

People Under The Stairs, Mid-City Fiesta

(Double K)

I was chillin at the crib about 12 o'clock
When Thes Love called up, he knew a party we could rock
Sometime around 8, yo we can't be late

(Thes One)

So straight I'll pick you up at seven, dig inside the crate
And find a fresh plate to rotate to make the b-boys get aches
And me and you, the super MC's to get the cake

(Double K)

Word up! I called the posse, we can all roll out,
Cause once we step up in the party, yo we make the ladies shout
People Under the Stairs, yeah and you know we got the clout
Packed up my records, rolled up the blunt

(Thes One)

I got out the black book, tried to call up this stunt
She wasn't home, so I paged her, left the celly on roam
And we out to the night, right on Pico
Rolled down the street, stopped at the red light

(Double K)

Kept on going, made a right on Sierra Bonita,
Yo Thes, where's your fake ID? Ya know we need a
Little bit of liquor for the night

(Thes One)

I was born in 1974!

(Double K)

Yeah, right!

(Thes One)

Word! Corona represent just enough to get me screamin
Like them other latin brothers whose intoxicated demon's
Tape bumps lovely, we keep it goin, ain't mine on deck
The backseat complete, goin and goin

(Double K)

Turned up the beats and hopped on the ten
Talkin lot about the pigeons that we bout to see again
Yo I'm tryin to stop drinkin, but nigga pass the cup!
This fool Thes is freestylin, almost passed the exit up

(Thes One)

Because the drinkin and drivin's a guaranteed no no
Cause with the bottle in my hand, it's fuckin up my rhyme flow
I went right, kinda slow, at the bottom of the ramp
Ten car caravan, undisputed champion

(Double K)

Pulled up to the place, had to find a parking space
This ugly bitch was looking at us so I give the gas face

(Thes One)

Hey yo, her friends was butt too but they jocked this big crew
Told the bitch to jump in the jeep, I'll take you to the zoo

(Double K)

Ha ha! Word
Her head was all big
They should've been at the zoo though

Got up to the line (five dollars please!)
Oh we're with the DJ (nope, five dollars please!)
Bitch, we're with the DJ (FIVE DOLLARS PLEASE!)
I'ma have to beat your ass
(alright just let me stamp your hand, get in there!)

I was the first one in and the crew was behind
So I kept on walkin, couldn't waste no time
Bumped into this white guy that I knew
He offered me a brew, I was like fuck it
Took it to the head, now I'm through
So he laughed, rolled another one up
This fool Thes is pushin it, puttin gin in my cup
Now I'm toked back, can't walk worth shit
He lamp lit the J and I hit that shit
Took about a hundred pulls, at least that's how it felt
Chillin with my boy, at least that's how it felt
Realized I was buggin then I saw Mike's pops
When I decide to spark the beedie and relaxed at the spot
Yo, to the DJ, throw on 2Pac
I walked back in and showed the stamp, felt like I was shot
Oh my God! Saw this brown skinned cutie
With a big booty, titties big as hell, looked like Tootie
Hey girl, how you doin, oh shit I looked back
My nigga Thes is on the mic about to bust another rap

Yo, this fool Thes,
Ay man you bout to rap huh
(Hey is that Thes?)
Do it do it!

(Thes One)
Mic Check one two, how do you do, I'm Thes!
The party honored guest cause the crew gets blessed
Never have I stressed, ask my man J Quest
I rock the mic possessed when the beat's compressed
I rotate grills or analogs at best
It's the true B-Boy and that always gets respect
Pass the Corona, keep two in the icechest
Pull a girl like a plug cause I'm finessed
Find me when I seem sexually repressed
I treat em really good til they get obsessed
They actin kinda funny and they get bloodtests
If they actin ill I go and take the next best
You MC's be rappin funny, I'm not impressed
Standin like products of parental incest
But son, my tape's for sale so I hope you invest
Sunny up on skills, that's what I suggest
If you think you're fresh, you catch a litmus test
Drop some fresh rhymes, that is my request
You got no heart, let me lay you down to rest
I invoke the hip-hop citizen's arrest
My name is.... yo man

(Double K)
Hey that fool done kicked the cord out!

(Thes One)
Plug me back in yo!

(Double K)
Ay, what's up? What's up?
Man, fuck these motherfuckers

(Voice in the background)

Party's over,
Everyone out of my house!

(Double K)
Yo Thes, yo, ay I'm fucked up,
I'm fucked up, I can't... yo I can't walk....awww shit