

Robert Palmer

"Put Your Filas On"

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Code Money!

I say Code MONEY!

[DJ Code Money responds with scratching]

Put your Filas on

Put your Filas on

Everybody!

Put your Filas on

We gonna rock it

Gonna shock it

To the break of dawn

You wear a lotta gold

But you're eatin popcorn

Always rappin

Never, never rockin the beat

First name is Schoolly, last name is D

My deejay's funky

I said my deejay's funky

My deejay's funky

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My deejay's funky
My deejay's funky
My deejay's funky
My deejay's funky

Def and mighty, supernatural rappin
Ace boon coon Ski never back-stabbin
Don't give a fuck about what you heard
First name Schoolly, last name D, word
80 dollar shirt and my 100 dollar sneakers
Gemini mixer and some PB speakers
Turnin out parties everywhere that we go
And peepin all the hoes at the end of the show
I say one thing, he says another
What's that word you be sayin, muthafucka?
I guess it's alright, man, I don't care
But I might scare your mama out her underwear

(Fresh)

100 dollar Filas on, it got to be fresh (fresh)
Jammin to a beat just got to be fresh (fresh)
See a fly young lady, she got to be fresh (fresh)
The things I said to her, you know they had to be fresh
(fresh)

I said, "Fly lady, now you got a big butt" (fresh)
Thinkin to myself, 'I need to bust me a nut'
"Let's go some place and you give me some smut"
She looked me up and down, I was out of my luck
Man, what the fuck...

Then a pimp pulled up in a Caddy Seville
Put my hand on my nuts when I started to ill
Nigga saw what I was doin and he started to chill
Didn't wanna be pushin daisies off some hill
So all you mothers and you fathers, with due respect
I know you have to worry when I got the kids in check
Because the shit I'm sayin, dudel, you did it too
I pull a microphone, 2-1-2-2

Well, I'ma tell you a story never ever been told
About the 52-Crew, so bright, so bold
Five MC's with mics in their hand
Could you rhyme with a hell of a man?
Deejay Lynn on the mix
Guaranteed to put you all in a blizz
If you're out there dancin on the floor in the fix
I let you all know I'm not talkin shit
Cause I'm always rappin never, never rockin the beat
First name Schoolly, last name is D

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Ha
We gon' do somethin for ya
You know
I got my block hair cut

You know
I got my silk shirt and my Filas on
I got my tailor-made jewels
There's somethin I gotta say before I go
And it go like this

1-2-3-4

You know we rock - we roll - we jam and we mix
And all the other MC's get off of our dicks
Because we rock - we roll - we jam and we mix
And all the other MC's get off of our dicks
Because we rock - we roll - we jam and we mix
And all the other MC's get off of our dicks
It's that Coqui 900, can I have me a sip
Yeah, I get real high, start talkin some shit
And if the shit ain't hot, you know that it's it
And then I meet a fly lady, you're lookin real slick
And then I take you in the back, I give you a kiss
And then I kiss you in the places that I just won't miss
Because we rock - we roll - we jam and we mix
And all the other MC's get off of our dicks
Because we rock - we roll - we jam and we mix
And all the other MC's get off of our dicks

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