

Too Phat, Skoo An Intro/Boogie Down

BOOGIE DOWN

Verse 1

(Joe Flizzow)

aiyo here goes the phatso wit' mad flows
turn you into wackos at packed shows
macho, afro playin' in retro
Joe keep it ghetto in the metro

(Malique)

now scooch, scooch and make way for the shorty
hoochie koochies wanna smooch me at parties
I'm just a plain ol' rapper ain't no bawla
but still I'm gettin' hollers from gurlies as hot as Paula
Too Phat at first you thought we phony wrestlers
but now you know that ain't no other rapper specialer
the word phat suddenly a phenomenon
kids buyin' Whutthadilly? tapes for they dads and moms
the kinda role model wannabe's wanna see
I'm gettin' love from those who usta make fun of me
to all the haters yeah I know you can hear me now
even sick and paralyzed critics can feel me now
(Joe)
now throw your hands up like you havin' pom poms
and if you think you're sexy shake you bon bons
and keep on bump and grinding to the song
'til your skirt fall off and everybody see your thong thongs

Verse 2

(Malique)

again up in your area, phatter and harrier
another bomb album means another mass hysteria
if you don't like me, see I don't give a heck and a half
heck and half 4x

(Joe)

again it's Big Willy, ticklin' your belly
silly lie a kid now don't call me billy
whutthadilly yo? late night up in the studio
clutch my pillow, puff on my cigarillo

(Malique)

ay Jiggedy Jizzoe with the Flizzow, go grab a cappuchino
lock flows, clock dough, rock shows all over the nation
slip a paper and my station-nery, naw man skip the dictionary
vocabulary straight outta Maliquetionary
you see me smilin' spittin' rhymes so revolutionary
Too Phat, the strongest, the couldn't handle us
your gurl wants me now you calling me scandalous?
envious, emcees ain't never heard of us
but now they hear my voice and gettin nervous

(Joe)

from Joanne to Jane, Renee to pretty Isha
when I'm gone with the wind they say baby I missyaa

Verse 3

(Malique)

aiyoh alotta critics are makin me sick, sick
sayin' its only narcissism and chicks chicks
it's too bad your mom and auntie think I'm handsome
I'm sorry little man. I held your gurlies eyes for ransom

(Joe)

everybody in the place yo you gotta boggie down
all the playaz packin' game, clockin' dames to the sound
all them fly lookin' skirts yo you gotta boggie too
peace, one love and may the boggie be with you...