

A Transylvanian Funeral

"Buggin' Out"

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[phife dawg]

Yo, microphone check one two what is this
The five foot assassin with the ruffneck business
I float like gravity, never had a cavity
Got more rhymes than the winans got family
No need to sweat arsenio to gain some type of fame
No shame in my game cause I'll always be the same
Styles upon styles upon styles is what I have
You wanna diss the phifer but you still don't know the
half
I sport new balance sneakers to avoid a narrow path
Messin round with this you catch ? the sizin of em?
I never half step cause Im not a half stepper
Drink a lot of soda so they call me dr. pepper
Refuse to com-pete with bs competition
Your name aint special ed so wont you seckle with the
mission
I never walk the streets, think it's all about me
Even though deep in my heart, it really could be
I just try my best to like go all out
Some might even say yo shorty black you're buggin out

[q-tip]

Uhhh, uhhh, uhhh, uh!
Zulu nation, brothers that's creation
Minds get flooded, ejaculation
Right on the two inch tape
The abstract poet incognito, runsss the cape
Not the best not the worst and occasionally I curse to
get my
Point across, so bust, the floss
As I go in between, the grit and the dirt
Listen to the mission listen miss as I do work, umm
As I crack the, monotone
Children of the jazz so, get your own
Smokin r&b cause they try to do me
Or the best of the pack but they can't do rap
For it's abstract, orig-inal
You can't get your own and that's, pitiful
I know I'd be the man if I cold yanked the plug
On r&b, but I can't and that's bugged

Buggin out, buggin out, buggin out you're buggin out
(repeat 8x)

[phife dawg]

Yo when you bug out, you usually have a reason for the
action

Sometimes you don't it's just for mere satisfaction

People be houndin, always surroundin

Pulsin, just like a migraine poundin

You don't really fret, you stay in your sense

? comafied? your feeling, of absolute tense

You soar off to another world, deep in your mind

But people seem to take that, as being unkind

Oh yo he's acting stank, really on a regal?

A man of the fame not a man of the people

Believe that if you wanna but I tell you this much

Riding on the train with no dough, sucks

Once again a case of your feet in my nikes

If a crowd is in my realm Im saying -- mic please

Hip-hop is living, can't yank the plug

If you do the result, will end up kind of bugged

[q-tip]

Yo, I am not an invalid although I used to smoke the
weed out

Ali shaheed muhammad used to say I had to be out

Schemin on the cookies with the crazy boomin back
buns

Pushin on the real ? hardest? so we can have the big
fun

When I left for rosie I was boulevard status

Battling a mc was when tip was at his baddest

It was one mc after one mc

What the world could they be wanting see from little
old me

Do I have the formula to save the world?

Or was it just because I used to swipe the women and
all the girls

Im the type of brother with the crazy extended hand kid

Dissed by all my brothers I was all up what my man did

Supposed to be my man but now I wonder cause you're
feeble

I go out with the strongest and I seperate the evils

Its your brain against my mind, for those about to boot
out

All you nasty critters even though you see I bug out

Buggin out, buggin out, buggin out you're buggin out
(repeat 8x)

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