

Boys Beastie

"So What Cha Want"

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Just Plug Me In Just Like I Was Eddie Harris You're
Eating Crazy

Cheese Like You'd Think I'm From Paris You Know I Get
Fly You

Think I Get High You Know That I'm Gone And I'm A Tell
You All Why

So Tell Me Who Are You Dissing Maybe I'm Missing The
Reason That

You're Smiling or Wilding So Listen In My Head I Just
Want To

Take 'em Down Imagination Set Loose And I'm Gonna
Shake 'em

Down Let It Flow Like A Mud Slide When I Get On I Like
To Ride And

Glide I've Got Depth Of Perception In My Text Y'all I Get
Props At My

Mention 'Cause I Vex Y'All So What'cha Want You're So
Funny With

The Money That You Flaunt Where'd You Get Your
Information From

You Think That You Can Front When Revelation Comes

You Can't Front On That

Well They Call Me Mike D The Ever Loving Man I'm Like
Spoonie Gee

I'm The Metropolitanian You Scream And You Holler
About My

Chevy Impala But The Sweat Is Getting Wet Around The

Ring Around

Your Collar But Like A Dream I'm Flowing Without No
Stopping

Sweeter Than A Cherry Pie With Ready Whip Topping
Goin' From

Mic To Mic Kickin' It Wall To Wall Well I'll Be Calling Out
You People

Like A Casting Call It's Wack When You're Jacked In The
Back Of A

Ride With Your Know With Your Flow When You're Out
Getting By

Believe Me What You See Is What You Get And You See
Me Coming Off

As You Can Bet I Think I'm Losing My Mind This Time

This Time I'm Losing My Mind

You Can't Front On That

But Little Do You Know About Something That I Talk
About I'm Tired

Of Driving It's Due Time That I Walk About But In The
Meantime, I'm

Wise To The Demise I've Got Eyes In The Back Of My
Head So I Realize

Well I'm Dr. Spock I'm Here To Rock Y'All I Want You Off
The Wall

If You're Playing The Wall So What'cha Want Y'All
Suckers Write Me

Checks And Then They Bounce So I Reach In My Pocket
For The

Fresh Amount See I'm The Long Leaner Victor The
Cleaner

I'm The Illest Motherfucker From Here To Gardena I'm
As Cool As A

Cucumber In A Bowl Of Hot Sauce You've Got The

Rhyme And Reason

But No Cause So If You're Hot To Trot You Think You're
Slicker

Than Grease I've Got News For You Crews

You'll Be Sucking Like A Leach

You Can't Front On That

So What'cha Want

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