

Robert Palmer

"PSK 'What Does it Mean?'"

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(Of)

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(Fresh)

PSK, we're makin that green
People always say, "What the hell does that mean?"
P for the people who can't understand
How one homeboy became a man
S for the way we scream and shout
One by one I'm knockin you out
K for the way my DJ kuttin
Other MC's, man, they ain't sayin nothin
Rockin on to the brink of dawn
I think, Code Money, yo time is on (2x)

Drivin in my car down the avenue
Towin on a j, sippin on some brew
Turn around, see the fly young lady
Pull to the curb and park my Mercedes
Sayin, "Fly lady, now you're lookin real nice
Sweeter than honey, sugar and spice"
Told her my name was MC Schoolly D
All about makin that cash money
She said, "Schoolly D, I know your game
Heard about you in the hall of fame"
I said, "Mama, mama, I tell you no lies
Cause all I wanna do is to get you high
And eh - lay you down and do the body rock
To the wall, to the corner," got into the car
Took a little trip to a fancy bar
Copped some brew, some j, some coke
Tell you now, brother, this ain't no joke
She got me to the crib, she laid me on the bed
I fucked her from my toes to the top of my head
I finally realized the girl was a whore
Gave her ten dollars, she asked me for some more

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Clinton Road one Saturday night
Towin on a cheeba I was feelin alright
Then my homie-homie called me on the phone
His name is Chief Keith, but we call him Bone
Told me 'bout this party on the Southside
Copped my pistols, jumped into the ride
Got at the bar, copped some flack
Copped some cheeba-cheeba, it wasn't wack
Got to the place, and who did I see
A sucker-ass nigga tryin to sound like me
Put my pistol up against his head
I said, "Sucker-ass nigga, I should shoot you dead"
A thought ran across my educated mind
Said, man, Schoolly D ain't doin no time
Grabbed the microphone and I started to talk
Sucker-ass nigga, man, he started to walk

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