

Pharacyde

"Return of the b"

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Yo yo yo yo, is eighty-seven in the house?

HELL YEAH!

Is eighty eight in the house? (It's the master, the master)

HELL YEAH!

So everybody's in the house? (Pharcyde's in the house)

So everybody get on up

and turn this mutha out!

Ah yes yes y'all, I got the fever for the flavor

of a beat y'all, I stand tall gets raw like beef y'all

I moo moo like a cow honey-child, or, ooh, ah one two

cause I check it, baby just lend me your ear

for a second, cause I'm wreckin eardrums cold Black-N-Deckin

Hold on the horse cause the force is like dark

If you can't slide then stay out the park

and my preachers don't know ya then hop off the ark

Are you hip? Do you need another tip, cause that's

just like a talk light, in the asscrack tip

Jump onnn it! Shake your shit, if you want it

Show no shame, hey Malik god damn get your arrow
and hang

It ain't no thang to jam on it, jam onnn it! (You don't stop)

The debonair MC, in the place to be

Came to rock the b-boys and the young ladies

Gonna rhyme on the microphone all night long

So the party won't stop until the break of dawn

It's like that y'all, it's like this y'all

When I play b-boy don't miss y'all

Some people wear all that Fila gear

Gonna rock this party out the atmosphere

Say hoooo! HOOOOOO!

Yeahhhhhhhh, and you don't stop

Throw your hands in the air

and wave em like you just don't care

If you're sparkin blunts with clean underwear

Somebody say, ohh yeahhhh! OHHH YEAHH!

OHHH YEAHHH! And ya don't stop

Yo, cause back in eighty-nine I was doin the wop

Back and forth, forth and back

I'm from the streets now I'm a straight mack

Skin is black (what?) Hair is brown (what?)

Eyes are red, you know that I can get down

When I get up on the mic, I kick the rhymes to life

because I'm fresh, and I'm def tonight

Yeah, yeah, uh-huh!

West coast, West coast, West coast is on fire

We don't need no water let the motherfucker burn

Burn motherfucker, burn!!

Check it out, well my name is Jammer and I'd like to say

That I'm a super def rapper comin straight from L.A.

Fly tan brown skin before you're three years old

And all the ladies love me cause I'm pigeon-toed

I step in the party and I bust my move

Cold rock the mic with the hip-hop groove

Sucker MC try to call my bluff

You better beware, cause I'm just too tough y'all

Please please y'all, please please check it out

y'all, yeah yeah y'all

Yeah, please, please check it out

So stomp your feet, and clap your hand

While the DJ is spinning on the DJ stand

On the turntable, one and two

We got the grand incredible cuttin just for you

Like this...

Like this...

Like this...

Do that shit, do that shit, do it!

All my rhymes are hard as HELL

I am the one and I PREVAIL

You will SAIL, you will FAIL

I am the doctor... ohh yeah, what?

Please please, what, please please check it out, y'all

y'all y'all please y'all y'all, please check it out

Check it out check it out check it out y'all

Check it out check it out check it out y'all

Party over here! Party over there!

Party right here! Party right there!

Party over there! There's a party in the trunk

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