

Coolio, Fucc Coolio

[Dialing a number from a cellular]

40 Thevz: Hello

Coolio: Yo what's up homeboy, I'm out front the club, what's goin' on, there's a lot around the corner

40: What

C : Hell yeah, man y'all better bring your ass down here man.

40: We on our way man, we're coming through then...

C: Aight, look, look, look. I'ma tell homeboy at the do' to let y'all in.

40: Hook it up, hook it up!

C: Nigga sac, nigga bring a sac. Stop at some jamaicans and shit.

40: We're on our way.

C: Alright then.

40: Aight.

[hang up]

Bouncer: Hey wassup Coolio, how many you got wit you?

C: Aa it's just me right now but the 40 Thevz on their way, so be on the look for 'em.

B: Right. Hey you muthafuckas move back, man. One line.

X: Man, look, look. There go that nigga Coolio. They're lettin' him in with tennis shoes and shit. Don't

Y: Fuck that nigga Coolio, man. I'm gonna fuck that nigga up.