

Pop Goes The Weasel

3rd Bass

Antoine, Antoine's got something here
Roll that window
We have to turn around because I want to shoot you
Park the limousine, in front of the swamp
Then I want to shoot you dauncing on the limousine
With the swamp in the background
It looks like you're in the jungle, okay?Let's all sing, Pop Goes the Weasel!Pop goes the, pop goes the windin'
of the weasel
I see the empty pocket needs a refillI got a squad with a list of complainers
I should have started RAPE:
Rappers Against Phony Entertainers
So we can make it known that we won't get swayed
It's ninety-one son, so somethin's gotta changeGettin' paid to peddle sneakers and soda pop (pop pop pop)
Pop goes the weasel as drawers drop (drop drop dop)
Why not take your top ten pop hit
Fix the music and make senseless rhymes fitI guess it's the fact that you can't be artistic
Intricate raps, becomin' so simplistic
I gotta strong mind it doesn't have to be spoon-fed
And I can read what doesn't have to be readSo some stay illiterate and feeble, legally licked
You go the ways of the weasel (the weasel)[Chorus: x2]
Pop pop goes the weasel, the weasel
Pop pop goes the weasel, the weasel
Pop pop goes the weasel, the weasel
Pop goes the weasel, 'cause the weasel goes popHip-hop, got turned into hit pop
The second a record was number one on the pop charts
For those that get on heart that gotta in the ghetto
Let no one forget about the hard part
Now in ninety-one we got a new brand, a new band
Lookin like the same old Klan
Same old thieves that skeez so we gotta make sure
That real rap has got to endureWhy score all my points in one peroid
Appearin' in complex structure like a pyramid
The paper for the media presence
Ya learn lesson from the face of false legend
Stop vexin' on the skills, ya ain't originate
The thin ice you skate upon will break and set ya straight
Ate up on the plate, now who's diesel
Not the weasel, not the weasel, pop goes the weasel[Chorus]Ya stole somebody's record then ya looped it, ya
looped it

Ya boosted the record then ya looped it, ya looped it
Aiiyo, I came from Cali, and they hooped it, they hooped it
But now you're getting sued kinda stoopid Boosted tracks get slaps, ya got no haps
To reach all four corners of the map
For kids in Kansas.. to those who speak Spanish
Doin' crazy damage so the wack gets banished
Can't manage the truth until you buy a way
Ya ain't quick so ya switch off the exit from my highway
To rest but a crook, had to take a second look
Ever heard of a chef who can't cook?
But the Minister Prime can lay laws
Hey yo, Pete Nice, rip the mic and go for yours Goes for mine, I goes for mine
Find the Prime won't eat the green eggs and swine
On line like the Serch, in the hoody with the woody
Get a disc or tape, at Sam Goody
Why'd ya run through the doors some left open?
Ropin' off the scenes of the crime smokin'
I got pub and I'ma nut like a SCUD see
Blowin' up, like I'm throwin' up a beef patty
Sell-outs run a bout like the measles
No cures, cause pop goes the weasels [Chorus: x2]

Songwriters

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