

Erykah Badu F/ The Roots**"Let the Horns Blow"**

Visit "[Let the Horns Blow](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Dres]

Yo! One for your mother, two for your pops
Three's for the niggas that's trying to kill the cops
So whether the Black Sheep are here, with the corner
for the car
D-R-E-S so yes I guess it back and watch the Dres get
raw
In transition, a pubic hair I can't stand
I tell your momma "I love you" if you thought my style
was missing
My Snoopy, Droopy, Casper, a punky
You're rolling with Dres, the Black Sheep, that says my
brother's freaking
funky
I know you want to test me, but but but please don't try
to sub me
Cause when but forever you get to snuff me
Beretta to your head and yo you'd better be on your jet
ski
I could never be The Ruler but like Rick I say I'm slick
You're just a backwards kid, excuse my med to say
you're thick
So now you got beef and broccoli or is it cockolli?
But we got time, we keep 18, or your two nines
So let the horns blow cause you know that you're just a
barking dog
Bluff all along, prince now a frog
Don't play post, because we both know your colors

[Dove]

I be the drama so watch the Wonderama
Catch a dips hips sweeter when I call her "mamacita"
Not a lover, a fighter, no need to loving these see
Didn't like the Brady Bunch, for many years I had a
hunch
Living like the Givens, big thanks for big banks
I'm sticking like a dish swordfish when I shanks
Maximum is maximized, minimum is none
You want to shoot the breeze, please, pass the peas my
pig is done
Not the vigilant, or walk with a slant

Want to hit the "Yes I Can Can" and never say I can't
I wear the Neil Diamonds and fucks what Simon says
Had to freaks the fat so I cuts some from my dread
But back, again they come, just a little sooner to
Become one nation under the groove
Oh I feel the Clinton, soothing me like Lipton
Tea, and it's definitely under the groove
I'm feeling kind of hot but like my man Rowdy Piper
Raining with the raps so hit the window wiper
Tired of y'all brothers going from a cipher
Don't baby sip the bottle or I hit you with the diaper
Never toke or smoke, I don't even own a lighter
If it's any pipe I'm lighting, it's the pipe that goes inside
of her
Check the ??? boy as I ride or break time from the
rhyme
Cause I'm back and out of sight of

[Fashion]

Snort up a kilo, better sex than Rio
Fashion, Ju, and Les, I make a third of the trio
Fiddly fi, fiddly fy, fiddly fo, fiddly fum
I smell props, hit 'em hard, and then I cum
Love to eat a skin, but first I inspect it
Not a crim-im-im-inal, got a record, go and check it
Or you can get ate up, pass me a plate of
A little seafood, I find a phone and ring a date up
So never start a track without Beatnuts on the list
Brothers buck shots from point blank and still miss
Middly miss, middly miss, why would I ever diss?
Fiddle or fight or peace and for for it fists
Ayo Huggy Bear, do your manager, do your damage
I'll let you tell the story but first get you a bandage
Cause you can go for MILES and MILES and MILES and
Talk more tracks than the dog doo doo piles and
Kennel, I say when'll, or when he stop
Let me see your girl and better believe those drawers
will drop
It's getting freaky, a Beatnut thing that is
Let the horns blow because that's what time it is

[Phife]

Yo! Doggy doggy jivin', guess who's next?
The 5 foot assassin with the microphone check
I'm all that and more cause there never was comp
Play Mr. Bad and you shall get stomped
I had a head full of hair, but I kept all my rhymes
A brother from Queens and yo I always gets mines
No shorts are being taken, no not this year
The Phife Dawg is here so you'd better beware
Concieted? I guess it's something like that

Cause God don't make no jokes so I know I ain't wack
So relax and chill, sit your booty still
Or just take loss like the Buffalo Bills
But when I'm called the Phifer, how many times have
you heard that?
Suckers walk around talking bout they can burn that
Soft MC, he can't be talking to me
Cause I'm far from a wuss and I never was a puss
I grab the mic, MC's start to get petrol
Cause there's no MC like Phife, like those who fight
progresso
Open your back, not give you no slack, see what I'm
saying son?
There more to this here than being short, dark, and
handsome
Messing with my lady, you know that's a no-no
Why? Because you can't mess with my Yo-Yo
You know that I'm the one, you know that I'm the boss
I'm in there (Like the Dove?) No, like Franco ?Source?

[Chi-Ali]

Well it's me Chi-Ali and I'm the last to spark, yo
Everywhere I go I get stalked by NARC
And TNT just can't understand
You see a brother with gear, a beeper, and in his
pocket a grand
But enough of that, let me break it down
We are all black brothers on a quest, yes we do have
soul
Some of us are hoein', some are on the positive road
Me, I'm hoein', on the mic I'm flowing
With the tongue and we are positively growing
Now when I'm in a battle, I just be having fun
But competition be so scared that they be whittling
come
Now ou heard me flow to a nice tempo so, let the horns
blow

Visit [Erykah Badu F/ The Roots](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.