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.