

Digital Underground, Hip Hop Doll

Pump pump, de pump, pump it up y'all, we're talkin
bout a hip hop doll

Babe when you feel me, ooh, how you thrill me
You are my hip hop doll
Yes, baby, would you go with me once and for all
And then when you squeeze me, ooh how you please me
You are my hip hop doll
Yeah, baby, if you married me we'd have a ball
Kick the beat, y'all

She was an east coast dame, she knew she was pretty
The place: a hotel lounge in the town of Atlantic City
The girl was down, you know what I'm sayin
there wasn't much room to groom.
People talking and tickin' clock stopped, when she walked into the room
Kick it K,
Her beauty was shocking: pretty mouth, pretty nose
A pair of black fishnet stockings: pretty feet, pretty toes
I made a last minute play to the men's room, to get myself into groove
Turned to my homeboy, asked him how I looked, my boy Earl said, "shmoove"
Got out the mirror, and went to work, my forty dollar hat was hittin
I bit down on a wintergreen certs, I stepped up and started spittin
I set my pace: I said, "Excuse me, but I scored that a nine point nine"
But her face looked confused she said, "come again,"
I said, "You know the way you fell inside of the place, you got style"
She smiled, said "You're working real hard for some satisfaction"
She grabbed the dice, and told me "go on"
I said, "Oh my God, she's givin' me action."
As we was kickin' it live, I threw a four and a five, my point was a nine
She told the maitre'd, "Bring your best bottle of wine,"
And then she tipped him a dime
The wine arrived, we made a toast
let's try to keep it all in the midst, click
I downed a swallow of wine and threw my point: a three and a six
Know what I'm sayin?

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Bust it:
Just lookin at this girl was dope
She made me nervous
(You know, like a Jewish man feels when he meets the Pope)
So I said to myself, "think fast, game, but don't insult her."
I had to be cool because the girl had class, I can tell she was cultured
I made my spill: tickets to the symphony, music by Sebastian Bach
But her reply, "Well son don't be ill,
You see I don't listen to nothin but HIP-HOP!"
I said, "damn," I let her throw me a curve
I don't know what came over me
Cause all I had to do was stay down, you know what I'm sayin
But check out my recovery:
I said, "Yo, you really like hip hop? Well, you're lookin' at an MC
And to you I dedicate this rhyme, young lady, so put your arms around me."
She said, "Baby, I've heard all the lines
I pioneered this, I'm housin, I ain't no joke
I get raw, how you like me now? You're a customer, et cetera"
But then she started to choke on her wine
I said, "Easy baby not so fast,"
I took the wine glass out of her hand
She said, "No no no, you don't seem to understand, my man

Look at the tables, you hit ten grand!"
I said, "Yeah!"
Picked up my chips, turned around, extended my arm
And then I screamed, "I'm kickin it!"
Took her by the hand, "Let's go, you're my good luck charm"

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Cut it up, fellas

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