

Propellerheads

Yo I'm from L I fella, vision had you tune into my figgida
 Figgida microphone and mobile
 Holding mic's is so while I be just day dreaming
 Drop for like, nine months, and rock from backyards to fronts
 Who wants to live the gutter life, we got sidewalks to walk, baby
 I need a chick with big potatoes to mash, baby
 Hang like parachutes, I've been floating for years
 Went from rapping in cars to rapping careers One beer, two beers, I got the gift like Santa
 I go from NY to DC, and down to Atlanta
 Make you fly like propellor, we be down in the cellar
 What I guess you call the basement
 'Cause that's where all he bass went
 When we turn it up a notch, old school like Ed Kotch
 Toss my foot up in the air and grab my crotch
 Who am I? Michael, keep the music on a cycle
 So we can finish up the flow within your fro, word out This is called frozen style
 Shatter your teeth style
 Freeze like Artic style y'all Come on, check it out, I'm the P to the O to the S
 Known to pinpoint the flow to the chest
 So wear your vest, nibble the thighs and breast on Vanessa
 Had to sneak it 'cause her moms kept me under pressure
 Now as the sun appears to rise and set
 Some cats live for the hood 'cause it's as good as it gets
 But my plot is much thicker, I move it much quicker
 Three hundred and sixty mile to the P H So I'm balanced, not a fella to fall
 Connecting the dots, I got two propellers in awe
 Went from ghetto to the meadow
 Seen all degrees of hot, and froze when I was not
 Like lot, my lady threw salt in the game
 Invested cheese in the mouse who sent pork into fame
 Now you hear my name being screamed on the ride of life
 It's too late to get off, to get off We in the house y'all, we in the house y'all
 We about to get evicted, there ain't no lights or liquid
 The bills ain't paid and last week we had a raid
 'Cause we partied too much but that's my family's trade
 Invited all of my folks, and yo, all my folks stayed
 They tried to silence our shit, but we just pushed up the fade
 Sat back to charge a dollar, hadn't got paid
 And called on the band and got stupid when the keyboard played Keeping funky with the propeller heads y'all N-

Now listen, you see, I'm here to usher the pain with no relief
But still get the "Great Scotts, are you a thief?
Seems like you got a mouth full of gold" records
Sorry for that, platinum plaque soon to come
Till then propellor got me working the drum
For a fee, so notify the foe looking for the fumble
I hear you want to rumble on the mic, so check it out
How you want it, I got itOh yeah

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