

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,

Aaow, 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.