

# De La Soul, The Mack Daddy On The Left

(Play it for me)  
(Kick it!)  
(The mic men are back, okay)

DE LA SOUL:  
Girls, girls, girls, girls,  
These girls I do adore  
Walking down the street watchin' ladies,  
Aow, watchin'...

MASE:  
Hold up, hold up, let's give it to the Mack Daddy  
over to the left...

JEFF:  
Pity pity pity pity wack wack wack  
A moo moo moo, a jumping jack  
Rock this is brain now I'm one step over  
Respect your parents, they're pushovers  
Chasing my fun like the IRS  
My girl's too young to have big breasts  
For a good time we chill by the mall  
I tell her tales, some small some tall  
Why, how you got peanuts, pecans,  
I wipe her cheek, she grabs my hand  
I have a curfew, she says to me  
I'll take you home, look hon, you'll see  
The deed was done and I thought to myself  
Jeff, you're the mack and no-one else

(Jeff, I told you, my name is Jeff)

The astronomical wiz, dazzler of the showbiz  
Kids of the new biz for you  
Don't try to solve it, just involve yourself  
In this deadly De La dialogue  
Yo, I smell black fog

POS:  
That's right, me and Mase blew it to clear your ass straight out of this  
sector. This is De La Soul  
wax!

MASE:  
So wait until your own piece of wax come out!

LUCKY:  
Yo, is this true? Is Jeff really coming out with his own song? And if he  
do, will he have the  
decency to  
change his name to a suitable public speaker? Yo, I don't know, but  
bring in that funky  
astronomical piano  
For this is the take-off man Luck signing off.