

Propellerheads, 360 Degrees (Oh Yeah?)

C'mon

Yeah

Yo I'm from L.I., tel-i
vision had you tuning to my
figgida, figgida
microphones I'm mobile
Holding mics and soul while I be just daydreamin
Drop like 9 months and rock from backyards to fronts
Who wants to live the gutter life, we got sidewalks to walk (baby)
I need a chick with big potatoes to mash (baby)
Hang like parachutes I been floatin' for years
We went from rapping in cars to rapping careers
One dear, two dear, I got gift like Santa
go from NY to DC and down to Atlanta
We make it fly like propellers
We beat it down in the cellar
Well I guess you call it a basement
'Cause that's where all the bass went
When we turn it up a notch, old school like Ed Koch
Toss my foot up in the air and grab my crotch
who am I? (Michael) keep the music on the cycle
So we can finish up the flows and then you're froze.

Word up, word up

This is called the Frozen Style
Shatter Your Teeth Style
Freeze Like the Arctic Style, y'all

C'mon

check it out,
I'm the P to the (O) to the (S) S
known to pinpoint a (blow) to the (chest) chest
so wear your vest (vest), nipples and thighs and breasts on Vanessa (stop lying)
had to sneak it 'cuz her moms kept me under pressure (word)
now as the sun appears to rise and set
some cats live for the hood cuz it's as good as it gets
but my plot is much thicker (yeah)
I move it much quicker (word)
three hundred and sixty miles to the PH
so I'm balanced, not a fellow to fall
connecting the dots, I got two propellers in all
went from ghetto, to the meadow
seen all degrees of hot and froze when I was not
like lock my lady(?) threw salt in the game
invest the cheese in the mouse who sent walkin' to fame(?)
now you hear my name being screamed on the ride of life
it's too late to get off, to get off

We in the house ya'll (ya'll)
we in the house ya'll (ya'll)
we about to get evicted
there ain't no likes our liquids
the bills ain't paid
and last week we had a raid
because we party too much
but that's my family's trade
invited all of my folks, and yo
all my folks stayed!
(they tried to silence our shit)
but we just pushed up the fade
sat back and charged dollar a head and got paid

and called on the band and got stupid when the keyboard played

Keep it frontin' (?) with the Propellerheads, ya'll

Now, now listen

you see,

I'm here to usher the pain with no relief

but still get the "Great Scott, are you thief?"

"Seems like they've got a mouth full of gold--" records

sorry for that, platinum plaques soon to come

'til then, Propeller got me workin' the drum

for a (fee), so know the (fi) the (fo)

lookin for the fumble (oh)

I heard you wanna rumble on the mic, so check it out

how you want it, I got it

(oh yeah)