

De La Soul, Not Over Till The Fat Lady Plays The

DOVE:

Standing on the corner building. Seen the path.
Looking at the corner streetlight, walking, and
waiting for my brother to come over and then
someone tapped me on my shoulder. 180 degrees I
did. Oh my... what? Oh oh!

I didn't hesitate so I ran and I ran and I ran
and I ran and I tries to catch a cab.

(Cab driver, fuck you)

I ran into an abandoned building, I heard big
heavy breathing on my back I turned 180 degrees
again and oh oh! Oh my God!

Oh, I dashed and I dashed and I dashed and I
skipped into the BK lounge. I asked the lady if
I could get a Whopper. She was facing... she was
facing toward the back. She turned around...
she stated: (Can I take your order?) Oh Chrissie!
Once again, I dashed and I dashed and I dashed
to my pad. The phone started ringing, but
luckily my answering machine was on and with
the quickness...

(Hey, how ya doing, sorry you can't get through)

Yeah, saved by the ha ha ha. I went into the
shower. Oh my... I heard the holler... I turned
the water on and she was screaming... who could
it be? What did she want from me? What did she
want from me? What did she want from me? She
was screaming and screaming and she had the tape
in her hand. But I knew what she wanted. I knew
what she wanted. I knew what she wanted.

(Please listen to my demo)

(Mumbled: And wit your wrinkled pussy)

(I can't be your lover)