

Alan Price

"Professor Booty"

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[Intro]

MCA- Yo I don't hang out with those guys,
man I aint got nothing to do with those dudes.

Adrock- Man I saw your female with too, whats up wit
her?

Mike D- I hear that she's been giving that stuff out
to all them graffiti guys.

MCA- Yo shut the fuck up chico man!

Adrock- I'd paint three of those murals for some of that
ass.

Mike D- Professor, whats another word for pirate
treasure?

Professor- Why I think it's booty

[verse1] [King Adrock]

Yes, I got more bounce to the fucking bumpin
And you wanna know why because I'm mother fucking
truckin

I'm in the pocket just like Grady Tate

I got supplies of beats, so you don't have to wait

Cuz' I'm the master blaster, drinking up the shasta

My voice sounds sweet cuz it hasta

So light a match to my ass cause I'm blowin up

I'd like thank you people for just showin up

But now I want y'all to move it

Put your point on the floor and just prove it

Said I'm smurfin' not rehearsin', getting live y'all

A little puffy so you know what I'm doing right

Cuz' that's the kind of frame of mind I'm in

I got this feelin and it's back again

So don't touch me, cause I'm electric

And if you touch me you'll shocked!(echoes out)

[verse 2] [Mike D]

You got, you got, you got, you got, you got

You got the boomin system but it's blastin out doo

Do you think it's chocolate milk, but it's watered down

YOO-HOO

I been through many times for which I thought I might
lose it

The only thing that saved me, has always been music

We got our studio, it's under the G
It's no question lifes been good to me
Cuz' life aint nothing but a good groove
A good mix tape to put you in the right mood
Said, this one goes out to my man the groove merchant
Coming through with beats, for which I been searchin'
Like two sealed copies, of expansions
I'm like Tom Vu with yachts and mansions
The logo I sport is the face of the monkey
Union made, Ben Davis quality it's no junk see
My chrome is shining, just like an icicle
I ride around town in my low-rider bicycle!(echoes out)

[verse 3] [M.C.A]

So many wack m.c's, you get that T.V. bozak
Aint even gonna call out your names cuz ya' so wack
And one big oaf, who's faker than plastic
A dictionary definition of the word spastic
You shoulda' never started something you couldn't
finish
Cuz' writing rhymes to me is like Popeye to spinach
I'm bas ass, move ya' fat ass, cuz your wack son
Dancing around like you think your Janet Jackson
Thought you could walk on me to get some kinda' walk
I'll pull a rug out from underneath your ass as I talk on
I'll take you out like a sniper on a roof
Like an m.c. at the fever in the d.j. booth
With your head phones strapped, ya' rocking rewind
pause
Trying to figure out what you to do to go for yours
But, like a pencil to a paper I got more to come
One after another you can all get some
So you better take your time, and meditate on your
rhyme
Cuz ya' shit'll be stinking when I go for mine
And that's right y'all
Don't get uptight y'all
You say shit when I bite, when I write y'all
And that's wrong y'all
Over the long haul
You can't cut the mustard when fronting it on,it on
(echoes out)

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