

De La Soul, Johnny's Dead Aka Vincent Mason (I

Dove:

This one is a short rendition in which me and pianist mate of mine
By the name of prince paul... I shall not relieve, I mean reveal, my
Identity...

(girl in background: that's not funny.)

So, I think we shall begin like this. are you ready, prince paul?
You're f**kin' us up, man!

Paul: my playin's good, man!

Dove: f**kin' us up, man! as we begin again... rude interruption from
Our audience...

(background laughter)

Here we go.

Oh johnny

You got a bullet in your forehead, boy

Don't you understand, you dead

Buried six feet under the concrete

Ooh-aww-oh

That's the noise he made when he got shot

But johnny's still dead

Still dead

Thought about his mama

Thought about his father josephine

Nobody could help the boy when he hit the concrete

Ooh-aww-oh

The last words said by johnny

But now he's six feet under and he's dead

Our next song we'll play is called jenifa, we'll be back in a minute.