

Lexicon, What Do You Take Me For?

(Chorus 1: Nick Fury)

My name is Tonya - my name is Nick
My name is Diana - my name is Nick
My name is Sarah - my name is Nick
And whaddya take me for, the last kid to get picked?

(Chorus 2: Big Oak)

My name is Diana - my name is Oak
My name is Tonya - my name is Oak
My name is Sarah - my name is Oak
Now whaddya take me for, the little local funny joke?

Now, why is that? Why do I get passed by?
It's not like I have a peg leg and a glass eye
I'm a nice guy, but that's my curse
We all know that they say that's last and the jerks finish first
See I don't get that, it makes no sense to me
I'm not stocky so the girls won't even mention me?
Shit, I'm no J. Crew model
But my mind can offer you more than that beer in your bottle
Plus, I can tell you a lot more about life
than some smuck who wears a see-through jersey and packs a knife
Or some jerk that will talk you out of your panties
in a half an hour, and then forget your name in half that time
My name is Oak, my profession is to talk in rhyme
But when it comes to talkin to girls I'm at the back of the line
Because I'm nice, the girls think I'm harmless
The shallow guys with cash, those are their targets
The good thing is, I talk to lots of girls
But it always heads straight to the friend zone
More often than the Rams get to the end zone
Which makes it difficult to get to the bed zone
But I'm not gonna change, I'll always be the same
I've had a couple of girls, that understood my game
So I've had some success here, to all the dimes of the world
I'm coming for you next year

(Chorus 2) + (Chorus 1)

(Nick Fury)

See I'm, five-seven and a little bit more
I got a, head of hair that the girls adore
I never call them a bitch slut skeezer or whore
At least never to their face and if I did they deserved it
But, I got class so I'm holdin the door
I guess I must be the doorman cause I'm gettin ignored
I'm the nice guy except for the new tattoo
And the small criminal record startin back in high school
But because these reasons, seems we exist in different seasons
Yours range from cold to freezin
That's what your back told me as you walked right by
But I've been watchin too closely and I figured out why
I need to, grab your arm when you first walk in
I need to check out other girls while we're talkin
I'll never, call you back ever tell you how I feel
I see that's the way to get 'em - keepin it real
These L.A. girls man they're all the same
There must be somethin bout surroundin 'em with fortune and fame
That's why I sit in the back just a little bit lifted
Eyes a little shut, mind a little more gifted
Now she's talkin shit, I got a chip on my shoulder?
Always hang around with all these people that are older
Mind your own business, that's what I told her
And simple as that, she's takin orders like a soldier

(Chorus 1) + (Chorus 2)

"Just remember my rhyme, just remember my rhyme!" -> 3X
"Take heed to my rhyme and get the hell away!" -> Will Smith

{*same samples ad libbed to fade*}