

Jokers Wild

CeeLo Green

Orale homie

Hey, Holmes
You know what my name is
Heart only, eyes and anus
Defendant versus plaintiff
But that ain't why I'm famous

Lyrics about life and death
Spoken in sign language
The shoe is inside of you
And I'm doing time to change it

But with the cane, I'm able
To put food on the table
Check it out, Holmes, I'm Cholo
Pants way above my navel

Got product in my pockets
Dolos in the garages
Then Pacman and Hodges
Broke me up on all the charges

And of course, you wish you could climb the wall washer behind the wall
I'm a pen pal
I write lines
With no lifeline to call

Short, stocky, and cocky
My body was designed to brawl
Just thinking out loud is a threat
Without even trying at all

Five-six
Three-hundred and fifty-pound 2Pac
I'd blast you but in here
I have mastered the 52 block

My little niggas on the floor looking for every jewel drop
Pro club
Crew neck
Knee-high tube socks

Then the little homie said, "OG
I like your clothes."
I just smiled and said, "Come here
And let me wipe your nose."

One foot will show you where I'm from
When I strike a pose
Take nine lives from them cats over there
You'll get stripes for those

Nylon Cortez
As dangerous as Juarez
I'm zero to a hundred, homie
You know what the score is

We always up because
You know, I love you, blood
It's little Carlo and mi vato
Mr. Muggerud

Jokers and cartoons, ah ah
Little red balloons, ah ah
Bird inside a cage
Life sentence on a page
Judgment coming soon, ah ah ah

It's fucked up, Holmes
Don't know how to feel about the freedom
We're doing life either way
Shit, I didn't want to leave them

But no more beef
And I even became a vegan
But enemies, if I see 'em
Still gonna want to eat 'em

Look at me, Loosey Goosey
Lots of love all around me
Before you know it
Wanna get some blood on my brownies

I start to get the feeling
What neighborhood you live in
I know he's with his children
But ooh
I want to kill him

I end up giving passes
To all their lucky asses
I laughed and looked the other way
While listening to the classics

But now I've got to hear that shit they talk about
I'm getting soft
Baby gangstas clocking in for work
While I'm getting off

I almost took my handgun
About to kill someone random
Until I had the vision
That prison's really your opinion

If I could stop caring for one second
I'd be free
And whatever else I decided to be
I'd still be me

But I'd still be G
Now would you like to be my neighbor?
Or keep returning fire
If you can't return the favor?

You see there's hardly any room to sleep
In this house of ours
Especially when the house you live in
Is a house of cards

Jokers and cartoons

Ah ah

Little blue balloons

Ah ah

Bird inside a cage, life sentence on a page

Judgment coming soon, ah ah ah