

# Pete Rock & CL Smooth, Wig Out

[Pete Rock]

Yeah.. uh-huh.. \*echoes\*  
It's called the Wig Out \*echoes\*  
It's called the Wig Out \*echoes\*

\*whispering\*

It's called the Wig Out \*echoes\*  
It's called the Wig it's called the Wig it's called the Wig Out  
It's called the Wig Out \*echoes\*  
It's called the Wig Out \*echoes\*  
It's called the Wig it's called the Wig it's called the Wig Out

[CL Smooth]

Circulate us in the vein, set to ride the cracks on your brain  
Like a novacaine, I train to easy any pain (word?)  
Yeah, get your wig loose, I relieve tension  
The path to my lesson is the highway to heaven (ahh yeah)  
Plus, what a rush, catch another one flushed (uh-huh)  
Now you got a crush, makin dames wanna blush (yeah)  
I stomp out your campfire; liar, retire (uh)  
Cause none of these homefries here is Oreida (yeah)  
The Wiggy-Wig get the big bread; known to break em like a twig (whooh!)  
Gimme beef cause I don't eat pig (uh)  
Who runs the joint with the flavors in the Vernon? (uh-huh)  
Got One Life to Live , As the World Keeps Turning (yeah)  
More, take a draw, then react to contact (uh)  
A buzz from my cuz I back as a fact (yeah)  
Just like the reverand, I make you wanna jump and shout (say what?)  
CL Smooth got the Wig Out..

[Pete Rock]

It's the Wig Out, uhh  
It's the Wig..  
It's definitely the Wig  
Wig Out! C'mon, ahh yeah  
Come on.. yeah..

[CL Smooth]

With the pace of a racehorse, I cover like lipgloss  
Roll with force to get you wigged of course (uh-huh)  
The honey-coated brown eyes wise to the franchise  
Notice other guys, never twist his size (uhhh, uhhh)  
Bigger than life, I hit the wife undercover  
You discover when my dog ate the drawers off the mother (uh-huh)  
Called her Greedy Gretchen, my pet came fetchin  
And shot Old Yeller with the big Smith and Wessun (whooh!)  
CL and double-X-L ring a bell  
Supplied by the inside, never been a shell  
Rowdy, but thoughts got cloudy, you choked  
in a puff of smoke, mics were lit, and then broke (yeah)  
Back and forth like a game of Ping-Pong (what?)  
I get the cypher going like Cheech and Chong (yeah)  
And glide through your system, on a funk rhythm (uh-huh)  
Honey don't pout, CL got the Wig Out..

[Pete Rock]

Like I said..  
It's the Wig..  
to make your head go.. AOOOWWWWWW!  
Yeah.. it's like that..

[CL Smooth]

CL, the A+, while you wear a F like a freebie  
With your nine lives this arrives, here kitty-kitty

No more to savor cause I'm here to kick flavor  
The most common denominator, said none graver  
Sufferin succotash, a blunt for the cash  
Whiplash, FloJo in a forty yard dash (uh)  
Solid like a ?, never fall like Rome  
A notch for your crotch so honey heat it I'm home (uh)  
My baby's a lovechild, say whassup to ya (uh-huh)  
Like Dr. Welby, I keep the boy healthy (yeah)  
Pete knowledge me, flip it over and it's sweet  
Entwined when I mentally design verse three (uh)  
Appears so real when the Soul Brother sun (yeah)  
If you rate it on a chart, it would be number one (uh-huh)  
Spread it like sauerkraut, the main event doubt  
You wind up in a rout, CL got the Wig Out..

[Pete Rock]  
CL got the Wig.. come on  
CL got the Wig Out.. yeah  
Shit is funky..  
Yeah.. uh-huh..  
That's fresh..  
C'mon! Ah yeah, uh-huh, that's how we're livin  
for the nineties  
Yes! Yes cousin  
Gettin busy, uh-huh  
Yeah..  
It's the Wig Out!  
Wig Out! Uh, the Wig Out!  
The Wig Out.. \*fades\*