

Cypress Hill F/ The Fugees

"Two Scoops of Raisins"

Visit "[Two Scoops of Raisins](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Immens] Yo man.. I'm hungry man
[Common] Ay whatchu want man? You want some
breakfast or somethin?
[Immens] I want a lil lil somethin.. yeah yea milk and
cereal or somethin
Somethin man! Just a little breakfast food, y'know?
[Common] Mmm I don't know man (ay) let's see what I
got in my cabinet
[Immens] Hold on, let me see what I got in my cabinet
Somebody hit me with a little, baseline or groove,
knaahmsayin?
Yeah, breakfast food, UHH!

[C] When you wish
[I] When you wish
[C] Upon a star
[I] Upon a star
[C] To follow what?
[I] To follow what?
[C] And where you are!
[I] And where you are!
[C] Party over here, party over there
[I] Where?

[Common]
Look! I made ya look, ya dirty crook
Then picked your pocket, watch me book..
.. like Guinness I'm a Menace, so call me hip-hop's
Dennis
So open wide, and say (AHHHHH)
And I'ma slide my yolk, in your throat, and watch ya
choke
on the Uh the Ah the Uh the Daddy Long-Stroke

[Immenslope]
Stroke Long Daddy Money, if my name was Sunny
I'd share a scoop, Runnin shit like Rebels
You can call me Barney, cause 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..

[Common]

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

[Immenslope]

Or LaMont, or Rollo, down at the, Apollo

Come follow me now (BO! Where's Sue?) I don't know

Even En Vogue, be tellin me ya don't go

When it's time for show (yea) everyone says

ho (ho) ho (ho) couldn't be a slider

cause I never slip, kick it like a Damme Van flip

So don't come with your judo, cause you're just a

Menudo

emcee gettin chewed like vegetables

[Common]

Ahhhhh 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?

[I] Bout Willis?

[C] Yeah Willis

[I] Willis ain't talkin about nuthin!

[C] It's Different Strokes

[I] Let's get back to umm, breakfast foods

[I] because it's, early in the mornin..

[Common] Well you can have your Wheaties

[Immens] You can have your Flakes

[Common] You can have your Kix

[Immens] And you can have your Trix

[Common] You can have your POUNDcakes

[Immens] You can have your Loops

[*both*] But you still gotta get your Two Scoops!

[Immenslope]

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 *huff, huff*
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
Cause I flush the dime and I'm not a Leader
cause I Busta Rhyme, a rhyme
If I kick with Rakim, you +Run For Cover+ brother
But I kick it with Petey cause 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'

[I] UHH! Count it up

[C] Nah we gon' count it down

[I] Nah man, we're gonna count it up

[C] Mmmm, let's get back to that umm, food tip
though, the breakfast tip

[I] Food tip? Well you just check

[C] Cause you know what we need

[I] What can I have?

[Common] You can have your Life

[Immens] You can have your Bran

[Common] You can have your Puffs

[Immens] You can have your Pebbles

[Common] You can have your Krunch

[Immens] And you can have your Loops

[*both*] But you still gotta get your Two Scoops!

[Common]

Around and round and upside down and upside down

we go
WHOAHHHHH! 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 OOOOHHH
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
Cause 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, cause 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..

Visit [Cypress Hill F/ The Fugees](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.