

Pop Goes the Weasel (Radio Edit)

3rd Bass

Let's all sing, Pop Goes the Weasel!

Pop goes the, pop goes the windin of the weasel
I see the empty pocket needs a refill

I got a squad with a list of complainers
I should have started RAPE:
Rappers Against Phony Entertainers
So we can make it known that we won't get swayed
It's ninety-one son, so somethin's gotta change

Gettin paid to peddle sneakers and soda pop (pop pop pop)
Pop goes the weasel as drawers drop (drop drop dop)
Why not take your top ten pop hit
fix the music and make senseless ryhmes fit

I guess it's the fact that you can't be artistic
Intricate raps, becomin so simplistic
I gotta strong mind it doesn't have to be spoon-fed
And I can read what doesn't have to be read

So some stay illiterate and feeble, legally licked
You go the ways of the weasel (the weasel)

Chorus: 3rd Bass (repeat 2X)

Pop Pop goes the weasel, the weasel *3X*
Pop goes the weasel, 'cuz the weasel goes pop

Hip-hop, got turned into hit pop
the second a record was number one on the pop charts
For those that get on heart that got it's start in the ghetto
Let no one forget about the hard part
Now in ninety-one we got a new brand, a new band
lookin like the same old Klan
Same old theives that skeez so we gotta make sure
that real rap has got to endure

Why score all my points in one peroid
Appearin in complex structure like a pyramid
The paper for the media presence
Ya learn lessons from the face of false legend
Stop vexin on the skills, ya ain't originate
The thin ice you skate upon will break and set ya straight
Ate up on the plate, now who's diesel
Not the weasel, not the weasel, pop goes the weasel

Chorus

Ya stole somebody's record then ya looped it, ya looped it
Ya boosted the record then ya looped it, ya looped it
Aiyyo, I came from Cali, and they hooped it, they hooped it
But now you're gettin sued kinda stoopid

Boosted tracks get slaps, ya got no haps
to reach all four corners of the map
For kids in Kansas.. to those who speak Spanish

Doin crazy damage so the wack gets banished
Can't manage the truth until you buy a way
Ya ain't quick so ya switch off the exit from my highway
to rest but a crook, has to take a second look
Ever heard of a chef who can't cook?
But the Minister Prime can lay laws
Aiyyo, Pete Nice, rip the mic and go for yours

Goes for mine, I goes for mine
Find the Prime won't eat the green eggs and swine
On line like the Serch, in the hoody with the woody
Get a disc or tape, at Sam Goody
Why'd ya run through the doors some left open?
Ropin off the scenes of the crime smokin
I got pub and I'ma nut like a SCUD see
Blowin up, like I'm throwin up a beef patty
Sellouts run in bouts like the measles
No cures, cause pop goes the weasels

Chorus 2X