

# MC Lyte, Mickey Slipper

[lyte] □ready?

[guy] □ho.

[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!