

MC Lyte, Mickey Slipper

[lyte] □ready?

[guy] □no.

[lyte] □oh!

[lyte] *whistling scrappy doo* puppy, power!

[lyte] *beatboxing like a pro*

[guy] □okay, hello!

[lyte] □watch your drin.. what? watch your drink!

No no.. I think I'm too late, am I too late?

Hit it!

I'm coolin in the sun, on a beach in the cabana

Sippin on some vodka in a glass with tropicana

I'm chillin and I'm chompin on a turkey shish-ka-bob

Too far from work to hear the phone ring at the job

Men in bikinis, g-strings should I say

Waitin for the daddy-long-one to come my way

Here he comes now, I feel I start to sweat

Blunder but I wonder just how wet will I get

He offers me his hand, of course you know I take it

Until he tells me that he wants to swim a little naked

My eyes are bulgin, I black out, damn it's black as tar

Woke up I don't know when, sittin at the bar

I know it's hard to follow, the story's kinda tricky

What I didn't know was somebody slipped a mickey

Into my drink, which caused a fantasy

And somehow slapped me back into reality!

Wish I had another mickey I'd go back for a quickie

Find the daddy-long-one that was surely tryin to get me

This just goes to show, you must stop and think

When you're out partyin, never leave your drink..

Word!