

For My Sistas

Coolio

Now I didn't use the word bitch a few times in a rhyme, but
Now it's '95 so let me drop a line
This goes out to the young black queens
On the neighborhood scene
Who haven't lost their dream
I know sometimes it seems like it ain't no love
And to get where you go ya got to push an' shove
Around the way girl with hope in your heart
Do his five in the purse an' five in the start
She's the kinda woman ya take home to momma
The only kind you ever let get past the drama
Coolio know that you ain't no ho
And it's time to put you up on a pedestal seat
Queen of the entire universe
And you know how I know that you were put here first
An' to every nigga that dissed ya an' every nigga that hit ya
Accept my apologies for my brothaz...

(Chorus)

My... sista...

Give it up for my sistas
Give it up for my sistas
Give it up for my sistas
You're all I need...Princess of the Nile
An' sweet black sexy child
Ooh I like your style, huh
First motha on the planet
I know it's gettin' scary
And all these wannabe pimps is all that ya meet
But ya gotta shake 'em off like fleas an' nigga meat
And use your God-given talents and abilities
No matta where ya from ya get much respect
From the top of your neck to your county check
I see ya waitin' for the bus in the early morn
Brick house with a face like Leena Horne
I ain't no cap to save a ho
But I got your front
An' your side an' your back if that's what ya want
So when it's time to put it down I won't be runnin'
Ya got a dear lil' somethin' like Harriet Tubmanm, huh
No matta what ya do or where ya go
Ya got love from a nigga named Coolio...
-Chorus-Hernie Dipp got the lips, finga tips, and the hips

Ta make mice outa the crazy-ass Bloodz and Crypts
Make a nigga sing a song all night long
Til' his voice is gone
Wit' no music on
You can be a busta on a hardass low
An' should be down wit' your ass when your poor and broke
And um uh
Every time ya need I'll owe ya
Gotta do is make a phone call, cuz
When ya say 'come' ya know she's on her way
Wit' no hesitance
An' any type of the leg
I talk about my granny
Batana, an' Vanita
Jacki an' Nicole an' Grandy an' Artisha
I gots to give credit where credit is due
An' all credit that is credited is credit to you
I give praise to your wayz
An' for all my day
Apologies much respect to the sons I raise...-Chorus(extended)-

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