic till I'm old and gray
And now niggaz wanna attack me
Flip-flop and back me
But fool you's a mackey
I'll starch your ass like some khakis
Your shit is tacky and you better play the backwoods
Me and my crew will use your cd for a hackey sack
Imagine that
And it shouldn't be hard
Cause your style ain't large
And you wanna make all the profits with crowbars
Can U Dig It?
When nothin can save it
Shock your ass like a phaser
Burn and cut like a laser
Amaze you, with this flava
I run with a pack of tennis shoe playa's

Chorus:

Can U Dig It? *singing* Can U Dig It?
Can U Dig It?

Can U Dig It? *singing* Can U Dig It?
Can U Dig It?

Verse 2:

The first law of age is called survival
That's why I'm deadly on revival
And it's vital
To my basic instinct
That all wack mc's become extinct
Because we on the brink
Or, should I say the edge
Like a schizophrenic with seventeen personalities walkin on a ledge
Then you can't see the black cause it's blocked by the blue and the red
U.F.O.'s
And scandalous ass hoes
Waist deep in the shit, it's still smellin' like a rose
And I suppose
You want me to play superstar
And when I see you on the street act like I don't know who you are
So, you can run back and tell that
But I wont do that
So, fool you can chew that
To all sucka mc's you better beware
I been conjurin up forces way back in my lair
And my crew don't scare
And we don't care
We act, we wear, I swear

Chorus

Verse 3:

It's the thrilla
Straight outta Compton, not Manilla
Got a chokehold on the mic like I was M.C. Gorilla

Take this to the heart for real a
Don't you ever try to steal a
Like AIDS this shit came like gin a
Might fuck up your liva
Call me Pharoah cause I'm floatin bustas up the river
When I deliver
Make your sister and your grandma shiver
Top feelin steadily rakin up the scrilla
Kickin back in my easy chair sippin on some Henna
?Exol? cause my whole crew is locin
And fools always tryin to fix shit that ain't broken
I'm down with pixies so you don't wanna see me
So, grab everyone in your crew and disapeer like a genie
Never said I was the best but I ain't the one to be testin
Cross the line and in pieces you'll be destined
Don't stop, get it, get it
Cause I blow up the spot everytime I grab the mic and hit it, hit it

Chorus, Repeat 3X