

Pork

The Pharcyde

One, two, three, four
A boo, boogie-doo, who-woo
Whoo-a-woo, ooh, boogie-doo
Light up the fuse, one, two
Three, two, one, boom
A Jim, Jimmy, Smokin' these emcees
Break 'em down to they knees
Ooh, you dirty ol' fiends With our spleen cleaned out
Re-raise their route, drop some balls in they mouth
When they blue, I test ETQ, young kiddy
Slick like silk, smooth as milk from her titty
Right suave? (Believe that)
'Cause he be my compadre
Along with mi amigo, L.A. Sambo Jay
With the concave drops, so back the fuck up
Sittin', droppin' his stacks
From cats, the plaques for the come up
Niggas run up, but come up to get one wax
And seal a big boy
Will enjoy the service you're asking' for
Two, three, one, done

(Now, as for that west coast hip hop)
(Here it is)
(Now, as for that west coast hip hop)
(Now, as for that west coast hip hop)

Very well mannered , calm and collected
Accurate arraignment, you can tell my perspective
In the year of ninety-three, it's on, it's on
And when they speak of me
(Yo, the nigga get's his flow on)
'Cause I'm classic as Coca-Cola
Keep my Motorola on vibrate
My style swings better than a primate
Callin', when I appear in the spirit
It's the rain engineer
So wipe the funk' tear off your cheek geek
I reach seventy-five the tanker
I maybe thin and centered, but my shit is like an anchor on your dome
Go on home to your papa
That shit stay dramatic as a hip hop opera
From beginning to the end, when I fill it with a riddle
Shit, not solid, bust a tip in the middle
But my time is done, so i have to call it quits
It's just another track when I'm spitting' out wits

(Now, as for that west coast hip hop)
(I promise someday, that you'll respect, um)
(Now, as for that west coast hip hop)
(Now, as for that west coast hip hop)
(I promise someday, that you'll respect, um)
You know what I'm saying'?
Steady down' that shit
(Now, as for that west coast hip hop)
(I promise someday, that you'll respect, um)

I grab faggots by the motherfuckin' neck and drag 'em
In the fuckin' mud
And pull out the MAC Magnum
Four-four, let's break down the front door
Of a pre-school, smacking' itty bitty fools
'Cause I'm a ill ass ruthless, insane
Ill black villain at night time, I know brain
I never let my Glock miss, my back off
Full a baby bodies buried in Reebok shoe boxes
'Cause I'm a mother fuckin' baby sniper
I trip off a blunt and shit dripping' from a diaper
I kick a nigga in the ass for nothin'
My name is Fat Lip, now let me stop frontin'
I'm from The Pharcyde and I will not think
I'm running' outta breath, so I'm about to break
So now, who is gonna get up on the mic out of the crew?
Imani, get up on the mic device and bust a few cloud rhymes
Bust a bit, yo, I'm out like Bush
So, freak that shit
That Shit
Yo, I wanna give a shout out to the niggas, um
They're from the old school, Backyard Production
John and Irv
Give a shout out to my nigga, Duran in Las Vegas

(Now, as for that west coast hip hop)
(The Pharcyde is jumping', got a whole lotta crap)
(Now, as for that west coast hip hop)
(The Pharcyde is jumping', got a whole lotta clout)
(Now, as for that west coast hip hop)

Not A Tribe Called Quest, but you know that I can kick it (Kick it)
Peace voice Cube 'cause you know that I get wicked (Wicked)
With the lazy, crazy vocals for the locals, many cycles
Feelin' dazed when I say, mic stuff
Kick the funky shit, and now you know I come corrupt
Smokin' on some buddha, ingest a single puff (Puff, puff, puff)
Feelin' all the rough, then fight the dragon
My belt is too big, that's why my pants' they be saggin'
Niggas, they be dragging', 'cause my styles are superb
Chillin' with this mooch cat, smoking' mad herb
So check it out
This sound is the way of the walking
What, stoned must be the way that I talk
And rap (Rap)
A few get the dap (Dap)
To make the hands clap (Clap)
Listen to what I say
The monkey ass beat provide by L.A. Jay
I do it everyday
Listen to what I say
Hey, hey, hey

(Now, as for that west coast hip hop)
(Time to rock our shit)
(Now, as for that west coast hip hop)
(Brand new jam, sure does sound sweet)
(Now, as for that west coast hip hop)
(Time to rock our shit)
(Now, as for that west coast hip hop)

I love to lick the girls booty
Get it on my camcorder for the world to see

Every nigga pulls a freak
It's serious indeed
Your girl stepped to me 'cause your shit was weak
I did her good, I want to sit down and listen
I came in her face, rubbed it in to make her skin glisten
Shut your mouth Ralph, Happy Days is canceled
Your girl is mine, she's like Gretel, I'm her Hansel
The Skinny motherfucker broke up your relationship
I might be small, but you really do not need to trip
I'll send your punk ass home with a black indent
Now, let me tell you something that's gonna make you flip
I heard ABC and BBD
Caught HIV from TLC
Yeah
It is true, I hope it ain't because I really
Had some plans to fuck the shot outta Chilli

DAMN (Ha-ha-ha-ha, yeah, I said it, I said it)
This is LA Jay, the man with the big meat and the phat ass beats
(Now, as for that west coast hip hop)
I'm chilling' with my motherfuckin' old school niggas, The Pharcyde
(Now, as for that west coast hip hop)
With the dope ass freestyle
And we call this
Pork
(Now, as for that west coast hip hop)
Pinning her back, hang her upside down and get some sleep
(West coast hip hop)
(Now, as for that west coast hip hop)
Yo, fuck that (West coast hip hop)
I'm 'bout to give a shout out to some niggas that we met across the way
Um' Id like to give a shout out to Redman
Say what's up to Chuck D
Uh' I'd like to say what's up to Pete Rock
And the Large Professor
And um' Common Sense
(Pork) (Pork) Pork
Yo, peace out to Premier and the Guru
(Pork) Pork (Pork)