

De La Soul, Ring Ring

DOVE:

Hey how ya doin'
Sorry ya can't get through
Why don't you leave your name
And your number
And I'll get back to you
Hey how are ya doin'
Sorry ya can't get through
But leave your name (uh)
And your number
And I'll get back to you.

Once again it's another rap bandit
Fiending at I and I can't stand it
Wanna be down with the Day-Glo
Knocking on my door, saying, "a yo yo"
Knocking on my door, saying, "a yo yo"
&"I got a funky new tune with a fly banjo"
I can't understand what the problem is
I find it hard enough dealing with my own biz
How'd they get my name and number
Then I stop to think and wonder
Bout a plan, yo man, I gotta step out town
You wanna call me up? Take my number down
It's 222-2222
I got an answering machine that can talk to you
It goes

POS:

Hey how ya doin'
Sorry ya can't get through
But leave your name and your number
And I'll get back to you

Yo, check it, exit the old style
Enters the new
But nothing's new 'bout being hawked by a crew
Or should I say flock cause around every block
There's Harry, Dick, and Tom, with a demo in his palm
Now I'm with helping those who want to help themselves
And flaunt a nut that's doggy as in dope
But it's not the mood to hear
The tales of limousines and pails
Of money they'll make like a pro
I be like, "Yo black, just play me the tape"
But at the show the time to spare I just make
But the songs created in they shacks
Are so wick-wick-wack, situations like this
And now I hate they give me smiles Kool-Aid wide and ask,
&"Was it def?"
And with the straightest face I be like, "Hell yes."
I slip them the digits to Papa Prince Paul
So I don't go AWOL but yet I know when they call
They get

MASE:

Hey how ya doing
Sorry ya can't get through
Why don't you leave your name
And your number
And I'll get back to you
Hey how are ya doin'
Sorry you can't get through
Why don't you leave your name and your number

And I'll get back to you
Check it out

Party at the dug-out on Diction Ave
Haven't been to the jam in quite a while
Figure I'll catch up on the latest styles
'Stead piles and piles of demo tapes bi-da miles
All I wanna do is cut on the decks wild
But edition up here bi-da miles to the center
Reliever of duty, Plug One mosies in
And I be like, "Yo G, Pos does all the producing"

POS:

Now woe is me to the third degree
Mase pulls the funny so I make like a bunny
Jettin'
But I'm getting used to this demo abuse
Getting raped and giving birth to a tape
Cause there's no escape from the clutches of a hawker
Attached to my success, sent like a stalker
Make way to my radius playin fly guy
Try to get on my back they force like Luke Sky
Me Myself and I go through this act daily
And rarely do I not
No matter how I dodge some jackal always nails me
No matter what the plot
And even out on tour they be like,
"Yo I got a tape to play you back at the hotel"
I be like "Oh swell"
Unveil the numeric code to dial my room
And tell them to call me at noon
But of course there's no answering machine in my room
But a pretty young adorer
Who I swung on tour
And if it rings while we're alone
She'll answer the phone
And with the quickness she'll recite like a poem

DOVE:

"Hey, you done did the right thing, dial up my ring ring
Now you're waiting on the beep.
Say, I would love if you'd sing
The tune to Tru instead of fronting on the speak."
So no problemo, just play the demo
And at the end it's break out time
Please oh please don't press rewind
Cause I'll just lay it down the line

Hey how ya doing
Sorry ya can't get through
Why don't you leave your name and your number
And I'll get back to you

POS:

Hey how ya doing
Sorry ya can't get through
Why don't you leave your name and your number
And we'll get back to you.. peace