

# Peachfuzz (instrumental)

KMD

Oh Pete Nice? I'm smoother than him, man I mean  
He wears suits and all, you know no disrespect Yeah right, just a thought Heavy D yo, the girls they love me  
They love me, I just know it Yea Positive K? He's dip dip divin Yeah right Yeah LL, yo he might keep the girls  
But yo, I'm the man  
I'm the man, as a matter of fact  
Yo, see they laughin at me man I'm the man Yo, that ain't right  
Yo, well anyway By the hairs of my chinny chin chin, got many plus plenty  
String by string, I think I counts like twenty  
If you loan me a ear, I'll return it with interest  
If not, I'll simply twist the wrist  
So listen up closely, with thoughts to recoup me  
Cause I hope to gross like ten cent per groupie  
Now only if I had two G's per strand  
Ask my anchor banker, he understands  
I used to wrap my hand around a cold gold can  
Someone once said health is wealth, so check self  
I got a perfect check up, 'cept for a hiccup, roll with no stick up  
How can I keep the goya nectars on my shelf?  
Oh boya how I searched for an employer  
But before Zeale Huckleberry film was in Tom Sawyer  
Now use your imagination, just a smidgen  
If I was a bird I'd be a pigeon  
Succumb one to crumbs and pizza crust, when every fella can  
Eat fresh fish and live fat like pelican  
Then again, that's only if your capable for freckles  
Or blue eyes , I settle for Heckle n' Jeckle  
While I chuckle at my man with the cellular phone  
The only phone I own's a funky xylophone's tone  
Ain't no joint in, annoyin high pitched ringin  
We do the tap twist and twitch bringin  
Through soul and this cordless thingamajig  
Sure as Onyx's clippers etch a clue to your wig  
We'll do the gig so make your mind  
The pipe, the bowl or us fiddlers, don't riddle us  
I'll even ride a bus to the coast if clear  
For okay pay, I'll say  
Now all this runnin round's kickin me right in the rear  
And still I'm judged by the hairs on my chinny chin chin  
And I'm able to hit a skin

Just like my man Puba Maxwell, so I'm smooth Yeah, candy get the job done but yo, I take care of  
 business {Peachfuzz} Now what's up with this peachfuzz nonsense?  
 {Peachfuzz} What are y'all talkin about this peachfuzz?  
 {Peachfuzz} Nah, I just got one thing to say {Peachfuzz} Ahh man By the hairs of my chinny chin chin, six  
 black hairs  
 String by string, I think I counts five pairs  
 That's a little, but still, can I get a thumbs up?  
 At least for the peachfuzz that sums up  
 A tidbit, yeah that's it, but who gives a sugar  
 Honey iced tea besides me  
 For if, I ever riff, yet and still, windmills  
 So I take time just to kill  
 I say cute is for a bear, teddy bear like Teddy Ruxpin  
 Would I be handsome if I pimped in a tux then  
 Smoked a cigar with some black chinese shoes then  
 Picked up some friends in my Benz and start cruisin  
 Huh, that's a dream that I ain't even livin  
 If that makes a man, surely I'll recommend  
 I'll stay a toy boy eatin Butterfingers  
 With Knowledge of Self, and colorin books on my shelf  
 I wanna grow up, cause maybe if I did then  
 I wouldn't be treated like a Toys 'R Us kid when  
 They counts ten upon my chin  
 By the hairs of my peachfuzz, let's say each was  
 An inch, psych because I can't pull or pinch  
 It's a wrench, and I thought life would be a cinch  
 But anyway, anyhow, let's talk about someway somehow  
 That I can make my peachfuzz grow out  
 Really, do I need beard that grows with no pores  
 Just to be respected and resemble Santa Claus?  
 Hear this clear, I'm a MAN I tell ya  
 No dreams or drugs like the slugs will I ever sell ya  
 A man I am, in the body of a youth  
 So don't play me like I'm Born Universe Truth Truth  
 So when I knock at your hearts, let me in  
 And judge me not by the hairs of my chinny chin chin Yeah, that's what we call, pimpin presence yo  
 Call me tonight, knowhat I'm sayin? You got it Yeah, you know I eat no pork  
 So why can't I be as smooth as my man Dr. York?  
 I see none Yo, I'm smoother than the bottom of Hammer's shoes  
 After three hundred spins No love here  
 No hair on my chest, but my boy Ak West, I'm just smoother  
 I'm just smoother Yeah right I'm definitely smoother than y'all just saw It's about time I'm sayin, yo but, I don't  
 want to hear  
 {Peachfuzz} none of this peachfuzz nonsense  
 {Peachfuzz} Peachfuzz

{Peachfuzz} You know  
{Peachfuzz} {Peachfuzz} He's a little boy  
    {Peachfuzz}  
    {Peachfuzz}  
    {Peachfuzz}  
    {Peachfuzz}  
    {Peachfuzz}  
    {Peachfuzz}  
    {Peachfuzz}

Songwriters

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