

Blowin Wax

People Under the Stairs

It's like Double K... and I'm here... yeah... mad beats... do it!

It's like Oh! Here comes another one, brother!
Get down with the P sound when we smother
We coming through your city, stereo-wide to cover tracks
And blowing wax like F Hubbard

Cooler than Paisley jackets, I grab this song and hack it
Pack it like the new pimp hanging off my lip
They say, "Ay, big homie, yo, what's up with the slang?"
Yo, what you mean? That's some shit from way back in the day
Just like the beats I rap over, more older than me
That's the style of the P, and for y'all, it's still free
Digging through old crates, just creating this sound
Scribble the funky rhyme and go and put that shit down

To the bottom of the barrel, Canned Funk like Joe Farrell
"Upon This Rock," don't get socked when you chop beats
We're all about loops, jeeps in the streets with troop seats
On the throne of hip-hop, alone at the top
With some records we bought at your local thrift shop
Mom and Pops stole my ride instead of 70's rock
And a Dozey 45" of brothers Doing the Do
We traveling the globe, trying to take it back to '92, y'all

... used to it, the way we do what we do
Make MCs move quick, homie, stick with your crew
Don't be trying to interrupt, 'cause we corrupt like television
People Under The Stairs, a yeah yeah, we on a mission
My division persists, I tend niggas with heat
Known to get drunk and beat each other in the street
And you can search Montebello, Gardena, or Covina
And you won't find another on the mic that gets meaner

Then the gun action at a black mob boss hit
We sprinkle funk like the Jacksons, kid, can you feel it?
The People Under The Stairs, we got the brand new sound
We travel now, I pack the bags, 10 Eastbound and...

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For your MF Horn, keep these damn tracks torn
Thes sworn to bring the funk on plates warm
With the extra large Bitches Brew in a cup
Yo, you not funkng right, kid, shut the funk up and keep it movin...

And sometimes, I gotta jump back and light the J
'Cause I be tweaking off the way my skills display
And you can say what you want, but I flaunt what I got

To take a breen, whatever I mean
And then I amsa-scam, when I come and hit your block
Or watch the copper rocks fly from the one that busts high
And it's a shame how lame these sucka MCs play that game
Let me sound like him, no go, you can't win

With them wack ass loops y'all stole off of Tribe vibes
And admit it, the P arrives with Robbie and Sly
Bringing back break beats and sending B-boys to Kaiser Permanente
Foreman henty, I'mma break your synthesizer
And your drum pads, your making brown people look bad
And the O'Jays ain't feelin it, ask my dad
So if I gotta sound like y'all to represent my coast
I'mma disown L.A. and take my shit on the road, it's like...

I'm sure you know this shit's a little more iller
The everybody killer, funky red and blue
I'm more crooked than that punk, I'm past all that
Like the blunt to J Mack, we stayed laid back
Like a lazy boy for all your lazy toys
The off Philly for chords, out making much noise
It's the P, you little nerd, steady burning like wax
The bitches with the Claps, that's how the crowd reacts, and like...

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Ay-yo, we here and everywhere to tear with the snare (No, you're not)
Just like, uh, Fred Astaire, right down to Yogi Bear (Ha ha ha)
That's the way we flip (Ah, that's the way we rip!)
And want holes in jeans, are we lean like Jimmy Dean?

Hey yes, we are big brother, like sauces with pork
We hardcore True School, but we're not from New York
We're universally real, from Mid-City L.A.
Make beats everyday, yo... What you say? It goes...

"That's the new color, children." "That's right."