PSK'95

2 Live Crew

() = Mr. Mixx

[Intro from the original PSK, which slows down and switches to this track]

(Yeah! From '85 ... PSK! '95 shot! Here we go now! Uh! Give it to me! Uh! Give it to me now!)

Chorus: Brother Marquis PSK, we makin' that green Bitches always say what the hell does it mean? P is for the people who can't understand How one real nigga became a real man S is for the way I skeet in they mouth One by one we muttin' 'em out K is for the way Mr. Mixx be cuttin' Man, them other niggas, y'all ain't did nothin' Rockin' on 'till the break of dawn We gettin' cold money; this time IT'S ON!

(Rock on break it down now!)

Verse 1: Brother Marquis Chillin' on the block, on the avenue Shootin' a lil' dice, sippin' on some brew Turned around and seen this fine young lady She had a big ass and a phat Mercedes (Woo!) I said, Fine lady, now you're lookin' real nice Sweeter than honey, sugar and spice (Right.) Told her my name was Brother Marquis You know my reputation, hoe, I'm just a freak She said, Marquis, I know your game Heard about the way you throw that thang I said, yo, baby girl, I'ma tell you no lies (What?) 'Cause all I wanna do is uh, get ya high, And uh, lay ya down and do the body rock She said come on, and we got in the car Took a little trip to a fancy bar (What?) Got some gin, some juice, some coke I tell ya, my nigga, this ain't no joke Took me to the crib, laid me on the bed Before a nigga fuck', yo, I got some head (What?) I knew this was a rich lil' whore She gave me \$100, but I wanted some more

(Uh! Bring it down now!)

Chorus

(One time now! Overtown! Liberty City! Carol City! Highway 5! 15th! 61st! Yeah! Down south flavor, y'all! Mr. Mixx! Marquis! Bringin' it back y'all! Break it down now!)

Verse 2: Brother Marquis
All alone on a Saturday night
Smokin' on a blunt, feelin' all right (What?)

My homie Mr. Mixx called me on the phone Man, that nigga's married, he can't leave home (Whoo!) Told me 'bout a party on 1.5 I got my pistol, jumped into my ride Got in the party with my pockets fat Bitches on my dick 'cause I'm cool like that (True.) Now up in the set, who did I see? A fuck-nigga from Atlanta named after me! (What??) I put that red dot up against his head And said "Fuck-ass nigga, I should kill you dead." A thought ran across my crazy-ass mind The real Marquis ain't doin' no time I looked in his face, he looked like shit Siss-ass nigga ain't nothin' but a bitch!

(Bring it to me!) Chorus

(Overtown! 15th y'all! One time for 1-5-1! In the back y'all, yeah! Liberty City! 61st y'all! Gettin' money y'all! 54th y'all! Here we go now! ... Uh! Yeah, this is ya boy Mr. Mixx, Marquis, PSK for the 9-5 shot y'all! Break it down! We up out this motherfucker. We'll give it to ya on the next shit y'all! But until then - peace, love, and mo' pussy!