

4 Better Or 4 Worse

The Pharcyde

Uhh, do you take, rhymealinda
Do you love me tre, do you really love me?
To be your lawfully, wedded, wife?

Uhhh, uhhhhh, I do, I do, no I don't, I do

Ah roomie zoom zim, I'm all to be wet
To rhymealinda I remember umm, when we first met
In eighty-two back in school used to play up all the fools
Sometimes you'd be my number fives sometimes you'd be my twenty-two
But umm, screw the dumbshit, cause little rhymeas true
I can't wait to say I do and oh yeah honey there's no due
I got my chariot, rollin, now I'm mic controllin
Got some spunk in my funk, I can't wait to put some soul in
We're rollin all strikes, we're havin little tykes
One is little mike the other's ike I'm sure that you would like
To hold em, or maybe stroll em on their little bikes
When they're born, I've sworn, to bring em up right
You know, dope is how I breed em, beats is what I'll feed em
They'll be healthy like a health nut I'm sure you shake your butt
(kick the verse preacher) and I won't disperse
Here's my life rhymealinda for better or for worse

Well it's done she tagged me, duck duck goose
I'm batter up I can't sleep the fly brotha must produce
The power pack and I'm stacked like a forty-five mag
Straight up tennis shoes in my pants there's a sag
Droppin so much grammar gotta slam it down my mouth
Shup? I met a slut she, put me in the rut g
With the dip that was down with me from the whole front
Now front me never too cool how-ever
I gotta get the bread, gotta get the butter
Fix it up eat down throw it in the gutter
(gutter dreamed it) sour, (creamed it) gotta
Skinny-dipped into her ass as if it was a pool of water
Now the water's gettin hotter so I bought her a new ring
Maybe a love ballad is the song I sing
I gotta kiss her ass my tongue I hold before I curse
If you really want me bitch, take me for better or for worse

phone rings
I mean nah, just
phone rings
[woman] I got it! *click* hello?

Well this is the final chapterhello?
Of me, we're going to rack upwho is this?
In tune, in tune, in tune, a buttonwhy are you calling my house?
A button, a button! oh c'mon, honeywho is this? what?
Would you come along with me downmike is that you?
The lane and I will pick your brainoh my god. who is this?
I won't be good like you think I will I'll fucking call the cops
I'll take a hammer and start to drilldon't call my house
Your skull, and then I'll really startoh my god, what is this
Picking, your brains cells, I will bewhat? I'm gonna call the cops
Licking, mmm mmm mmm mmmm! *slurp*okay? quit fucking around
You taste so intelligent, ahhhhhhhhello, who is this?

Yes yes yes, you trusted me, nowhelp, who is this? what
I busted thee, top of your skullare you doing? why are you
You thought the day was going to be calling me?
Dull? ? I'll make it very exciting
I took your fingers then I startedwho are you? why are you
Biting, and then I scraped the meatcalling my house?
Off, the bone, of your legstop calling here!
Ahhahhh, you tried to make me begdon't call here anymore
But I had to insist, I had to insist
Iayaay, run up your pussy with my fistaiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii!
Okay, I think we've gone a little bit I'm gonna call the cops!
Overboard, don't stop it yet fuck you don't call my house!!

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