

A Shrine

"Phat-T"

Visit "[Phat-T](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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, aiyyo 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 Fellowship, 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

Visit [A Shrine](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.