

Gunnar Welz

"Fudge Pudge"

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[Verse One: Prince Poetry]

Here we go again with the funky intro
People approach me knowin I'm the Prince Po-
-E-T-R, Y, YES and I'm the first batter
The Pharoahe usually go first, but it don't matter
(Nah it don't matter) Funky slices of beats like this
comes once in a blue, but it's not hard for me to chew
So kick off your shoes and don't forget your socks
I wash and wash them emcees like Clorox!
Skills I have, good and plenty
If you want dope lyrics but still gimmicks gimme
Beats, equivalent to just something that I can
Flow [flow] flow [flow] FLOAT ONnnnnn
It's gettin breezy so kiddies'll keep ya coat on
When I, proceed to, light the party
In the summer, somethin like a Mardi, Gras
Bikinis, panties, bras
Juicin 'em and I'm suckin the girls up like straws
OOPS upside ya dome
I don't answer the phone when I'm home not alone, on
the bone
Leave your name and your number
and a brief message at the end of the tone - BOOOP!
Ooooooh, and I like it; cause I'm Poetry the psychic
Intellectual level would rather.. nah, nah I don't like that
.. yo scratch that (you can do better than that) one more
time!
Rollin lyrics, off the tip of my tongue [swing]
I swing [swing], I swang [swang], I swung [swung]
Bringin you the news like Kaity Chung
But I'm not a pretty oriental specimen from
"Hong Kong Fooey, numba one supa guy"
I love the women but I don't try to see 'em
I'd rather make the money bein on the cover of E.M.
Get emcees mad make them flare up nostrils
I'm Poetry the rap fanatic I get hostile!

Yeah.. (hostile hostile hostile).. can I can I get a beat?
Yo, Pharoahe's up next yo, yo Monch..
Kick it Monch

[Verse Two: Pharoahe Monch]

Pressure presssure pressure pressure pressure
pressure cooker
I leave the party when I mass a lot of hookers
Slip and slide, I sling the sludge
[fudge] fudge [pudge] pudge, but never hold a
grudge
Up against the wall, I caught you with the drugs
[The organism's on the jury] guess who's the judge
I hit the hook HEAVY
Ready no chitter-chatter I figure since I'm bigger why
pitter-patter
Prouncin on particular poets who persist to portray
professional punks
You're just a pussy [MEOW] cat when I'm deckin you
Disrespectin you, clever whenever I select a new
dialogue
One plus one get it together
Girls don't despair cause I'll be your "Fair Weather
Friend," friend
No I don't have a Benz and no I don't have an Infiniti
I figure the eight inches of MEAT, will be the remedy
when I pull up to the bumper
Cause I'll be down to thump a girl like Heather Hunter
I tell you now you never hated (hated)
The triple X when it comes to sex is what I'm rated
I tell you know that I can give good love
Yes I'm the one you should love (tell us about it)
So don't try to diss Fudge Pudge
Cause it's al-right, with, me
Kick slick rhymes out of a mouth
Tricky in a joust, plus I'm down with Mickey Mouse
C'mon everyone, lets flow to the rhythm of my tongue
To the rhythm of a drum
Emcees wanna battle but they can't get with the
Capital M-O-N-C-H on the mic I get swifter
Than the rest of them maybe even the best
Scorin one-oh-one on a poetical test
So O.C. (C.) if you know who you are
Get on the mic become a superstar

[Verse Three: O.C.]

The form I signify is cultivated why spread it
Many many lyrics memorized inbedded
In my think tank sharp as a shank knife
I strike the mic just as quick as a snake bite
Suck out the poison, yeah go 'head, try it
Skills of an assassin, watch as I'll fly
Thorough, doesn't matter the borough I'm swingin
Clear to the end keep the party people clingin
Treatin emcees like government cheese

Shred 'em like cheddar cut 'em up cause P's
laid out on the bed while we write to the tracks
He's so funny when it comes to the snaps { *snap,
snap, snap* }
Write a hardcore rhyme, that's what the boy said
I could whip up a rhyme that could slice a boar's head
No that's ham, and we don't digest that
Organism that's when a dog ate a rat
So fee-fi-fum everybody's +Funky Drummin+ it
When you hear the bassline, you'll be hummin it
I'm keepin it simple cause I can swing many ways
Rappers get MET, cause MET it pays
It's a mad [mad] mad [mad] world and it's best to
never wild out
Go against me and I'm, quick to pull out
The driveway by the way hey
Picked up your girl cause she was goin MY WAY
Hand on the stick, foot on the clutch
Flowin over eighty miles per hour, I'll pull it on outta
Skid marks left on the ground like tattoos
The rubber smells badder than the doodoo on your
shoes
You stink, better think wise is what I advise
Cause O.C. has skills to kill a whole tribe
Off, awkward, spaghetti I'll sauce it
Lyrics flow like fluid out of a faucet
Yeahhh...

[Outro - ad libs to fade]

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