

# Return of the B-Boy

## The Pharcyde

Yo yo yo yo, is eighty seven in the house? Hell yeah  
Is eighty eight in the house? Hell yeah  
So, everybody get on up, everybody get on up Ah, yes, yes, y'all, I got the fever for the flavor  
Of a beat y'all, I stand tall, gets raw like beef y'all  
I moo moo like a cow honey-child or ooh, ah, one, two 'Cause I check it, baby just lend me your ear for a second  
'Cause I'm wreckin' eardrums cold Black-N-Deckin'  
Hold on the horse 'cause the force is like dark  
If you can't slide then stay out the park And my preachers don't know ya then hop off the ark  
Are you hip? Do you need another tip  
'Cause that's just like a talk light in the ass crack tip  
Jump on it, shake your shit if you want it Show no shame, hey Malik, goddamn get your arrow  
And hang, it ain't no thang to jam on it, jam on it, you don't stop The debonair MC in the place to be  
Came to rock the B-Boys and the young ladies  
Gonna rhyme on the microphone all night long  
So the party won't stop until the break of dawn It's like that y'all, it's like this y'all  
When I play B-Boy, don't miss y'all  
Some people wear all that Fila gear  
Gonna rock this party out the atmosphere Say ho, ho, yeah and you don't stop, throw your hands  
In the air and wave 'em like you just don't care  
If you're sparkin' blunts with clean underwear  
Somebody say, oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah And ya don't stop, yo 'cause back in eighty-nine  
I was doin' the wop, back and forth, forth and back  
I'm from the streets now I'm a straight mack Skin is black, what? Hair is brown, what?  
Eyes are red, you know that I can get down  
When I get up on the mic, I kick the rhymes to life  
Because I'm fresh and I'm def tonight Yeah, yeah, West Coast, West Coast, West Coast  
Is on fire, we don't need no water  
Let the motherfucker burn, burn motherfucker, burn Check it out, well my name is Jammer and I'd like to say  
That I'm a super def rapper comin' straight from L.A.  
Fly tan, brown skin before you're three years old  
And all the ladies love me 'cause I'm pigeon-toed I step in the party and I bust my move, cold rock the mic  
With the hip-hop groove, sucker MC try to call my bluff  
You better beware 'cause I'm just too tough y'all, please  
Please, y'all, please, please, check it out, y'all, yeah  
Please, y'all, yeah, please, please, check it out So stomp your feet and clap your hand while the DJ is spinnin'  
On the DJ stand, on the turntable, one and two  
We got the grand incredible cuttin' just for you  
Like this, like this, like this, do that shit, do that shit, do it All my rhymes are hard as hell, I am the one and I  
prevail

You will sail, you will fail, I am the doctor, oh yeah

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