

Lloyd

"Everybody Get Loose"

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Yo Schoolly, drop that beat!
(Goin way back) --> Just-Ice
Yeah
1-2 y'all
Go somethin like this

[VERSE 1: Bret E.B.]

Pay attention when I'm speakin, yo, hear what I'm sayin?
I'm not givin an order, but you're obeyin
Yeah, I'm born in Brooklyn and moved to Cali
I wear my Filas cause I don't like Bally's
Livin large, checks comin for residuals
Hang with the 3, but I'm still an individual
Just another dog, but it's okay with me
Cause I'm s-t-r-o-n-g
????? cold losin their minds
Lookin at the 3 and seein dollar signs
For all you gangbangangers, tonight is the truth
Everybody in the house, we're gonna get loose

Yo, break it down now
Ah yeah
Ha-ha

[VERSE 2: Bret E.B.]

Let's get it started, get the crowd movin
Wild and loose, it keeps the ladies groovin
Cause that is the job and the job gets done
Make you crazy in the moonlight, burn you up in the sun
In the beginning there was doubt in your opinion
Slept on the trio, but now look who's grinnin
All the way to the bank to make the deposit
Keep food on the table and gear in the closet
Takin off on a flight of the sparrow
If this were Egypt you'd look upon pharaoh
Bret will proceed, then proceed with caution
To all my enemies, I wish you good fortune
This is my destiny, we always knew this
Cause we got done and could do this
I'm in the party, gonna give you a boost

Everybody in the house, let's get loose

[VERSE 3: Bret E.B.]

To whom it may concern, yes, we're intellectual
Your lady loves it and wants to make it sexual
????????? then you start to fess
Because we're wild with this and our minds we express
To the weak we're kind, but let us remind
Not on a dissin mission, but stay off my line
Cause Hollywood is good, but Brooklyn is bumpin
Ladies each places the three are humpin
Are you confused by the way that I talk?
No, it's not a action, this is East New York
Guaranteed up in the party, got so much juice
Come on everybody, because we're gonna get loose

[VERSE 4: Bret E.B.]

Downtown brothers with an Uptown swing
And for all you shit-poppers, you heard nothing
It doesn't really matter what you do or say
You say it can't be done? Pssss, no comprende
Oogie-boogie-woogie was in '73
Don't play or beef, we'll rock the m-i-c
Bret is the bass (and I am the tenor)
Muggs adds the scratch and we all live in splendor
I love the girlies, I won't even front
My brother loves the money, I have to be blunt
Because this is reality, the truth we speak
The party ???? pump till we reach our peak
Because boredom is babblish, mere anxiety
Caused by stress through our society
Fuck the rules, cause they don't mean a damn
I rock the party, Muggs drop the jams
So everybody in the house, no excuse
Cause the posse's in the house and we're gonna get
loose

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