

# 360 (Oh Yeah?)

## Propellerheads

Yo I'm from L I fella, vision had you tune into my figgida  
Figgida microphone and mobile  
Holding mic's is so while I be just day dreaming  
Drop for like, nine months, and rock from backyards to fronts  
Who wants to live the gutter life, we got sidewalks to walk, baby  
I need a chick with big potatoes to mash, baby  
Hang like parachutes, I've been floating for years  
Went from rapping in cars to rapping careers One beer, two beers, I got the gift like Santa  
I go from NY to DC, and down to Atlanta  
Make you fly like propellor, we be down in the cellar  
What I guess you call the basement  
'Cause that's where all he bass went  
When we turn it up a notch, old school like Ed Kotch  
Toss my foot up in the air and grab my crotch  
Who am I? Michael, keep the music on a cycle  
So we can finish up the flow within your fro, word out This is called frozen style  
Shatter your teeth style  
Freeze like Artic style y'all Come on, check it out, I'm the P to the O to the S  
Known to pinpoint the flow to the chest  
So wear your vest, nibble the thighs and breast on Vanessa  
Had to sneak it 'cause her moms kept me under pressure  
Now as the sun appears to rise and set  
Some cats live for the hood 'cause it's as good as it gets  
But my plot is much thicker, I move it much quicker  
Three hundred and sixty mile to the P H So I'm balanced, not a fella to fall  
Connecting the dots, I got two propellers in awe  
Went from ghetto to the meadow  
Seen all degrees of hot, and froze when I was not  
Like lot, my lady threw salt in the game  
Invested cheese in the mouse who sent pork into fame  
Now you hear my name being screamed on the ride of life  
It's too late to get off, to get off We in the house y'all, we in the house y'all  
We about to get evicted, there ain't no lights or liquid  
The bills ain't paid and last week we had a raid  
'Cause we partied too much but that's my family's trade  
Invited all of my folks, and yo, all my folks stayed  
They tried to silence our shit, but we just pushed up the fade  
Sat back to charge a dollar, hadn't got paid  
And called on the band and got stupid when the keyboard played Keeping funky with the propeller heads y'all N-

Now listen, you see, I'm here to usher the pain with no relief  
But still get the "Great Scotts, are you a thief?  
Seems like you got a mouth full of gold" records  
Sorry for that, platinum plaque soon to come  
Till then propellor got me working the drum  
For a fee, so notify the foe looking for the fumble  
I hear you want to rumble on the mic, so check it out  
How you want it, I got itOh yeah

Songwriters

Alex Gifford;Kelvin Mercer;David Jolicoeur;Vincent MasonPublished by  
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U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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