Two Scoops Of Raisins

Common

Yo man, I'm hungry man
Ay whatchu want man? You want some breakfast or somethin'?
I want a lil', lil' somethin', yeah, yea milk and cereal or somethin'
Somethin' man, just a little breakfast food, y'know?
Mmm, I don't know man, let's see what I got in my cabinet
(Ay)
Hold on, let me see what I got in my cabinet
Somebody hit me with a little, baseline or groove, knahmsayin'?
Yeah, breakfast food, uhh
When you wish
When you wish
Upon a star
Upon a star
To follow what?
To follow what?
And where you are
And where you are
Party over here, party over there
Where?
Look, I made ya look, ya dirty crook
Then picked your pocket, watch me book
Like Guiness I'm a Menace, so call me hip-hop's Dennis
So open wide and say
(Ahh)
And I'ma slide my yolk, in your throat, and watch ya choke
On the uh, the ah, the uh, the Daddy Long-Stroke
Stroke Long Daddy money, if my name was Sunny
I'd share a scoop, runnin' shit like rebels
You can call me Barney 'cuz I took your fruity pebbles
Dibble like an office on Top Cat, top that, I'm fat troop
Drop the loop, then a scooper hoop ya like a hula
To school a fool I present, a church to repent
I get you guess 'n like jeans, you're just a hill of beans
I'm all that jazz, and I kick, kick, kick, kick
The razzamatazz, oh please, oh please
Just give me just one more blast
I gett off like Prince, but I don't have to show my ass
Pass the rest, like a test, if you slip then you'll get ripped
With your handicapped pass route, and tales from the crypt

I whip on that ass like base ba-bay
The Sense is good, goobely, goo, ask Gravy
Or LaMont, or Rollo, down at the, Apollo
Come follow me now I don't know
(Bo, where's Sue?)
Even En Vogue, be tellin' me ya don't go
When it's time for show, everyone says
(Yea)
Ho, ho, couldn't be a slider
(Ho, ho)
'Cuz I never slip, kick it like a Damme Van flip
So don't come with your judo 'cuz you're just a Menudo
Emcee gettin' chewed like vegetables
Ahh, cabbage is a cabbage, a lettuce is a lettuce
I'ma tear this whole joint into scraps
I bust raps, perhaps caps, and trap the wack tracks
Givin the max, for the minimum, not the minimum for the max
Get more sex than Wilt the Stilt so you can call me the Stiltest
You're takin' shorts like Arnold, so what chu talkin bout, Willis?
'Bout Willis?
Yeah Willis
Willis ain't talkin' about nuthin'
It's different strokes
Let's get back to umm, breakfast foods
Because it's, early in the mornin'
Well, you can have your wheaties
You can have your flakes
You can have your kix
And you can have your trix
You can have your poundcakes
You can have your loops
But you still gotta get your two scoops

To keep the hot raw, I'm rollin', rollin'
Bowlin', spare me, fuss ya hushed mouth mush
Lush alcohol's excessive like a Jefferson
Movin' on up progressive, one time for your brain, cell
And when I get through, you say,"Aww, hell man"
Styles that I free won't, stop 'til the end
Paper I go on and go on with the pen
Get a max of funk, attack or sunk
One blow, and emcees are gone with the wind
Kickin' the dumber rhyme, I'm not a print
But I'm fresh, heatin' up like the summertime, summer rhyme
I'm a dime a dozen, but I keep you buzzin'

Like a bee, a dozen attempts is in the toilet
'Cuz I flush the dime and I'm not a leader
'Cuz I Busta Rhyme, a rhyme
If I kick with Rakim, you run for cover brother
But I kick it with Petey 'cuz I'm just another mother
(Sucker)
Blo pop time
(It's blo pop time)
It's blo pop time
(It's blo pop time)
In the mix, the dimension, J.B., and Chico
It's seven, not six, my shirt extra-large
But I wear, I wear I wear it well like DeBarge
To the finish, makin' ya eye pop, like you ain't spinach
Then it's, time to let you know
We count it up, one two three and fo'
Uhh, count it up
Nah we gon' count it down
Nah man, we're gonna count it up
Mmm, let's get back to that umm
Food tip though, the breakfast tip
Food tip? Well, you just check
'Cuz you know what we need
What can I have?
You can have your life
You can have your bran
You can have your puffs
You can have your pebbles
You can have your krunch
And you can have your loops
But you still gotta get your two scoops
Around and 'round and upside down and upside down we go
Whoa ahh, I'ma sneak in the front row
Not Jethro, I'm not a Jethro, on skid row
I don't wear Monie's hat, but I was a monkey in the middle
Hey, diddle diddle, you can Kibble a Bit
I take a squat, and booty MC's be sayin', "Ooh, shit"
Yo, I turn bucktown into fucktown
You're just a field goal kid, and I'm a touchdown
With the next point to the next joint, so tell Spike about it
I'm all that, that your bitch be writin home about it
Shout it out, praise the Lord, Hallelujah
This could be love, but umm, don't let em fool ya
'Cuz when I do ya, come down come down after me come
Yeah, sorry Sugar Plums but umm, I gotta run

Run Jesse Run, keep hope alive
I'm down with the B-boys, fuck the Jackson 5
You jive-ass turkey, a-pit-apitta-a-aperk be
You can get ill, but don't, hurt me, hurt me
Or urk me 'cuz see I'll outsmart you like the Urkel
B-boys at the school of hard knocks, in a circle
Pass the sess blunt, yeah stud, you ain't know?
I wanna go bang, I said, bang-o, bang-oh bang-oh
Or bojangle jingle jangle on the jaw
Hip-hip, hooray, oh now you wanna be all lovable?
Don't push or pull, or you'll see, I'ma wreck it out
MC's be checkin' in but they don't be checkin' out
I leave em out on the canvas
So click your heels twice and take your ass back to Kansas

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