

## Freddie And The Dreamers

### "360"

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Come on, yeah

Yo I'm from L I fella, vison had you tune into my figgida  
(?)

Microphone is mobile

Holding mic's is slow while I be just day dreaming

Drop for like, nine months, and rock from backyards to  
fronts

Who wants to live the gutter life, we got sidewalks to  
walk,

baby

I need a chick with big potatoes to mash, baby

Hang like parachutes, I've been floating for years

Went from rapping in cars to rapping careers

One beer, two beers, I got the gift like Santa

I go from NY to DC, and down to Atlanta

Make you fly like propellor, we be down in the cellor

What I guess you call the basement, cause thats where  
all

the bass went

When we turn it up a notch, old school like Ed Kotch

Toss my foot up in the air and grab my crotch

Who am I? Michael, keep the music on a cycle

So we can finish up and flow in your fro (?)

Word out

This is called frozen style

Shatter your teeth style

Freeze like artic style y'all

Come on

Check it out

I'm the P to the O to the S

Known to pinpoint the flow to the chest

So wear your vest, wiggle your thighs and your breast  
on

Vanessa

Had to sneak it cause my minds(?) kept me under  
pressure

As the Sun appears to rise and set

Some cats live for the hood cause it's as good as it

gets  
But my plot is much thicker, I move it much quicker  
Three-hundred and sixty mile to the P H  
So I'm balanced, not a fella to fall  
Connecting the dots, I got two propellers in all  
Went from ghetto to the metal  
Seen all degrees of hot, and froze when I was not  
Like lot, my lady threw salt in the game  
Invested cheese in the mouse who sent pork into fame  
Now you hear my name being screamed on the ride of  
life  
It's too late to get of, to get off

We in the house y'all, we in the house y'all  
We about to get evicted, there ain't no lights or liquid  
The bills ain't paid and last week we had a raid  
Cause we partied too much cause that's my family's  
trade  
Envited all of my folks, and yo all my folks stayed  
They tried to silence our shit, but we just pushed up the  
fade  
Side back to charge a dollar, hadn't got paid  
And called on the band and got stupid when the  
keyboard  
played

(talking in background)

Keeping funny with the Propellerheads y'all

Now listen  
I'm here to usher the pain with no relief  
But still get the "Great Scott, are you a thief?"  
"Seems like you got a mouth full of gold.." records  
Sorry for that, platinum plat soon to come  
Till then propellor got me working the drum  
For a three(?) to notify the five O for the fumble  
I hear you want to rumble on the mic, so check it out  
How you want it, I got it -- Oh Yeah?

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