

# Prime Minister Pete Nice & Daddy Rich "Ho"

Visit "[Ho](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Pete Nice]

Picasso the easel crusty crusty weasel  
I shiggedy-shot, I shiggedy-shot the needle for the  
measels  
If the record company's a pimp, you're a cheap slut  
Pump the loot illzno, till you bust a big nut  
Flex if you wanna, wanna flex  
If you think you got the wrecks, yo  
We be bustin necks, so  
Daddy, Daddy Rich, Pete, Pete Nice the master  
Father knows best, he knows best, you little bastard  
Will he, will he plug ya and play ya like a fiddle  
Or meddle just a little like the monkey in the middle?  
It's time to fill the donut, but yo, I won't seduce ya  
Word, I whip your ass from the Bronx to Tuscalusa  
The big, big, big beat catcher need a big rat  
Riggedy-rat bastard, can I get a soul clap?  
A-clap, clap on, yo, a-clap, clap off one  
Step to the rear if your material's the soft one  
Yo, you got the drama class  
Yo, you hit the drama fast  
I vic your stash, your flag is wavin half-mast  
Pete Nice, Daddy Rich, the agony defeat  
(Slammed the child on the hard concrete)

(To the ladies screamin aw  
The brothers yellin ho) (Repeat 8x)

The riggy-riggin slippin, not Scottie Pippen  
The drippin jheri curls like Steve Miller slippin  
To the future, a moocher named Minnie vicked my  
ducats  
Schmock as a schmock, I got your girl in a bucket  
The primo, the celo, the 125th street  
Beating up the herbs with the Nikes on my two feet  
My head's up, I'm feds up, I'm fillin you with the diesel  
If it ain't the legal, the scenario's illegal  
So hey, Mr. Kincaid, when are we gonna get paid?  
Punch you in the ass, sip the forties in the shade  
You see, I'm real like the butts that ain't the silly-  
silicony  
Homie don't play with the booty if it's bony

I push the rhymes like the fiendish Dick Dastardly  
What's my fee? 10 g's cash, please  
Hit the pawn shop with the rings, and you're hikin it  
A tree grew in Brooklyn, and Dad Richie chopped it  
If you got beef, get the grill and the charcoal  
Hold it, now hit it now, cause yo, I know you got no  
(soul)

(To the ladies screamin aw  
The brothers yellin ho) (Repeat 8x)

Puffin, swigin, friggin-friggin A-1  
Top of the heap, king of the hill, steppin it up to get  
some  
Now what I know because I freak, I freak the flow  
Hit you with the potent if you wanna, wanna throw  
I'm Peety Weety Wheatstraw, the X watching Hee-Haw  
I see-saw the open sesame is on a trap door  
Peter Piper, picture pocket full of presidents  
New York, New York, a hell of a town, yo, I'm a resident  
If you wanna get me, I'm afraid you better shoot me  
I'll do ya my way - bababui  
Minister the Prime one, a butter like the parkay  
Hey, hey, the Constipated Monkeys on a parlay  
Switchin up the picture like the Doctor Gooden packin  
heat  
Sweet Daddy Cream it ain't the \_Krush Groove\_ or \_Beat  
Street\_  
Rock, rock the body rock, the truer to the hip-hop  
Drop, drop a jewel, and never singin for the pop

(To the ladies screamin aw  
The brothers yellin ho) (Repeat 8x)

Visit [Prime Minister Pete Nice & Daddy Rich](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.