

# 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!" -&gt; 3X  
"Take heed to my rhyme and get the hell away!" -&gt; Will Smith

{\*same samples ad libbed to fade\*}