

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

Songwriters

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