

Too Much On The Beat

"Skoo An Intro/boogie Down"

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BOOGIE DOWN

Verse 1

(Joe Flizzow)

Aiyo here goes the phatso wit' mad flows

Turn you into wackos at packed shows

Macho, afro playin' in retro

Joe keep it ghetto in the metro

(Mallique)

Now scooch,scooch and make way for the shorty

Hoochie koochies wanna smooch me at parties

I'm just a plain ol' rapper ain't no bawla

But still I'm gettin' hollers from gurlies as hot as Paula

Too Phat at first you thought we phony wrestlers

But now you know that ain't no other rapper specialer

The word phat suddenly a phenomenon

Kids buyin' Whutthadily? tapes for they dads and

moms

The kinda role model wannabe's wanna see

I'm gettin' love from those who usta make fun of me

To all the haters yeah I know you can hear me now

Even sick and paralyzed critics can feel me now

(Joe)

Now throw your hands up like you havin' pom poms

And if you think you're sexy shake you bon bons

And keep on bump and grinding to the song

'til your skirt fall off and everybody see your thong

thongs

Verse 2

(Malique)

Again up in your area, phatter and harrier

Another bomb album means another mass hysteria

If you don't like me, see I don't give a heck and a half

Heck and half 4x

(Joe)

Again it's Big Willy, ticklin' your belly

Silly lie a kid now don't call me billy

Whuthadilly yo? late night up in the studio

Clutch my pillow, puff on my cigarillo

(Malique)

Ay Jiggedy Jizzoe with the Flizzow, go grab a
cappuchino
Lock flows, clock dough, rock shows all over the nation
Slip a paper and my station-nery, naw man skip the
dictionary
Vocabulary straight outta Maliquetionary
You see me smilin' spittin' rhymes so revolutionary
Too Phat, the strongest, the couldn't handle us
Your gurl wants me now you calling me scandalous?
Envious, emcees ain't never heard of us
But now they hear my voice and gettin nervous
(Joe)
From Joanne to Jane, Renee to pretty Isha
When I'm gone with the wind they say baby I missyaa

Verse 3

(Malique)

Aiyoh alotta critics are makin me sick, sick
Sayin' it's only narcissism and chicks chicks
It's too bad your mom and auntie think I'm handsome
I'm sorry litle man. I held your gurlies eyes for ransom
(Joe)
Everybody in the place yo you gotta boggie down
All the playaz packin' game, clockin' dames to the
sound
All them fly lookin' skirts yo you gotta boggie too
Peace, one love and may the boggie be with you...

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