

Barbra Streisand F/ Vince Gill

"Patti Dooke"

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(Why do we have to cross over?)
(Why are niggas always crossing over, huh?)
(I mean, what's the matter?)
(They can accept our music as long as they can't see
our faces?)

(One, Two, One Two; You got it)
Wootah!

GURU:

Runnin' through the trenches (What?)
Runnin' through the trenches (What?)
Runnin' through the trenches it's the Patti Dooke
(It's the Patti what?)
Runnin' through the trenches (Oh!!)
Runnin' through the trenches it's the Patti's Dooke

Runnin' through the trenches (What?)
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DOVE:

Just the other day I got a starter kit
(An M is a terrible thing to waste)
Caught the face from the backs of the border of the
mindstate
I play control to a fraud
(Nah it ain't happenin')
Nada to make it even
Robbin' and theivin' is one who infiltrates with a Colgate
frown
Y'all remember my nasal for I sniff frequencies
(Well, it started in the year of '78)
But it's '93 or should I say '94 for my style is much
more
(I said, "Come in")
Come in
(Come on)

Come out into my reservoir
As I macks a men your bastard style has just been
stuck
By a sticker with a 'frigerator lickin'
What if... how's about why would
Never thought that the napalm would bust the jeans

POS:

Mash it up
The one with the beard
Mega moustache the beat (hide it)
Deep under sheets, cover this hint
Hostin' all threats but watch out Mr. Jarbage
Jimmy and the jet, standin' on the pier
I'm known as the farmer
Cultivatin' mate without mendin'
Bendin', comprimising any of my styles to gain a smile
Listen while you hear it
There's no pink in my slip
I reckon that the rhythm and the blues in the rap got me
red
While the boys from Tommy plant bridge crossin' to a
larger community
Yet they're soon to see I have a brother named Luck
A nigga named Dres
A groupie named Cassandra caught bobbin' on the
head
Of a Baby named Chris, I missed a kid who caught
wreck when sayin'
(Afrika and I when Sammy B's on the set)

GURU:

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Runnin' through the trenches (What?)
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(Prevention against sucka M.C.'s)
(Prevention against sucka M.C.'s)
(Prevention against sucka M.C.'s)
(And now, prevention against sucka M.C.'s)

(We decided to change the cover a little bit)
(Because we see the big picture)
(Negroes and white folks buyin' this album)
(Negroes and white folks buyin' this album)
(Everybody's gonna know who this group is)
(We just felt that the picture wasn't as important as it
was that we

succeed in crossing over)
(Cross over ain't nuthin' but a double cross)
(Once we lose our audience we never gon' get them
back)
(He may even try to change our sound)

POS:

Let no man put asunder
Severin' the groups I never blunder
Cashin' all the checks on the mic
I might cherry to the bush, brand Plug Wonder
Funk to the fame against hoods
Bridges saggin' to woods down under
They can't be raised with the feminine praise
In conjunction with no chocolate in the mix
White boy Roy cannot feel it
But the first to try and steal it
Dilute it, pollute it, kill it
I see him infiltratin' to the masses
And when the leechin' I mo shoot 'em all in they asses

GURU:

Runnin' through the trenches (What?)
Runnin' through the trenches (Yeah!)
Runnin' through the trenches it's the Patti Dooke
(It's the Patti what?)
Runnin' through the trenches (Aaah!!)
Runnin' through the trenches it's the Patti's Dooke

(It might blow up but it won't go pop)
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POS:

I shed light and not skin
I ain't from Europe
Afro connects at the root of the retina of the third
Mums the word when ya blind baby
Blind to the fact
Don't rest in Compton so I don't own a gat
But respect is clear crystal
Cause Millie got a pistol
And she's down with me
Wild of most wild
Born child to the old school legitimate (soul)
Talker of the many paragraphs ago

Walker of the plenty broken calves ago
Phantom of the phrase black in many ways
Cause I see her runnin' through the trenches
Comin' in to rent my style

GURU:
I'm not the one to fuck with

POS:
I'm lockin' you out

GURU:
I'm just not to fuck wit so check it
Y'all know who I am
Listen up son
Peace to my man Premier
And y'all better guard your trenches 'cause we runnin'
through 'em

(Do it....fluid....Mess up my mind....)
(Do it....fluid....Mess up my mind....)
(Do it....fluid....Mess up my mind....)
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(Do it....fluid....Mess up my mind....)
(Do it....fluid....Mess up my mind....)

(Tell me somethin' huh?)
(How come they never cross over to us, huh?)
(I never seen five niggas on Elvis Presley album cover!)

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