

Two Scoops of Raisins

Common

Yo man.. I'm hungry man
Ay whatchu want man? You want some breakfast or somethin?
I want a lil lil somethin.. yeah yea milk and cereal or somethin
Somethin man! Just a little breakfast food, y'know?
Mmm I don't know man (ay) let's see what I got in my cabinet
Hold on, let me see what I got in my cabinet
Somebody hit me with a little, baseline or groove, knahmsayin?
Yeah, breakfast food, UHH!

When you wish
When you wish
Upon a star
Upon a star
To follow what?
To follow what?
And where you are!
And where you are!
Party over here, party over there
Where?

Look! I made ya look, ya dirty crook
Then picked your pocket, watch me book..
.. like Guinness I'm a Menace, so call me hip-hop's Dennis
So open wide, and say (AHHHHH)
And I'ma slide my yolk, in your throat, and watch ya choke
on the Uh the Ah the Uh the Daddy Long-Stroke

Stroke Long Daddy Money, if my name was Sunny
I'd share a scoop, Runnin shit like Rebels
You can call me Barney, cause I took your Fruity - Pebbles
Dibble like an office on Top Cat, top that, I'm fat troop
Drop the loop, then a scooper hoop ya like a hula
To school a fool I present, a church to repent
I get you Guess'n like jeans, you're just a hill of beans
I'm all that jazz, and I kick, kick, kick, kick..

The razzamatazz oh please oh please just give me just one more blast
I +Gett Off+ like Prince, but I don't have to show my ass
Pass the rest, like a test, if you slip then you'll get ripped
with your handicapped pass route, and Tales From the Crypt
I whip on that ass like base ba-bay
The Sense is good-GOOBELY-goo, ask Gravy

Or LaMont, or Rollo, down at the, Apollo
Come follow me now (BO! Where's Sue?) I don't know
Even En Vogue, be tellin me ya don't go
When it's time for show (yea) everyone says
ho (ho) ho (ho) couldn't be a slider
cause I never slip, kick it like a Damme Van flip
So don't come with your judo, cause you're just a Menudo
emcee gettin chewed like vegetables

Ahhhhh cabbage is a cabbage, a lettuce is a lettuce
I'ma tear this whole joint into scraps
I bust raps, perhaps caps, and trap the wack tracks
Givin the max, for the minimum, not the minimum for the max
Get more sex than Wilt the Stilt so you can call me the Stiltest

You're takin shorts like Arnold, so what chu talkin bout, Willis?

Bout Willis?

Yeah Willis

Willis ain't talkin about nuthin!

It's Different Strokes

Let's get back to umm, breakfast foods

because it's, early in the mornin..

Well you can have your Wheaties

You can have your Flakes

You can have your Kix

And you can have your Trix

You can have your POUNDCakes

You can have your Loops

But you still gotta get your Two Scoops!

To keep the hot raw, I'm rollin, rollin

Bowlin - spare me! Fuss ya hushed mouth mush

Lush alcohol's excessive like a Jefferson

Movin on up -- progressive

One time for your brain, cell

And when I get through, you say -- aww hell man!

Styles that I free won't, stop til the end

Paper I go on and go on with the pen

Get a max of funk, attack or sunk *huff, huff*

One blow, and emcees are gone with the wind

Kickin the dumber rhyme, I'm not a print

but I'm fresh, heatin up like the summertime, summer rhyme

I'm a dime a dozen, but I keep you buzzin

like a bee, a dozen attempts is in the toilet

Cause I flush the dime and I'm not a Leader

cause I Busta Rhyme, a rhyme

If I kick with Rakim, you +Run For Cover+ brother

But I kick it with Petey cause I'm just another mother (sucker)

Blo Pop time (it's Blo Pop time)

It's Blo Pop time (it's Blo Pop time)

In the mix, the dimension, J.B., and Chico

It's seven, not six, my shirt extra-large

but I wear, I wear I wear it well like DeBarge

to the finish, makin ya eye pop, like you ain't spinach

Then it's, time to let you know

We count it up, one two three and fo'

UHH! Count it up

Nah we gon' count it down

Nah man, we're gonna count it up

Mmmm, let's get back to that umm, food tip though, the breakfast tip

Food tip? Well you just check

Cause you know what we need

What can I have?

You can have your Life

You can have your Bran

You can have your Puffs

You can have your Pebbles

You can have your Krunch

And you can have your Loops

But you still gotta get your Two Scoops!

Around and round and upside down and upside down we go

WHOAHHHHH! I'ma sneak in the front row

Not Jethro, I'm not a Jethro, on skid row

I don't wear Monie's hat, but I was a Monkey +in the Middle+
Hey diddle diddle, you can Kibble a Bit
I take a squat, and booty MC's be sayin OOOHHH SHIT!
Yo, I turn Bucktown into Fucktown
You're just a field goal kid, and I'm a touchdown
With the next point to the next joint, so tell Spike about it
I'm all that, that your bitch be writin home about it
Shout it out, praise the Lord, hallelujah!
This could be love, but umm, don't let em fool ya
Cause when I do ya, come down come down after me come
Yeah sorry Sugar Plums but umm, I gotta run
Run Jesse Run, keep hope alive
I'm down with the b-boys, FUCK the Jackson 5
You jive-ass turkey, a-pit-apitta-a-aperk be
You can get ill, but don't, HURT ME, HURT ME
Or urk me, cause see I'll outsmart you like the Urkel
B-boys at the school of hard knocks, in a circle
Pass the sess blunt, yeah stud, you ain't know?
I wanna go bang, I said, bang-o, bang-oh bang-oh
or bojangle jingle jangle on the jaw
Hip-hip, hooray, oh now you wanna be all lovable?
Don't push or pull, or you'll see, I'ma wreck it out
MC's be checkin in but they don't be checkin out
I leave em out on the canvas
So click your heels twice and take your ass back to KANSAS..