

Spineshank F/ Burton C. Bell**"So What'cha Want"**

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Hahahahaa, you don't stop
You keep on and you don't stop
You can't front on that
To the S-K-B, you don't stop
Ha... whoo

Well just plug me in just like I was Eddie Harris
you're eating crazy cheese like you'd think I'm from
Paris
You know I get fly, you think I get high
You know that I'm gone and I'm a tell you all why

So tell me who are you dissing; maybe I'm missing
The reason that you're smiling or wilding so listen
In my head I just want to take 'em down
Imagination set loose and I'm gonna shake 'em down

Let it flow like a mud slide
When I get on I like to ride and glide
I've got depth of perception in my text y'all
I get props at my mention 'cause I vex y'all

So what'cha what'cha what'cha want? (what'cha want?)
When you're so funny with the money that you flaunt
I said where'd you get your information from huh?
You think that you can front when revelation comes?

I said so what'cha what'cha what'cha want? (so
what'cha want?)
I said so what'cha what'cha what'cha want? (so
what'cha want?)
I said so what'cha what'cha what'cha want? (so
what'cha want?)
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what'cha want?)
I said so what'cha what'cha what'cha want? (so
what'cha want?)

Well they call me Mike D the ever loving man
I'm like Spoonie Gee (whoo ooh), I'm the
metropolitician (yeyeyeyeah!)

You scream and you holler, about my Chevy Impala
But the sweat is getting wetter than the ring around
your collar

But like a dream I'm flowing without no stopping
Sweeter than a cherry pie with ready whip topping
Goin' from mic to mic kickin' it wall to wall
Well i'll be calling out you people like a casting call

Oh well it's wacked when you're jacked in the back of a
ride
with your know with your flow when you're out gettin' by
Believe me, what you see is what you get
And you see me, comin' off as you can bet

Well I think I'm losin' my mind, this time
This time I'm losin' my mind; that's right
I said I think I'm losin' my mind, this time
This time, I'm losing my mind (this time!)

I said so what'cha what'cha what'cha want? (so
what'cha want?)
I said so what'cha what'cha what'cha want? (so
what'cha want?)
I said so what'cha what'cha what'cha want? (so
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what'cha want?)

But little do you know about something that I talk about
I'm tired of driving it's due time that I walk about
But in the meantime, I'm wise to the demise
I've got eyes in the back of my head so I realize

Well I'm Dr. Spock I'm here to rock y'all
I want you off the wall, if you're playing the wall
I said what'cha what'cha what'cha want? (what'cha
want?)
I said what'cha what'cha what'cha want? (what'cha
want?)

Suckers write me checks, and then they bounce
So I reach into my pocket for the fresh amount

See I'm the long leaner victor the cleaner
I'm the illest motherfucker from here to Gardena

Well I'm as cool as a cucumber in a bowl of hot sauce
You've got the rhyme and reason but no cause
So if you're hot to trot you think you're slicker than
grease
I've got news for you crews, you'll be suckin' like a
leech!

I said so what'cha what'cha what'cha want? (so
what'cha want?)
I said so what'cha what'cha what'cha want? (so
what'cha want?)
I said so what'cha what'cha what'cha want? (so
what'cha want?)
I said so what'cha what'cha what'cha want? (so
what'cha want?)

[B-Real]
I got the big brown boots
when you wanna get kicked like a rhyme
from the heart and the mind
there was a time when the blunt got licked
I take a hit of the weed and then blew a smoke screen
No Visine just a little, Afro-Sheen
and a High Times magazine
I like to smoke y'all, but the pigs come sweating
they like the smell of the weed that I'm smoking
they can't have none of the number one sess-stash
So keep your hands off the hash
Don't act rash, cause if you move too fast
I'll pull out my gat and blast your sorry ass...

And you can kiss my ass, haha
That was the "M" to the "I" to the "K" to the "E" to the
"D" y'all
Ghetto Block

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