Spoon

Cut Chemist

Ah yea party people, here we go

Party people, rocks da house
Party people, rocks da house
Party people, rocks da house
Party people, rocks da house

Party people, rocks da house
Party people, rocks da house
Party people, rocks da house
Party people, rocks da house

Y'all want some more?
Y'all want some more?
If y'all want some more
Let me here you say yeah
Let me here you say hell yeah, hell yeah

Party people, rocks da house
Party people, rocks da house
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Yo, tuna the smoke-jumper, packin' my oral cannon
Bustin' from Okinawa, Japan to Laurel Canyon
Swallow flows, we turning like plush tires

Spreading vocal leprosy using discrepancy
Lyric weaponry lessens your chances of testing me
Stop and freeze MC's, I block atrocities

True philosophies from the lips of black Socrates

The pocket-penciler in your peninsula
Killing Dracula MC's who bit from my vernacular
I can back it, the ill scene we occupy
No lullaby, got you high, when I rock a fly

Verse, for my people, let me breath slow
Give a heave-ho, and stimulate your cerebral system
Cut Chemist grip the fader with Tuna the group debater
We murder you duplicators, 'cause I'm an aristocrat, ghetto diplomat
And I'm blessed with the gift for rap it's like that rocks da house

I, the aristocrat, ghetto diplomat
And I'm blessed with the gift for rap, it's like that rocks da house

Yo they call me Mister Antagonistic, drastic
Comin' from a place where these cops get their ass kicked
The last trick unified was the cornerstone
A lyric pistol to the dome is how we warn a clone
Born alone, the strength of god makes my mission higher
They found the liar dead, strung up with fishin' wire

The mystifier packin' vocal artillery
Makin' lovely word connections like Chuck Woolery
The cool in me, I'll make your block turn on one rhyme
Electrifyin' like some nocturnal sunshine

The planetary pioneer and his mixer
Cut chemist Chali tuna spittin' scriptures
Paintin' pictures even sisters adapt 'cause
We take it back like chiropractors
Fuckin' actors on wax make worse for real
Mc's who worth your while and so they search for me

The aristocrat, ghetto diplomat
And I'm blessed with the gift for rap, it's like that rocks da house
I, the aristocrat, ghetto diplomat
And I'm blessed with the gift for rap it's like that rocks da house
Should I let, should I let aha, one two, one, two, check it

Yo should I let ya know
Should I mention that you lost a vital part of your body
In competition with the T to the you 'n' Ah, the bread winner
Lyrical lead spinner, that's hittin' you dead center

I the aristocrat, ghetto diplomat
And I'm blessed with the gift for rap it's like that rocks da house
Yo, yo, it's like that y'all, it's like that
Everybody out there y'all, it's like that
My name is tuna fish, y'all, it's like that

And we are Ozomatli, it's like that yo
I the aristocrat, ghetto diplomat
And I'm blessed with the gift for rap, it's like that

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