

Boys Beastie

"So What'cha Want The Remixes"

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I Probably Got A Half A Buck...
Yes But You Walk The Hip...

Hee Ha Ha Ha...
You Don't Stop, You keep On
Yea You Don't Stop
You Can't Front All That To The S.K.V., You Don't Stop
Whooo...

Well 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 What'cha What'cha Want
I So Funny With The Money That You Flaunt
I Said Where'd You Get Your Information From Huh
You Think That You Can Front When Revelation Comes
Yea You Can't Front On That

Well They Call Me Mike D The Ever Loving Man
I'm Like Spoonie Gee I'm The Metropolitan
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 I'm Coming Off As You Can Bet
I Think I'm Losing My Mind This Time
This Time I'm Losing My Mind That's Right
Said I Think I'm Losing My Mind This Time, This Time,
I'm Lossing My Mind...
Yea 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

I Said What'cha What'cha What'cha Want A What'cha
Want
I Said What'cha What'cha What'cha Want A 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
Well If You're Hot To Trot You Think You're Slicker
Than Grease I've Got News For Your Crew
You'll Be Sucking Like A Leach
Yea You Can't Front On That

So What'cha What'cha What'cha Want So What'cha
Want
So What'cha What'cha What'cha Want What'cha Want
I Said What'cha What'cha What'cha Want So What'cha
Want
So What'cha What'cha What'cha Want So What'cha
Want

I've Got The Big Brown Boots When You Wanna Get
Kicked
Like A Rhyme From The Heart And The Mind
There Was A Time When The Front Got Licked
I Took A Hit Off The Green Then Blew A Smoke Screen
No Visine, Just A Little Afro-Sheen
And A High Times Magazine
I'd Like To Smoke Ya'll
But The Pig Come Sweatin'
They Like The Smell Of The Weed I'm Smokin'
They Can't Have None Of The Number One Sus Stash
So Keep Your Hands Off The Hash

And Don't Act Rash Cause If You Move Too Fast
I'll Pull Out My Gat And Blast Your Sorry Ass
A You Can Kiss My Ass It's The M. To The I. To The K. to
the E. To The D. Ya'll

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