

Grandmaster Flash, Underarms

Well you got a hot date and you wanna be fly
Throw on a Gucci blazer and a Gucci tie
Not a hair out of place, a freshly-shaved face
You think you're walkin' out the house with style and grace
(Don't you)

You pick up your girl and take her to dinner
'Cause when the night is over you think you're gonna win her
Then you move real close using all your charm
And then your girl says "Baby guess that"

(I smell your underarms)

That odor, it's ringin' out loud and clear as a bell
You can't hear it because you're immune to the smell
I describe your aroma as foul and pathetic
And they can use your odor as the latest anesthetic
Now I know that it's stone cold funk, I can tell
'Cause it's written all over by the way you smell
That funk the aroma, that smell, that scent
You'll be arrested for malicious body odor intent
Your odor going 'round, doin' people bodily harm
And then somebody turned around and said

(I smell your underarms)

You woke up late for work usin' the same old line
Don't think I'm gonna wash my underarms this time
The more you ignore, the worse the smell grows
And you pick out all clothes by using your nose
It was the rush hour when I was on the train
And the smell of underarms was drivin' me insane
It was a sure-fire way of bringing me to my death
I couldn't hold a conversation, I was holding my breath
And you could see the funk just like a cloud in the air
Was homeboy sittin' next to me, I swear!
And when I saw the direction this girl was leaning
You could hear homebody's underarms just screaming
(ugh.....)

(I smell your underarms)

Hanging at a party one night, all alone
Sippin' on a bottle of Dom Perignon
The crowd was on the floor, rocking the beat
Smelling like they ain't bathed since last week
The smell was all through the house, cold rockin' the place
The funk fill the air like a fresh can of Mace
When you raised your hands I had to sound the alarm
A girl said "Look, there's Monster growin' under his arm"
We were so shocked we couldn't even run (uhgh)
And they declared his arm public enemy number one
Now throw your hands in the air, if you want to party hard
Now put your hands back down, everybody's, 'cause
You didn't use Right Guard

(I smell your underarms)