

Frisco Kid

"Questions"

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[Poetry] Yo, yo, yo, yo Pharoahe
[Monch] Right, right
[Poetry] Brother why don't you explain
How did hip-hop get caught up in this ill rap game?

[Pharoahe Monch]
Yo, I got a question - in hip-hop, who they followin?
(Uhh)
The niggaz with skills or them niggaz who be hollerin?

[Prince Poetry]
Them niggaz that be hollerin is substitute, modelin
niggaz with skills always and forever keeps a followin

[both] Swallowin pride
[Monch] Never we be imperialistic
[both] Who rips shit, without bein materialistic
[Monch] Statistics show
[Poet] Ask miss she know
[Apani] Just cause the niggaz got dough don't mean
they got that flow
[Monch] Riiiight
[both] Just cause them niggaz got dough don't mean
they got that flow

[Prince Poetry]
What?! Nigga you can consider it the bomb if I spit on
it, get on it
Ride for a little bit, feel how your inner get
From internet, intellect, vibes that I'm sendin it
Now your soul bubblin brown sugar so you'll remember
it
Legitimate, imminent, crash course for illiterate
From August to September, Prince is heavenly given it
From center split, train of thoughts that's mad booty
Cause you twisted and rudey don't mean everything's
GROOVY when you hear it, the world's gonna feel it
before I say it
Now some pop some shit, but the labels get the big G's
from sales
(Whooo!) Nobody sayin shit it just smells

Here's some Southside Saturday love like Shanelle's
My syndicate is tight, quite right for these times
Contradictin all the hype, the berry-more-black shines
ALL MINE, fine wines to dine rhymes
for forty projects, keepin it Naughty like Treach

[Monch] Ahhhhhhhh YO PRINCE

[Poetry] Yes sir

[Monch] My brother why don't you explain

How did hip-hop get caught up in this ill rap game?

[Prince Poetry]

Yo, I got a question - in hip-hop, who they followin?

(Right)

The niggaz with skills or them niggaz who be hollerin?

[Pharoahe Monch]

Them niggaz that be hollerin be substitute, modelin

The niggaz with the skills forever keeps a followin

[both] Swallowin pride

[Poet] Never we be imperialistic

[both] Who rips shit, without bein materialistic

[Poet] Statistics show

[Monch] Ask Duke, he knows

[Duke] Cause them niggaz got dough don't mean they
got that flow

[Poet] Hahhhh

[both] Cause them niggaz got dough don't mean they
got that flow

[Pharoahe Monch]

Pleeease man

I done burned some of the most fattest MC's like
chromium percolinate

It's not even tangible for them to understand the holy
weight

It takes soul to make a crowd animated

Prince stated, hey wait 'til we get off that label

and I waited twelve months (twelve months) for the
perfect opportunity

To thump (thump) bump (bump) somethin loved by my
community (c'mon)

I'm movin on all you punk Bambino bastards

Your style's depleted like muscles without amino acids

I blast kids with mass times matter

Forever clingin to endeavors defined, clever words
thus waiting never, frustrating verbs to rip

My rap ratings erradicate (erradicate shit)

For me to take rhythms and mate 'em with rhymes in
mating season

Creating shit never before made it
I'm makin hybrids, created potent enough to open
eyelids
and leave pupils dilated, stress is alleviated
Now it's easier, plus economically feasible
for me to leave rap listeners queasy and inebriated
We made it we came, dedicated we rated supreme
Even with or without the cream

[Poetry] Yo, yo Pharoahe
[Monch] Yes sit
[Poetry] Brother why don't you explain
How did hip-hop get caught up in this ill rap game?

[Pharoahe Monch]
Nahhh I got a question - in hip-hop, who they followin?
(Uhh)
The niggaz with skills or them niggaz who be hollerin?

[Prince Poetry]
The niggaz that be hollerin is substitute, modelin
Niggaz with skills always and forever keeps a followin

[both] Swallowin pride
[Monch] Never we be imperialistic
[both] Who rips shit, without bein materialistic
[Monch] Statistics show
[Poet] Ask miss she know
[Apani] Just cause them niggaz got dough don't mean
they got that flow
[both] That's right
[both] Just cause them niggaz got dough don't mean
they got that flow

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