

## Prime Minister Pete Nice & Daddy Rich "The Rapsody"

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(The j)

[ VERSE 1 ]

Bringin it, bringin it back to original Sever  
Back to the roots, hip-hop double head-up  
Red light, ride up the bass just a smidgen  
Yo, get the speakers singin like a stool pigeon  
[Sweeny tarts] slice up a slip throat  
Livin in a castle, hoes swimmin in my moat  
Masterful moves on a microphone endeavour  
Prime Minister, Daddy Rich, Sam - ah em, S-S-Sever  
Bless you [for the butter] tissue  
Blowin like breeze [ ] on an iglu  
President [ ] got the big bags  
([ ]) do your head like a doo-rag  
Clockin mad dough every time that you seen us  
Go with the flow like [ ] penis  
Peep your move, but that's no haps, bee  
You're ridin on my dick in a rapsody

[ VERSE 2 ]

Back in '86 Rakim hit The Melody  
Ever since then shit jumped off steadily  
Still counterfeits [ ] plus felony  
When I'm on the pavement people are tellin me  
Yo, you got the swollen up, mad man musical  
Style, plus loops, loops quite suitable  
Never half-step, neither semi-semi  
I - I [ ] the professor, he's a swell guy  
Wanna step to the drama over hit-and-run  
Yo, you'd be out before I say Jack Robinson  
Swig it, not a biggot like Archibald Bunker  
Six pack of soul, there she blow, yo I sunk her  
Dunk ya like a [ ] then my head got [foamy]  
Took her like the Japanese took over Sony  
'Lost in space' with the [ ] Dr. Smith  
I got Lyor Cohen sayin (I smell a hit)  
That's the record biz, yeah danger, danger  
Fuck with me and Rich, and we might rearrange ya  
Ain't a rapsody in blue, my crew is rollin deep  
Constipated Monkeys odor hangin on 97th street

Got flavor, I'll behaviour  
Rich won't spin till the dough man pays ya  
Hittin up hits like a symphony  
The melody flows, rise to the rapsody

[ VERSE 3 ]

The name's Pete Nice - what, go twice  
Like the 49er [ ] eatin Uncle Ben's rice  
Stuck together like a Siamese twin  
Won't get jerked, just fill it to the rim  
The R-i-c-h Daddy [ ]  
If I [ ] chicken, then you call me the Colonel  
How many beats could the Richie Rich chop  
If the Daddy Rich could chop percussion?  
Better call 911, get an ambulance, first aid kit for a  
cushion  
So hop along, hop-hop-hop-hop-oh  
Squeel like a pig for the mafia capo  
Someone said I'm a son of a gun  
But hold upM hold up, who you're callin son?  
I got a drum on my side, so I swagger  
Smokin boots, see a plum, yo, I bag her  
High on a fly, yo, I caught a [ ] buzz  
Amnesia - forgot where I was  
So bring it on back for the Minister Prime Time  
Like [ernest and] Julio I sip wine  
Brewin up the tracks [have ya] like John Madden  
Psychopathic, movin in a pattern  
Like a serial killer on a move, see  
It's time to move hips to the rapsody

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