

# 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!&quot;  
I said, &quot;Yeah!&quot;  
Picked up my chips, turned around, extended my arm  
And then I screamed, &quot;I'm kickin it!&quot;  
Took her by the hand, &quot;Let's go, you're my good luck charm&quot;

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Cut it up, fellas

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