

# 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 refill I 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 change Gettin' paid to peddle sneakers and soda pop (pop pop pop)  
Pop goes the weasel as drawers drop (drop drop drop)  
Why not take your top ten pop hit

Fix the music and make senseless rhymes fit I 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 read So 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 pop Hip-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 endure Why 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  
Aiyyo, I came from Cali, and they hooped it, they hooped it  
But now you're getting sued kinda stoopidBoosted 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 yoursGoes 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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