

Anotha Level f Pharcyde

"Phat T"

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Verse One:

B Glad like the bag I'm not mad like the hatter

On Anotha Level and I didn't use a ladder

Listen up good call me short and it's on

Bust you in the dome cuz I got little man's syndrome

Always down to bone when Home Alone like the movie

Gettin mad groupies, Tina Tam and Suzie

Honies wanna groove me, cuz my flow is groovy

I never pay ends or get skins in a jacuzzi

"The track is mighty phat to me

Ya loves the way I freaks the beat

Whenever it is I freaks the beat

Snaps come rolling back to me!" *sung to Tootsie Roll commercial*

Verse Two:

What, is, really going on?

My, lyrics, rain like a storm

Oh yes, it sets quite a trend

I'm the one your girlie likes and you can't stand it

Fresh cut come hottest, not at all modest

I'ma tell you right now, I gets no runs anonymous

Cut all the hoopla, end the propagandin

We rode the Soul Train, not left Bandstandin

Fans keep fannin, where's my girl Shannon? Hot damn
it

Now you understand it, ayyo catch the Stones

Because it's slammin

Verse Three: Booty Brown

I'm throwin up West coast in the niggaz faces

From the City of Angels, I know you know where the
place it

They call me Rudy, the dark brown tutti

The dark brown booty with an afro and a mad flow I'm a
rap pro

Play the right end, I'm into flippin hits

like flapjacks off of fat stacks as I max with Anotha
Level

So dig it like like a shovel digs a ditch

A West coast rhyme without using the word

Verse Four: Bambino

I'm coming, I'm coming, I'm coming like this

Ballin up my fists and I'm not even pissed

I'm just hyped, the type, you gotsta believe in

The dog inside of me is hungry this is what I feed it

Marks and oreos, until we fill it up

The youngest hound of the Level does that make me a
punk

Yup, shucks, I still get butt

Ask your local honey and she'll tell you what's up

Ohhh damn, you freak me so well

I used to hear it all the time from my old girl Mel

Now I'm living swell add her to my clientele

Can I get some thirst cuz it's hot as hell

I kick some hoarse shit now I gots ta hay bail

Verse Five: Slim Kid Tre

Hey bail, check it out well

I gets up on the microphone and then I have to sail

like a ship, I'm on another motherf--kin tip

Got me? Here I go, copy

Yeah, so watch your back, black

Pharcyde's here and we'll never come wack

Making all the papes and comin by the stacks

I know Anotha Level got my motherf--kin back

Here to represent West coast

Burnin up the map like toast

Verse Six:

I feel the funk while Tre Rhymealinda's

Before it's all over, we all just spins the indo or the bud

Concentration is a must, occupation is to bust

So I bust, and then I bust

This shit is Phat, I'm hoping that

You can comprehend, the flavors that we blend

You know where to find me, come for the ride

On Anotha Level II the Pharcude

Verse Seven: Imani

Imani represents one of the funk fabulous
chillin freewheelin funkstaz, out the funky depths
of the West coast underground, umm, yo, so how that
sound?

I be rippin, rappin, with Anotha Level, rippin

Rappin with the Freestyle Fellowshipin, and the
Waskalz

Giving niggaz assholes, cuz niggaz don't understand

My s--t be in demand so I'm holdin niggaz to WalkMan's
papers, if you slept on me you know you catch the
Vapors

I got my nigga Fat Lip with me, yo

He ain't around so what am I gonna do G?

What am I gonna do man??? DAMN!!!

Yo whassup man? You wanna rap?

Can you rap whassup?

You look a nigga that can't rap, but I think you might be
able

to drop somethin on the mic yo

Verse Eight: Farmer Brown (Fat Lip)

Well I used to just rap when I was on the farm

People tried to come around giving me some harm

But I tell em no that it got to cuz

The Farmer Man is about to flow

Cuz I'm the Farmer Man, I hold the mic in my hand
like a pitchfork, I say whassup to New York

I'm way out like Mork from Ork

Enough to make you grab a bottle of moonshine
and pop the cork, yeeeeee-hawwww!!!!
Bout to get raw with my man Farmer John
And my good ol frog, so y'all rock
The cock-a-doodle-doo, ragga-free funk
Even though this ain't somethin that you're used ta
Yeahhh, hyuh hyuh hyuh hyuh
And ya don't stop, check it out check it out
Ya don't stop, check it out check it out
Ya don't stop, yo what's you got to say on this boy
fades

Anotha Level II the Pharcyde (10X)

Matter of fact it was phat

That shit was phat

Say what? To the

Say what say what?

To the, Phar-Cyde

Keep it going, Fat Lip grip the mic

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