

## **Pigeon John**

### **"Beautiful Little Sharp Chicks"**

Visit "[Beautiful Little Sharp Chicks](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

"Boy I'll tell ya" [Intro] [Pigeon John talking] Hey, hey Sally. Sally. (What?) Yeah. Look at the cars drive by they seem so sassy. [Verse One] L.A. niggers up on the scene It be the L.A. Symphony Number one hip hop team You see I step into the place lookin' like Richie Cunningham To get my little groove on was the main objective plan The place was kinda smellin' like weed and dank So I stepped on over to the stool and order a drink I felt at easy Mt. Dew and crushed ice please Cause I had my cute chain hangin' down to my knee Oh gee Patiently waitin' for my song Then I saw this pretty birdie walk through my gaze And it through me into an emotional maze I said, "Uh. Oh." "Why don't you chill bro?" Is what Express said when I turned my head See I went in the dance but got distracted But the butter fly band king with their antics As usual [Chorus] To you fat girls in Hermosa Beach And you silky slick chicks hangin' out in the sticks Hi ho Hi ho, hi ho, hi ho Whoa To you little ditties livin' in West Lake Makin' major big plans in your cigarette pans Hi ho Hi ho, hi ho, hi ho Whoa [Verse Two] And as she Bobbed her head to the music that played I noticed all the beauty that the Lord God made Had a chill Cardigan that matched her eye shadow Beatnut haircut and moved her arm slow But she was vibin' to Ms. Pioneer's Xanadu mix, punk The plan I was spinnin' The crowd like grinnin' And she was movin' rhythmically to the beat Boy she was the slickest lookin' chick from her head to her feet She rocked an eternal tee that fit so nicely Classy dickie skirt, stopped below the knee And I said, "My god, why don't you hook me up like this. Cause Pigeon John need a little bitty bitty miss." And I said, "I'm 'bout to do this." Hid behind a pound Walked over to her hopin' I would not get clowned I would not get clowned [Pigeon John talking] Okay, just go over there. Talk to her. You can do it. [Chorus] To you fat girls in Hermosa Beach And you silky slick chicks hangin' out in the sticks Hi ho Hi ho, hi ho, hi ho Whoa To you little ditties livin' in West Lake Makin' major big plans in your cigarette pans Hi ho Hi ho, hi ho, hi ho Whoa [Verse Three] Stood behind her for a minute before my greeting Tapped her shoulder,

turn around and I said, "Nice meeting. I mean, nice greeting. I mean, my name is Pigeon John From the L.A. Symph niggers that keep the party on." "L.A. who?" "L.A. Symph!" "I never heard of you guys." "Oh well, we tryin' to start somethin' of major large size." "Who and what do you do?" "I write and sing raps. And try with all my heart to connect with pimp cats." "And you what do you do besides lookin' like Princess Leia?" "Oh, I work at Trader Joes." "Where?" "On 3rd and Labreya." She smelled like ice cream and vanilla extract I came to far already so I couldn't turn back The music's kind of loud Step to the patio I let her go before me That's the way classy go And when we were outside I said, "Can I call you some time?" And when she simply said, "Yes", I felt so divine! You can feel me now You can feel me later On the cross fader Ill Terminator You can feel me now You can feel me later On the cross fader Ill Terminator [Chorus] To you fat girls in Hermosa Beach And you silky slick chicks hangin' out in the sticks Hi ho Hi ho, hi ho, hi ho Whoa To you little ditties livin' in West Lake Makin' major big plans in your cigarette pans Hi ho Hi ho, hi ho, hi ho Whoa To you fat girls in Ronondo Beach And you silky slick chicks hangin' out in the sticks Hi ho Hi ho, hi ho, hi ho Whoa To you little ditties livin' in Silver Lake Makin' major big plans in your cigarette pans Hi ho Hi ho, hi ho, hi ho Whoa To you fat girls in Manhattan Beach And you silky slick chicks hangin' out in the sticks Hi ho Hi ho, hi ho, hi ho Whoa

Visit [Pigeon John](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.