

# Basically

## Jindo & That Guy

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Whoo, hah, ohah  
Wooh, aw shit  
Hey dudes, my interludes more fatter than most niggaz LP's  
So don't sell me to stale cheese  
I'm more nicer than Little Red Robin Hood's grandmama  
Puffin' on ganja, sippin' on a Cherry Bianca  
My grand finale's like an alley when it's rowdy  
Kick more bars than the penile G  
And let my nine clap loudly  
Click click, bee-yow, bang, booyaka  
What am I do to ya? It's somethin' new to ya  
Like screwin' ya, all over my studiah  
Ride on my MP-60 and let the S-950 squeeze your titties  
That quickly I hooked you, now fix me with your lips  
Botch, unloosen my belt thinkin' to grab the crotch  
But before you do move my glock before it shoot my cock  
And see basically them trick bitches get no dap  
(Word)  
And see basically Redman album is no joke  
(Word)  
And see basically I don't get caught up at my label  
(Word)  
'Cause I kill when they fuck with food on my dinner table  
(Word)  
I drop a punchline at lunchtime  
'Cause I'm a Close Encounter of the None Kind  
With dumb rhymes, I battle allay'all at one time  
So fuck all you fools out there with the large vocabulary  
In your sentence, I don't need that shit to pay my rent with, huh  
And to the nosey snake-ass hoes I ask you  
Why you be acting all fly  
When your monkey-ass work at fast food?  
And why is it everytime that a multiplatinum artist  
Always use the underground to make a comeback?  
Is it fair to the hardcore niggaz that rap?  
That don't give a fuck about the radio

Plus the next bitch at that?  
And being hardcore and mad about wearing high-tech boots  
And black skelly hats?  
And making fake-ass frowns because your best buddy packs?  
Think about it, sip on a chocolate thai  
And let your brain fall out of focus  
This is another episode, coming live  
From the Funkadelic man himself, yeah, ahh, huh

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