

Digital Underground, Fool Get A Clue

(feat. Black Spooks)

Yo wake up it's the D crew up in here with the Black Spooks
And we bout to drop it on y'all...y'all best get a clue

Fool get a clue, get a clue, get a clue.

Now everybody wanna tell everybody who to be with
Really doesn't matter to me long as I miss that H-I-V shit
And AIDS ain't the end of the world girls and us do kinky stuff
And theres way to muff without the fluids touchin
Never hide the truth if my body and hair is sacred
Then why we can't be naked in public
It's totally natural like sex is but this is
A law that had to be made by men with itty bitty penises
The streets of this world they are my playground I explore them
Meet somebody I don't like and I ignore them I don't destroy them
They way that you know who be he want me to hate like he hate
But I got too much m poopoo doo with me

[Chorus:]

Fool get a clue it's a new game
Can't be trippin on you I go my own way
Players gonna play with who they wanna play with
People gonna always lay with who they wanna lay with

Well it's the B-L-A-C-K to the S-P double O-K
It don't matter what another man say
I'm gone still do it all my way
Cause I'm slick like C-Bo's quick
I don't wanna be down with yo gross click
I just wanna snap photo flicks
With a freaky little trick puffin dodo sticks
I can live foul as dirt road hicks
I can make three plus two make six
Cut with verbal scrapes and nicks
I'm as ill as chicks with dicks
Scuff my kicks I'm bustin licks
Openin somebody up like Vicks
Purchase ism by the bricks
Plus I brick city hoes I picks
All in yo mix as I ease betwixt
Like sitcom vix be greasin dicks
I be skeezin chicks when the season switch
I be makin tricks itch like fleas and ticks
I swoop low and prey on tricks
Large I've got my own prefix
I'll stop twitchin wheres my fixer
I gonna break shit up like Twix

[Chorus]

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You want me to want what you want
(I go my own way)
You want me to be like you be
(I go my own way)
You want me to trip like you be trippin
(I go my own way)

Gotta go my own way
(I go my own way)

Maybe it ain't your flava but I'm gettin wit it
Maybe you wouldn't be seen wit it yo but I'm splittin wit it
Maybe it ain't your style or your shape but I'm hittin it
You want me to hate what you hate
But quit it forget it
Cause I ain't wit it

This country tis of thee
Taught me how to bring the groceries
Now I'm crazy just like I'm supposed to be
Smokin mothafuckas my mentality
Sex, money, and drugs mean the most to me
Murderin mothafuckas ain't a thang to me
And I'ma keep slanging G

Hold on young blood hold on
You gotta keep holdin on
You gotta keep on fightin