

## **Firesign Theatre**

### **"Endoness"**

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Geah, uh  
In the muthafuckin' house  
Back for the 9 to the 6, geah, uh  
Ain't nuthin' but the Eihthype thugs nigga  
Geah  
(stick 'em)  
Compton in this bitch  
Check it out, geah

I'm giving you that funky funky ass shit  
That you gots to fuck with, uh  
So stand back cause I don't want my funk to rub off  
On your silly billy ass, yeah you too soft, uh  
I'm giving that brain a little tickle  
You better than a bitch licking on your pop sicle  
Uh fool, you know I'm too cold  
I'll leave that ass hanging  
Dangling like a bitch on hold (stick 'em)  
Gets off my thing  
You cling like static  
I spits like a fucking automatic (brrr)  
Classy bitches, I'm in 'em, uh  
I'm deadly like poison, fucking snakes venom  
Your parents say don't do me (uh uh)  
But I'm the bomb so they run right to me (run run run)  
As you inhale everything seems right  
Ready to take you on that late night hype (get em)  
The endoness

Westside  
Geah, c'mon uh  
The endoness, uh (stick em)

Damn, must be the shit  
Hitting at last as you burn them finger tips (damn)  
Must be the chronic  
Invincible like Steve Austin... ddddddddddd... bionic  
I touch the brains of many  
The more you want the more you get (geah), no shit  
You'll find all kinds but none like this  
You need this

The shit - that seedless  
A brand new trip  
Exciting as your cells do back flips (c'mon uh)  
I might just fuck up your sinus  
And put that ass to sleep like Linus  
So hit me, hit me again, hit me three times  
That ass is mine, geah  
I'ma take you through  
Virtue - reality, it won't hurt you  
The endoness

Aaah, come on, uh geah  
Eihthype in the house, nigga  
Eihthype in the house, get 'em  
Uh, Eihthype in the house, nigga  
We funky, we funky, geah, stick 'em  
Compton, nigga c'mon

Watch out now don't hit it too long  
Just save a little for your friends and get some more  
If they got ends (what up erb)  
Get it from the Hub and take no chances  
Smoked out no doubt your brain enhances  
Put your brain on drugs (that's right)  
Hypnotised by the Eihthype thugs  
Want beach blonde muthafuckas in nappy-head dreads  
No stress take the boo-yaa bomb instead  
And I'm the only one that got it  
You fucking with that bullshit baby, we gon' spot it  
Out of your lungs comes blow up (oh yeah)  
You shouldn't've fucked on that weed now you throw up  
Paranoid and you twitching  
Heat waves, wake up nigga start switching  
Because we just can't fuck with that stress  
We take you on that late nite hype to the endoness

Aaahh, geah  
Eihthype in the house, nigga  
Eihthype in the house, nigga  
Geah  
Eihthype in the house nigga geah  
West Side, we funky  
Eastside, we funky  
Or whatever side you from nigga  
We funky now  
We funky...  
Uh, Eihthype in this bitch  
Compton in this bitch  
We funky now  
Geah

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