

# Sticky Fingers

Coolio

Brainiac, with a zany act, kleptomaniac  
Before I go to work I smoke me a fat sack  
Of indo, then climb through the window  
And eye the VCR, and load it in the Pinto, huh!  
Yes I'm on my way to the bait  
or should I say the pawn shop, but I don't smoke rocks  
Some people say I'm crazy and they think I'm on crack  
Cause I hock all the shit and I never get it back  
Coolio loco, you better call Bronco  
Stole a link from my auntie, and sold it to my uncle  
Took the flowers from a hearse, romanced a nurse  
Put the girl to sleep then I went through her purse  
Bandit, underhanded, yes I'm skanless  
Snake in the grass fool, I'm taking chances  
If the price is right, you can call me a killer  
Before I was a rap singer, they called me Sticky Finger

("But he's stickin you, and takin all of you money" - [Guru])  
("I ain't never got gaffled like that" - [JD])  
("Don't, you blink, or I'ma rob your ass blind" - [Sticky Fingers])  
("What you doin stickin in that people's window?" - [Richard Pryor])  
("Gimme that...") big fat dope sack  
("Gimme that...") ca-di-llac  
("Gimme that...") big gold chain  
("That's the life, a-that I lead" - [Run-D.M.C.] )

Coolio call me shady, janky, slick right  
You and your crew better duck from my gunshots  
I takes no shit, carryin no drama  
If I can't get you I bust a cap on your momma  
I never had a grip, so I learn how to shoplift  
My trenchcoat is long and now I got some fresh shit  
Yeah, buddy, sht's lookin good  
Gets much props and respect from the hood  
Caps from my raps and a trunk full of hubcaps  
Step to the crew, and you're bound to catch a pimp slap  
But I don't pimp no bitch for my dough  
They got somethin I want, I just rob the hoe  
Early birds catch the worm so I crow like a rooster  
They follow me round the store because they know that I'm a booster  
Tell me what you want and I'll be the stealer  
Call me Coolio, or call me Sticky Fingers

("Coolio...")  
("First they do' ring, now they mob ring")  
("Told you before, you shouldn'ta never fell asleep" - [Big Daddy Kane])  
("Give it up, give it up, give it up")

I don't wanna go to jail cause I don't like the lockup  
Turn out the lights and get ready for the sock up  
One plus three equals four for the knockout  
Got circles on that ass like a Mike Tyson PunchOut  
You better hide your shit if you wanna keep it  
I'm driving down the street in your 'llac while you're sleepin  
I was born with a sickness, that they call brokeness  
Never said I was the best, but I'm damn sure the loc'est  
Up, up, and away, like a rocket

Some fool got shot, now I'm goin through his pockets  
He won't be needin no dollars where he's goin  
And when I get to hell I'ma act like I don't know him  
I'm takin everything that ain't bolted to the floor  
And before I go I steal the knocker of your front door  
Let me be free for I'm a thief and a gangster  
Before I was a rap singer, they called me Sticky Fingers

("Yeah we want everything... do you have any dreams, we want them too")