360

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 careersOne 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 outThis is called frozen style
Shatter your teeth style
Freeze like Artic style y'allCome 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 HSo I'm balanced, not a fella to fall
Connecting the dots, I got two propellors 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 offWe 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 playedKeeping funky with the propeller heads y'allN-

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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