

# Coolio, Throwdown 2000

Chorus:

Are you ready to throwdown?

Yes we are!

Well, get on down like your 'posed to  
and shake your ass on the carpet like the old school  
Are you ready to throwdown?

Yes we are!

Well, get on down like your 'posed to  
and give a loc a little dap when he walks through

Verse 1:

If there be a dope beat then all y'all see  
Get up out your seat and let me see yo technique  
Freak yo physique and you betta not compete  
Make it hot and sweaty like twenty deep in a jeep  
Never comin' cheap, forty creep  
And I hope you don't mind if I borrow a few things while you go to sleep  
I steal money from the rich  
And give it to the poor, it's  
Coolio loco and ghetto witch doctor super, you are  
Bring it from the back and bring it to the front  
Cause you gotta give the people what they want  
Now hump, do the stomp to the butt  
Big homie shake your gut  
As long as you get your ass up  
It's a party over here  
and let me make it clear  
40 Thevz is the crew  
So you better come anew  
Ain't a damn thing change since the first one  
And if you didn't hear the album go get one (One)

Chorus:

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Yes we are!

Well, get on down like your 'posed to  
and shake your ass on the carpet like the old school  
Are you ready to throwdown?

Yes we are!

Well, get on down like your 'posed to  
and give a loc a little dap when he walks through.

Verse 2:

Here come the thief on the old school beat  
And I never knew the meaning of the word "defeat";  
The master of disguise wanna see the people's eyes  
Yet, fools try to deny that the ?man? can fly  
Just cook 'em all up like gumbo  
And block their ass like Mutumbo  
Cause your album dropped off the charts like Dumbo  
We are new and improved to make you put on your boogie shoes  
Like K.C. and the Sunshine Band, or the Wu-Tang Clan  
I go way back like Vegas, Nixon, Noreaga  
It's the tennis shoe players fat box on the quiet station  
Now what if hip hop was like Humpty Dumpty sittin' on the wall  
And what if hip hop had to take a great fall  
And what if rhyme was a crime  
And each and every time  
That you spit a dope line  
You might have to do some time  
Most of these clowns will be tryin' to skip town  
But Coolio will be ready for the showdown

Chorus:

Are you ready to throwdown?

Yes we are!  
Well, get on down like your 'posed to  
and shake your ass on the carpet like the old school  
Are you ready to throwdown?  
Yes we are!  
Well, get on down' like your 'posed to  
and pass a joint to the loc when he roll through

Verse 3:  
If the shoe fit, put it on and stick  
And if your ass uncash don't let your mouth write no check  
Fools be in the bars unadvanced with a switch  
Uppercuts and fight kicks with Weird Al Yankovich  
From Tokyo to Sojo, rollin wit the 4-0  
This hip hop that I'm holdin' I'll make it move your hoe  
It's the Vandino, everything but rhyme's broken  
Breakin' a nigga with first position at the open  
You can't understand how I do it  
I'm just true to it  
I let my pen flow across the paper like it was made affluent  
Uh, let it ring, let it rip  
Everybody holler like Marvin Gaye, but don't you let the record skip  
Synchronize the watch, cause the party don't stop  
Till the neighborhood watch call the cops  
It's the wild ass festival, coast line veteran  
Once again droppin' bombs on yo section (On yo section)

Chorus:  
Are you ready to throwdown?  
Yes we are!  
Well, get on down like your 'posed to  
and shake your ass on the carpet like the old school  
Are you ready to throwdown?  
Yes we are!  
Well, get on down like your 'posed to  
and pass the brew to the loc when he roll through  
Are you ready to throwdown?  
Yes we are!  
Well, get on down like your 'posed to  
and shake your ass on the carpet like the old school  
Are you ready to throwdown?  
Yes we are!  
Well, get on down like your 'posed to  
and give a loc a little dap when he roll through.  
Fool!