

MIKE G:

Ha ha! Ah yeah! Got it going on like a big old fat high hard-on!
(Hooo-weeee!) Black Sheep in the house, sweet daddy Mr. Lawnge in the
house, my man the Dres in the house, you know what I'm sayin',
Huey Love in the house, long Posdnuos, Dove, Prince Paul, the
immigrant
Lucien in the house. The house Dreddy Bear, ha, Mike G!

CHORUS:

Come on everybody let's baseball
Come on everybody do the baseball
Come on, come on, come on, come on
Come on everybody let's baseball
Come on everybody let's baseball
Come on everybody do the baseball
Everybody, everybody, everybody, everybody
Come on everybody let's baseball

MIKE G:

Got it goin' on. Swing it over here! Ochay, ochay, ochay.
We gonna swing it over here, swing it over there. We gonna do the
baseball. Ha ha ha!

(Three feet)

POS:

A Nubian sprocket is the one
Plug One, cut the cap
Forward is the marcher of the chant,
To the clan, unless you slept
Willy to the Wonka of the feat
Smoke your blunt, but close your drapes
If we get fined by police,
Don't worry, yo, I got the papas
Toxic is the talk that I tell,
Tell the tales from the lady who's fat
Chris made the dope beat but no Bo Peeps
(And you can't beat that with a baseball bat)

CHORUS

DOVE:

Swing is the is of my step
Plug Two, groove a gut
On gets by when it's kept
Three miles to my step
Forgiveness to the foes is false
I cook goose and serve a plate
Position is opposed to a loss
No cost, no relate
Brother got a badge of his own
Because the link of the life is slack
This licks 'em down to the Tootsie Pop
(And you can't beat that with a baseball bat)

CHORUS

DRES:

Move over just a bit to the right of me
For I cannot see where the booty is
I sit, I'm looking out a foggy window
Crack it just a bit, yo this is showbiz
It's as though a pound goes around and around
So I give a pound then I do the step
Dres will be with Boca on the side
Can I crack a smile for doz who slept
Phonetics and kinetics perservere
Therefore I kick it
I took the L.I.R.R. but I did not have a ticket
Had some Chinese food but I didn't have a spoon
I had a dope rhyme but I didn't have it soon
I'm looking out the window
Day is filled with rain and gloom
Man oh man oh man I hope I find my spoon soon
Eating large fish 'cause I know it ain't cat
(And you can't beat that with a baseball bat)

CHORUS

(Rrrr-RAH!)

POS: Yo this is Plug One and I'm saying peace to Lorraine in Holland,

thanks for not having my baby, peace.

DRES: This is Dres. Danica, Boston, my first tight cushion, love you.

MISTA LAWNGE: Yo this is the Sugar Dick Daddy, I'd like to say peace to my father, Bombed Out Brother.

MASE: This is Baby Huey Plug Three, and I'd like to say peace to that mother a-ahem who stole my Pathfinder in front of the studio, peace!

PAUL: Yo what's up, this is Prince Paul, I'd like to say what's up to all the doo doo eaters and all the Kelvin Mercer look-alikes, and I'm out.

(God damn!)

(Have a ball!)