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Too Phat "Boogie Down"

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Verse 1

(Joe Flizzow)

Aiyo here goes the phatso wit' mad flows Turn you into wackos at packed shows Macho, afro playin' in retro Joe keep it ghetto in the metro (Mallique)

Now scooch, scooch and make way for the shorty
Hoochie koochies wanna smooch me at parties
I'm just a plain ol' rapper ain't no bawla
But still I'm gettin' hollers from gurlies as hot as Paula
Too Phat at first you thought we phony wrestlers
But now you know that ain't no other rapper specialer
The word phat suddenly a phenomenon
Kids buyin' Whutthadily? tapes for they dads and

The kinda role model wannabe's wanna see I'm gettin' love from those who usta make fun of me To all the haters yeah I know you can hear me now Even sick and paralyzed critics can feel me now (Joe)

Now throw your hands up like you havin' pom poms And if you think you're sexy shake you bon bons And keep on bump and grinding to the song 'til your skirt fall off and everybody see your thong thongs

Verse 2

moms

(Malique)

Again up in your area, phatter and harrier Another bomb album means another mass hysteria If you don't like me, see I don't give a heck and a half Heck and half 4x

(loe)

Again it's Big Willy, ticklin' your belly Silly lie a kid now don't call me billy Whuthadilly yo? late night up in the studio Clutch my pillow, puff on my cigarillo (Malique)

Ay Jiggedy Jizzoe with the Flizzow, go grab a cappuchino

Lock flows, clock dough, rock shows all over the nation Slip a paper and my station-nery, naw man skip the

dictionary Vocabulary straight outta Maliquetionary You see me smilin' spittin' rhymes so revolutionary Too Phat, the strongest, the couldn't handle u

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