

## The Pharcyde

### "Return of the B-Boy"

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Yo yo yo yo, is eighty-seven in the house?  
HELL YEAH!  
Is eighty eight in the house? (It's the master, the  
master)  
HELL YEAH!  
So everybody's in the house? (Pharcyde's in the house)  
So everybody get on up  
and turn this mutha out!

Ah yes yes y'all, I got the fever for the flavor  
of a beat y'all, I stand tall gets raw like beef y'all  
I moo moo like a cow honey-child, or, ooh, ah one two  
cause I check it, baby just lend me your ear  
for a second, cause I'm wreckin eardrums cold Black-  
N-Deckin  
Hold on the horse cause the force is like dark  
If you can't slide then stay out the park  
and my preachers don't know ya then hop off the ark  
Are you hip? Do you need another tip, cause that's  
just like a talk light, in the asscrack tip  
Jump onnn it! Shake your shit, if you want it  
Show no shame, hey Malik god damn get your arrow  
and hang  
It ain't no thang to jam on it, jam onnn it! (You don't  
stop)

The debonair MC, in the place to be  
Came to rock the b-boys and the young ladies  
Gonna rhyme on the microphone all night long  
So the party won't stop until the break of dawn  
It's like that y'all, it's like this y'all  
When I play b-boy don't miss y'all  
Some people wear all that Fila gear  
Gonna rock this party out the atmosphere  
Say hoooo! HOOOOOO!  
Yeahhhhhhhh, and you don't stop  
Throw your hands in the air  
and wave em like you just don't care  
If you're sparkin blunts with clean underwear  
Somebody say, ohh yeahhhh! OHHH YEAHH!  
OHHH YEAHHH! And ya don't stop

Yo, cause back in eighty-nine I was doin the wop  
Back and forth, forth and back  
I'm from the streets now I'm a straight mack  
Skin is black (what?) Hair is brown (what?)  
Eyes are red, you know that I can get down  
When I get up on the mic, I kick the rhymes to life  
because I'm fresh, and I'm def tonight

Yeah, yeah, uh-huh!  
West coast, West coast, West coast is on fire  
We don't need no water let the motherfucker burn  
Burn motherfucker, burn!!

Check it out, well my name is Jammer and I'd like to say  
That I'm a super def rapper comin straight from L.A.  
Fly tan brown skin before you're three years old  
And all the ladies love me cause I'm pigeon-toed  
I step in the party and I bust my move  
Cold rock the mic with the hip-hop groove  
Sucker MC try to call my bluff  
You better beware, cause I'm just too tough y'all  
Please please y'all, please please check it out  
y'all, yeah yeah y'all  
Yeah, please, please check it out  
So stomp your feet, and clap your hand  
While the DJ is spinning on the DJ stand  
On the turntable, one and two  
We got the grand incredible cuttin just for you  
Like this...  
Like this...  
Like this...  
Do that shit, do that shit, do it!

All my rhymes are hard as HELL  
I am the one and I PREVAIL  
You will SAIL, you will FAIL  
I am the doctor... ohh yeah, what?

Please please, what, please please check it out, y'all  
y'all y'all please y'all y'all, please check it out  
Check it out check it out check it out y'all  
Check it out check it out check it out y'all  
Party over here! Party over there!  
Party right here! Party right there!  
Party over there! There's a party in the trunk

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