Two Brothers With Checks (San Francisco Harvey)

Ultramagnetic MC's

Yeah this is a story about two brothers with big big checks
And pretty white Cadillacs; and they was fly from the South
So check it outMy wicky wicky style is unbearable for this world and the planet boy
I swing at the store, buy a lunch, play LaCroix
Supercat chasin' rats, with chemicals at the bottom
I'm givin' gold with enzymes, connections I got 'emOne thing, two things, like ? blow Casey
Recto and Smekto, go get my boy Luce
(Let's go)
Let's see Babe Grim and his exoskeletonHe's pitchin' a fastball, you swing and you miss
But seven times away clown, you're smellin' the piss
Drippin' offa your forehead, rollin' down to New Mexico
You're caught in a bid troop, you thought you was flexibleX-able, Montreal Expos
Hypodermic you turn it, you pick it up and you learn it
Now you're chillin' with zinc as it kicks with the sodium
Pele came down just to sign some autographsHe laughed and he left, went to El Segundo
For cheese and some bacon my Philadelphia steak 'em
I got a hole in my pants, I said, "Asalaam alaikum"
Got a new jacket was breakin' out to the trainin' campI danced and danced and danced and danced
And danced and danced and danced then I sat on the toilet
Wrote a rhyme and then ordered, now I'm spinnin' and winnin'
Got the girlies up on it, cause I'm kickin' and stickin'Finger-poppin' and lickin', can you do me a favor
Can you go get the chicken, as you see we're a legion
When we roll we're just easin', up to Egypt and Pakistan
There's never no treason, 'cause we're, "Treated with respect"Two brothers with checks, yo that Caddy is fly
San Francisco, Harvey
Two brothers with checks, yo that Caddy is fly
San Francisco, HarveyTwo brothers with checks, yo that Caddy is fly
San Francisco, HarveyDrivin' from Cooperstown, swingin' like Don Han
Rhythm X in the batter's box
Thurman like Munson, left while I swing right
And change courses and dialogRegional Atlanta, Alabama Savannah
I kick a rhyme like a ball to Indiana
Missouri, Kentucky, like Dent, call me Bucky
Rogers I'm nice, I float in space wild
Dr Smith, I'm dope, yo watch Sparky LyleAs I throwback a spitball, my slider and check back
The stadium's packed rope, the people should get back
And walk to the plate, yo Jerry Grody, pause
Swing swing swipe I get MC's on my third strikeMy hot dog is done, I'm in the dugout, check it
I know I wreck shop, tip-top, heads bop, heads drop

And many rappers get senile
Back to the plate, see the catcher, pitcherYou in the audience man, you be the fan
Like Supercat, Don Don Dada
I play the field in New York, and hit Jamaica
Like Giants I roll like San Francisco, Harvey
No time for rats with cats in Bristol playin'
I'm makin' moves yo manTwo brothers with checks, yo that Caddy is fly
San Francisco, Harvey
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Two brothers with checks, yo that Caddy is fly
San Francisco, HarveyYea, yea, yea, yea, yea, yea, yeah"Alright, you win, I'll take you to Fair Lanes
Just turn off the heat Aow
Ha ha ha ha hah
Yo, now I'm stylin' profilin' troop like I'm rip-rarin' Cadillac
We got big checks in our banks on the street, yeahPickin' up, swingin' that bat like Joe Morgan
Catchin' that beat like Ray Fossey, Oakland
Cashin' them checks up at the ChemicalWe might cash 'em in Oakland, San Francisco whatever
Pick up honies in Cleveland, with the game so damn clever
As I roll like I'm Charlie Hough, kickin' that ball down
The crowd is wild, need the gas for a mileSo let's roll out and catch 'em, fire points by the parrish
Make a record like this, as we drive through the city
City, city, city, citee'Cause we're
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