

## Do Re Mi

### "Top Notch"

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\* for any corrections on the French lyrics

[Kurious]

Kurious the motherfuckin magician with the wand, is  
(tell 'em) the man, if I uhh, blow like (BLAOW)  
Jizz in your grill, constipated for real  
With the shit to fulfill, combined with mad skill  
Brew in the freezer, no time for cock-teasers  
Asthmatic wheezer gives more props to a skeezer  
Why? Simply cause she know what she want  
She won't say, "I'm so horny," and then front  
When my brain is racin triple time  
with thoughts of fuckin you, on my mind  
You say it's fine, I find it rather odd  
Leave me with my dick mad hard, mentally scarred  
Poppin that shit when I said from the gitty-up  
I wanted to slay that ass, lick your titties up  
Fakin moves bitch you need to stop  
Tell you straight up, cause my notch is top

Chorus: repeat 4X

"Now I hold my crotch.."  
Why the fuck you hold crotch?  
".. cause I'm top notch" -> De La Soul

[Kadi]

Mister, Huh Huh is it all about blunts?  
Simulatin ideas, just confusin the drunks  
Check this out I don't get down like that  
cause me and the magician come with tricks in out hats  
and pats on the backs is somethin I don't need  
when I realized that it's triggered by the greed  
in your heart, you can't play me, like a dart  
All you wanna see is the progression on the charts  
Remarks on your memos, change the numbers on your  
checks  
but does it really matter when you girl gives me  
straight neck?  
(Straight up baby) Aww fuck, I guess you're outta luck  
Now you understand? You're walkin like a duck

The, truth hurts uhh, your girl flirts  
and I walk by you, with frustrating smirks  
Jerks get played by the tricks of my mind  
A call costs a quarter so I'd never drop a dime

Chorus

[Psycho Les]

Ba-ba-BAM! Smack you in the face with mud  
Now look at your grill, fuckin shit got blood  
on my shirt, back the motherfuck up jerk  
It's the wicked, Psycho Les puttin in work  
Nijjas got me flippin right to the other set  
I smoke punk niggaz like my name was Boba Fett  
I drop bombs, that land on your moms  
I smoke the 808 blizznuts, fuck the tom-toms  
Beatnuts, number one sin-ner  
Fuckin around with the (???)  
Bitch drink one to the head - BOOM  
SO WHEN I POP MY DICK, HIT THE BED!  
Suck, on your tits and eat the cake  
Stick my dick and filled the bitches like shake  
Oooh oooh, nut and check my watch  
I gotta be ghost, cause I'm fuckin top notch

Chorus

{\*needle drags across record\*}

Yo what the fuck you doin? Why you  
YO WHAT'D YOU STOP THE TRACK FOR??  
Don't be scared, it's only me, playin..  
AHHHHHHHHH! WHO IS IT??

[Lucien]

Hey yo here comes the French flavor  
Mad Lucien black, don't sleep on my behavior  
I pack a glock then a black bust a cap  
on a cop if you try to step you get popped  
Pops you don't know me, I'm raw like sushi  
Straight from France so don't play me like a pussy  
(C'mon, a French gangster) Ayyo, how did you figure?  
And when I drop shit you say, "Damn that's a French  
nigga!"  
Yo, nigga from The Woods kept swangin  
with the C.M., and yo check out what we brangin

[Lucien starts rapping in French]

Je continue, je flambe, vous connaissez ma ligne  
(Don-key style) - (??)  
Eh yo, ta meuf me fait signe  
Direction les toilettes

Plus rien ne m'arrÃ¢te  
Et je pÃ¢te fait la fÃ¢te  
Et coups d'tÃ¢tes dans ta tÃ¢te  
Comme un requin vicieux depuis 82, sacre bleu  
BiÃ¢re dans l'estomac et de l'herbe dans les yeux  
(Ahhahahahaha !!!)  
Que ce passe-t-il je titube, c'est bizarrre..

{\*needle drags across record to end song\*}

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