

Montego Slay

People Under the Stairs

We tackle rhymes like your life lays time
We trying to get enough, we gotta fill up
Before it's all gone the song remains on
Until the beat stops
Never mind, no need to remind
You know who we be, yo it's the capital G's
Putting the P's in hip hop
Saying, hi to the ho's who wear hardly any clothes
He is looking at you
Watching you, watching me, the incredible MC
Chicks call me Mikey
(Why's that?)
'Cause I like they stare when I'm digging it
And know they wanna try they like the way I rap
They like the way I chill
Couple hours in a conversation, show 'em how I thrill
I'm a one minute man, I lick it then split it
Empty it out, fill it in like the blank and I'm out
Big Mike, that's right, give 'em something they can feel
Yo, I'm the top-ranked chief on the wheels of steel
I walk the streets of LA and feel comfortable
Me and the homie make music
And they come in with bull so next time
You got a rhyme that's blazing hot, throw it away
People Under to save the day
Sometimes it ain't timed, sometimes it can't be
This time we kick back and letcha conscious be free
The music is playing loud and we never haveta leave
We never gotta leave
(We never gotta leave)
Beautiful brown skin lady, ya move something
Montego bay style, smile from the Caribbean isle
No fronting while we pumping the beat
Audiophiles that jump in like I light up the seat
With the complete file scooters and 45s the palm trees
Red stripe nights the calm breeze
The type to relax ease back to conceive wax
And contact the origin of habitat
Two cats making fat, it's like that
With a rap similar to a pittipat of a cat
Walking the roof to make it back to the truth
I dig crates for the late great existence of black plates
To booming the eighths on the floor
Thinking you want more
Leaving my mark like a doc mart on a wood floor
It's good for the soul like dinner witcha moms
People under the stairs the duo who drop bombs
Snares laid back like armchairs
Hit the beach I'm outta reach
So play my CD and let it teach the recipe
Half beatrocka, half tivity [unverified]
Walk a fresh breath control like Binaca
Sometimes it ain't timed, sometimes it can't be
This time we kick back and letcha conscious be free
The music is playing loud and we never haveta leave
We never gotta leave
(We never gotta leave)