

# Cut Chemist Suite

## Ozomatli

Ah yea party people, here we go Party people, rocks da house  
Party people, rocks da house  
Party people, rocks da house  
Party people, rocks da house Party people, rocks da house  
Party people, rocks da house  
Party people, rocks da house  
Party people, rocks da house Y'all want some more?  
Y'all want some more?  
If y'all want some more  
Let me here you say yeah  
Let me here you say hell yeah, hell yeah  
Party people, rocks da house  
Party people, rocks da house  
Party people, rocks da house  
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Party people, rocks da house  
Party people, rocks da house  
Party people, rocks da house Yo, tuna the smoke-jumper, packin' my oral cannon  
Bustin' from Okinawa, Japan to Laurel Canyon  
Swallow flows, we turning like plush tires  
Mellows, lyrics be burning like brush fires  
Spreading vocal leprosy using discrepancy  
Lyric weaponry lessens your chances of testing me  
Stop and freeze MC's, I block atrocities  
True philosophies from the lips of black Socrates The pocket-pencil in your peninsula  
Killing Dracula MC's who bit from my vernacular  
I can back it, the ill scene we occupy  
No lullaby, got you high, when I rock a fly, for my people, let me breath slow  
Give a heave-ho, and stimulate your cerebral system  
Cut Chemist grip the fader with Tuna the group debater  
We murder you duplicators, 'cuz I'm an aristocrat, ghetto diplomat And I'm blessed with the gift  
for rap it's like that rocks da house  
I, the aristocrat, ghetto diplomat  
And I'm blessed with the gift for rap, it's like that rocks da house Yo they call me Mister  
Antagonistic, drastic  
Comin' from a place where these cops get their ass kicked  
The last trick unified was the cornerstone  
A lyric pistol to the dome is how we warn a clone Born alone, the strength of god makes my  
mission higher

They found the liar dead, strung up with fishin' wire  
The mystifier packin' vocal artillery  
Makin' lovely word connections like Chuck Woolery  
The cool in me, I'll make your block turn  
on one rhyme  
Electrifyin' like some nocturnal sunshine  
The planetary pioneer and his mixer  
Cut chemist Chali tuna spittin' scriptures  
Paintin' pictures even sisters adapt 'cuz  
We take it back like chiropractors  
Fuckin' actors on wax make worse for real  
Mc's who worth your while and so they search for me  
The aristocrat, ghetto diplomat  
And I'm blessed with the gift for rap, it's like that rocks da house  
I, the aristocrat, ghetto diplomat  
And I'm blessed with the gift for rap it's like that rocks da house  
Should I let, should I let aha,  
one two, one, two, check it  
Yo should I let ya know  
Should I mention that you lost a vital part of your body  
In competition with the T to the U N Ah, the bread winner  
Lyrical lead spinner, that's hittin' you dead center  
I the aristocrat, ghetto diplomat  
And I'm blessed with the gift for rap it's like that rocks da house  
Yo, yo, it's like that y'all, it's  
like that  
Everybody out there y'all, it's like that  
My name is tuna fish, y'all, it's like that  
And we are Ozomatli, it's like that yo  
I the aristocrat, ghetto diplomat  
And I'm blessed with the gift for rap, it's like that

Lyrics provided by <http://www.songlyrics.com/>