

Rosie Ribbons

"Wig Out"

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[Pete Rock]

Yeah.. uh-huh.. *echoes*

It's called the Wig Out *echoes*

It's called the Wig Out *echoes*

whispering

It's called the Wig Out *echoes*

It's called the Wig it's called the Wig it's called the Wig
Out

It's called the Wig Out *echoes*

It's called the Wig Out *echoes*

It's called the Wig it's called the Wig it's called the Wig
Out

[CL Smooth]

Circulate us in the vein, set to ride the cracks on your
brain

Like a novacaine, I train to ease any pain (word?)

Yeah, get your wig loose, I relieve tension

The path to my lesson is the highway to heaven (ahh
yeah)

Plus, what a rush, catch another one flushed (uh-huh)

Now you got a crush, makin dames wanna blush (yeah)

I stomp out your campfire; liar, retire (uh)

Cause none of these homefries here is Oreida (yeah)

The Wiggy-Wig get the big bread; known to break em
like a twig (who!)

Gimme beef cause I don't eat pig (uh)

Who runs the joint with the flavors in the Vernon? (uh-
huh)

Got One Life to Live, As the World Keeps Turning
(yeah)

More, take a draw, then react to contact (uh)

A buzz from my cuz I back as a fact (yeah)

Just like the reverend, I make you wanna jump and
shout (say what?)

CL Smooth got the Wig Out..

[Pete Rock]

It's the Wig Out, uhh

It's the Wig..

It's definitely the Wig
Wig Out! C'mon, ahh yeah
Come on.. yeah..

[CL Smooth]

With the pace of a racehorse, I cover like lipgloss
Roll with force to get you wiggled of course (uh-huh)
The honey-coated brown eyes wise to the franchise
Notice other guys, never twist his size (uhhh, uhhh)
Bigger than life, I hit the wife undercover
You discover when my dog ate the drawers off the
mother (uh-huh)
Called her Greedy Gretchen, my pet came fetchin
And shot Old Yeller with the big Smith and Wessun
(whoo!)
CL and double-X-L ring a bell
Supplied by the inside, never been a shell
Rowdy, but thoughts got cloudy, you choked
in a puff of smoke, mics were lit, and then broke (yeah)
Back and forth like a game of Ping-Pong (what?)
I get the cypher going like Cheech and Chong (yeah)
And glide through your system, on a funk rhythm (uh-
huh)
Honey don't pout, CL got the Wig Out..

[Pete Rock]

Like I said..
It's the Wig..
to make your head go.. AOOWWWWWW!
Yeah.. it's like that..

[CL Smooth]

CL, the A+, while you wear a F like a freebie
With your nine lives this arrives, here kitty-kitty
No more to savor cause I'm here to kick flavor
The most common denominator, said none graver
Sufferin succotash, a blunt for the cash
Whiplash, FloJo in a forty yard dash (uh)
Solid like a ?, never fall like Rome
A notch for your crotch so honey heat it I'm home (uh)
My baby's a lovechild, say whassup to ya (uh-huh)
Like Dr. Welby, I keep the boy healthy (yeah)
Pete knowledge me, flip it over and it's sweet
Entwined when I mentally design verse three (uh)
Appears so real when the Soul Brother sun (yeah)
If you rate it on a chart, it would be number one (uh-
huh)
Spread it like sauerkraut, the main event doubt
You wind up in a rout, CL got the Wig Out..

[Pete Rock]

CL got the Wig.. come on
CL got the Wig Out.. yeah
Shit is funky..
Yeah.. uh-huh..
That's fresh..
C'mon! Ah yeah, uh-huh, that's how we're livin
for the nineties
Yes! Yes cousin
Gettin busy, uh-huh
Yeah..
It's the Wig Out!
Wig Out! Uh, the Wig Out!
The Wig Out.. *fades*

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