

Beautiful Little Sharp Chicks

Pigeon John

"Boy I'll tell ya"

Hey, hey Sally. Sally. (What?) Yeah.
Look at the cars drive by they seem so sassy.

L.A. niggers up on the scene
It be the L.A. Symphony
Number one hip hop team
You see I step into the place lookin' like Richie Cunningham
To get my little groove on was the main objective plan
The place was kinda smellin' like weed and dank
So I stepped on over to the stool and order a drink
I felt at easy
Mt. Dew and crushed ice please
Cause I had my cute chain hangin' down to my knee
Oh gee
Patiently waitin' for my song
Then I saw this pretty birdie walk through my gaze
And it through me into an emotional maze
I said, "Uh. Oh."
"Why don't you chill bro?"
Is what Express said when I turned my head
See I went in the dance but got distracted
But the butter fly band king with their antics
As usual

To you fat girls in Hermosa Beach
And you silky slick chicks hangin' out in the sticks
Hi ho
Hi ho, hi ho, hi ho
Whoa
To you little ditties livin' in West Lake
Makin' major big plans in your cigarette pans
Hi ho
Hi ho, hi ho, hi ho
Whoa

And as she
Bobbed her head to the music that played
I noticed all the beauty that the Lord God made
Had a chill Cardigan that matched her eye shadow
Beatnut haircut and moved her arm slow
But she was vibin' to Ms. Pioneer's Xanadu mix, punk
The plan I was spinnin'
The crowd like grinnin'
And she was movin' rhythmically to the beat
Boy she was the slickest lookin' chick from her head to her feet
She rocked an e-ternal tee that fit so nicely
Classy dickie skirt, stopped below the knee
And I said, "My god, why don't you hook me up like this.
Cause Pigeon John need a little bitty bitty miss."
And I said, "I'm 'bout to do this."
Hid behind a pound
Walked over to her hopin' I would not get clowned
I would not get clowned

Okay, just go over there. Talk to her. You can do it.

To you fat girls in Hermosa Beach
And you silky slick chicks hangin' out in the sticks
Hi ho
Hi ho, hi ho, hi ho
Whoa
To you little ditties livin' in West Lake
Makin' major big plans in your cigarette pans
Hi ho
Hi ho, hi ho, hi ho
Whoa

Stood behind her for a minute before my greeting
Tapped her shoulder, turn around and I said, "Nice meeting.
I mean, nice greeting.
I mean, my name is Pigeon John
From the L.A. Symph niggers that keep the party on."
"L.A. who?"
"L.A. Symph!"
"I never heard of you guys."
"Oh well, we tryin' to start somethin' of major large size."
"Who and what do you do?"
"I write and sing raps.
And try with all my heart to connect with pimp cats."
"And you what do you do besides lookin' like Princess Leia?"
"Oh, I work at Trader Joes."
"Where?"
"On 3rd and Labreya."
She smelled like ice cream and vanilla extract
I came to far already so I couldn't turn back
The music's kind of loud
Step to the patio
I let her go before me
That's the way classy go
And when we were outside
I said, "Can I call you some time?"
And when she simply said, "Yes", I felt so divine!

You can feel me now
You can feel me later
On the cross fader
Ill Terminator
You can feel me now
You can feel me later
On the cross fader
Ill Terminator

To you fat girls in Hermosa Beach
And you silky slick chicks hangin' out in the sticks
Hi ho
Hi ho, hi ho, hi ho
Whoa
To you little ditties livin' in West Lake
Makin' major big plans in your cigarette pans
Hi ho
Hi ho, hi ho, hi ho
Whoa
To you fat girls in Ronondo Beach
And you silky slick chicks hangin' out in the sticks
Hi ho
Hi ho, hi ho, hi ho
Whoa
To you little ditties livin' in Silver Lake

Makin' major big plans in your cigarette pans
Hi ho
Hi ho, hi ho, hi ho
Whoa
To you fat girls in Manhattan Beach
And you silky slick chicks hangin' out in the sticks
Hi ho
Hi ho, hi ho, hi ho
Whoa