

Yo-Ho-Ho

Coolio

Yo, Coolio on deck for the two triple
Polar bear in the house, check it. Biatch!

This goes out to all my thief niggas, my boxer and brief niggas
My cheat niggas, my quick to put you to sleep niggas
My hood rats, my get up and go getters
My gold diggers, my single parent family bread winners (what)
My sinners, my ex-lovers, my ex-partners
And my homeys that showed me love when I was rolling in a Datsun
I gotta have one for the haters
For bringing all the players, and the hustlers, and the gangsters
Tell them all I said thank you
And have a drink on me and when you think on me
You better think on real, I give you something you can feel
The panhandlers, the pill pushers, the ???panty weighters???
My down homeys, the clown busters, my never fakers
My real family, the ones that gave me 21 knowledge bro
When Coolio lo what nothing but a prayer and a hope
Come one come all y'all, but let's get one thing clear
There's a party going on in here

Yo-Ho-Ho and a bottle of Jag, there's a party over here
Go and get you a frank, and a fat ass sack and a cold Olde English beer
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I'm spitting game at the bank robbers, the bus driver, the butcher
The guinness at the Lou Guinness school superintendent
The creatures, and pimping hoes and neighborhood preachers
To those that've never heard of me, I'm trying to reach you
My crew niggas, my ready to act the fool niggas
My big balling homeys on a mission to cop figures
My scrap honey, going to school trying have some with that
Big round brown to keep the homeys heart pumping
The real ladies, that take care of their own babies
The po-po and politicians that ain't playing their game shady
My cap dealers, my penitentiary niggas
Even them, cold ass sharks that's swimming in the music business
The pre-schoolers, the senior citizens, the mailman
The speaker of the house, the paperboy, the president
Come one come all y'all, but have no fear
There's a party going on in here

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Since the far off days, when man first heard some scratchy noises on a cylindrical drum, it has been his aim to add breadth and depth and even where it applies, to come play act the fool

I want to speak upon the little homeys
That was raised in the projects
That could've been anything but was forced to join an offset
The homegirls, that had babies at a young age
Only 22 but you know they've seen better days

And my smoker niggas, that got stuck on a crack pipe
And them, hollywood types that's living that fast life
This them act right, and flip your game like a jack knife
All my rapper niggas who did their time at the good life
My honest homeys, flipping burgers at Mickey Dees
Fuck what they talking about, love, go ahead and get your g's
My enemies, please dissipate with all haste
I got homeys with heat in the house, you got 5 minutes grace
All my loves in Japan, Germany, and Amsterdam
London and Compton, Long Beach, Wats, LA and Carson
When I die y'all, better not shed no tears
Just keep the party going on in here

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