

# Doug E. Fresh, La Di Da Di

[Slick Rick]

OK, party people in the house  
You're about to witness something you've never witnessed before  
Yes, it's the original human beat box, Doug E. Fresh  
And his partner, the grand wizard, MC Ricky D, D  
And that's me in the place to be  
And we gonna show you how we do it for '85, kickin' live, alright  
Because, um, I've got a funny feeling, um  
you're all sick of all these crap rappers  
Bitin' their rhymes because um they're back-stabbers  
But, um, when it comes to me and my friend Doug Fresh here  
There is no competition 'cause we are the best, yeah  
Finesse impress which we prove  
And y'all will realize that we are the move  
So listen close, um, so you all don't miss  
As we go a little somethin' like this  
Hit it

Ah yeah  
You know what

La-Di-Da-Di  
La-Di-Da-Di  
La-Di  
La-Di

You know what, yo peep this

La-Di-Da-Di, we likes to party  
We don't cause trouble, we don't bother nobody,  
we're just some men thats on the mic  
And when we rock up on the mic we rock the mic right  
For all of y'all keepin y'all in health  
Just to see ya smile and enjoy yourself  
'Cause it's cool when ya cause a cozy conditioning  
That we create, 'cause that's our mission  
So listen to what we say  
Because this type of shit, it happens everyday

I woke up around ten o' clock in the mornin'  
I gave myself a stretch up, a mornin' yawnin'  
Went to the bathroom to wash up  
Had some soap on my face and my hand up on a cup  
I said, um, mirror mirror on the wall  
Who is the top choice of them all  
There was a rubble dubble, five minutes it lasted  
The mirror said "you are you conceited bastard"

But that's true, thats why we never have no beef  
So then I washed off the soap and brushed the gold teeth  
Used Oil Of Olay 'cause my skin gets pale  
And then I got the files for my fingernails  
Chewed through the night and on my behalf  
I put the bubbles in the tub so I could have a bubble bath  
Clean, dry was my body and hair  
I threw on my brand new Gucci underwear  
For all the girls I might take home  
I got the Johnson's Baby Powder and the Polo cologne  
Fresh dressed like a million bucks  
Threw on the bally shoes and the fly green socks  
Stepped out my house stopped short, oh no  
I went back in, I forgot my kangol  
And then I dilly (dallied)  
I ran though a (alley)

I bumped into my homegirl (Sally) From the (valley)  
This is the girl plays hard to get so I said  
&quot;Whats wrong&quot;; 'cause she looked upset, she said

"(Following part is missing in the shorter version of the song)"  
&quot;It's all because of you  
I'm feelin' sad and blue  
You went away  
and now my life is filled with rainy days  
I love you so,  
how much you'll never know  
'Cause you took your love away from me  
Ahuhuhuuu&quot;

Now what was I to do,  
she's cryin' over me and she was feelin' blue  
I said, um, &quot;don't cry, dry your eye  
Here comes your mother with those two little guys&quot;  
Her mean mother stepped up, said to me &quot;hi&quot;  
Looked Sally in the face and decked her in the eye  
Punched her in the belly and stepped on her feet  
Slammed the child on the hard concrete  
The bitch was strong, the kids was gone  
Something was wrong, I said &quot;what is goin' on&quot;  
I tried to break it up, I said stop it, leave her  
She said, if I can't have you, she can't either  
She grabbed me closely by my socks  
So I broke the hell out like I had the chicken pox,  
But she gave chase, she caught up quick  
She put a finger in the face of MC Rick  
She said &quot;why don't you give me a play  
So we can go cruisin' in my oj  
And if you give me that OK  
I'll give you all my love today  
Oh Ricky, Ricky, Ricky, can't you see  
Somehow your words just hypnotize me  
And I just love your jazzy ways,  
oh MC Rick my love is here to stay&quot;  
And on and on and on she kept on  
The bitch been around before my mother's born  
I said &quot;cheer up&quot;;, I gave her a kiss  
I said &quot;you can't have me, I'm too young for you miss&quot;  
She says &quot;no you're not&quot;;, then she starts cryin'  
I says &quot;I'm nineteen&quot;;, she said &quot;stop lyin'&quot;  
I says &quot;I am, go ask my mother  
And with your wrinkled pussy, I can't be your lover&quot;

To the heart tick tock ya don't stop  
To the heart tick tick and ya don't quit, hit it

Don't never forget Doug E. Fresh and the Get Fresh Crew...  
(fades)