

# Mindless Self Indulgence, La-Di Da-Di

To all the stupid in the house  
You are about to witness something you have never witnessed before  
You said they couldn't do it but  
This is for Kenny Muhammad and his lucky two: Grand Whiz and Little Jimmy  
(indecipherable)  
That you are now in the place to be we gonna show you how we do it for the year 2005  
Kickin' it live speed  
'Cause I got it locked and dealin'  
And you are sick of all them rappers bitin' their rhymes  
Because we nee-need back stabbers  
When it comes to me and my associate Kenny Muhammad  
And there is no proof there  
And they are sick because we know how fuck the product  
Weeeeeeeeeee  
We crossed  
We're in the P-P-Paul mix  
We're the big bomb  
I wish I knew more than I could ever wish to know  
And to show you some clear soul (damn straight)  
So all you know the man says it would go a little something like this  
Oh  
La-di-da-di-da-di  
We likes to party-party  
We always causin' trouble-trouble  
Bothering everybody  
We are just some men up on the mic  
When-when we grab the pitch  
YO WE GRAB THAT SHIT TIGHT  
Fuck all of y'all who's going to Hell  
Just keep on smilin' and enjoy yourself  
'Cause it's cool when you cause a cozy-conditionin'  
And that's what we create, because that be our mission  
So listen close to what we say  
Because (what) this type of shit it happens everyday (what)  
this type of shit it happens everyday (what)  
this type of shit it happens everyday  
I woke up around two in the mornin'  
Did a lot of coke, strechin', yawnin'  
Went into the BATHROOM to wash up  
Put the soap on my face and my hand on my crotch  
I said, mirra, mirra, on-on the wall, who be the top-choice of-of them all?  
There was a rubble-rubble-dubble  
Five minutes it lasted. The mirror said...  
You are, you conceited bastard!  
Well that's true, that's why we never have no beef  
And so I washed off the soap and I brushed the gold teeth  
I ch-ch-changed my clothes, spiked my hair  
I busted out the brand new Gucci underwear  
And for all the little girls that I might take home, we have  
The Johnson's baby powder and the Polo cologne  
Fresh-dressed like a million dolla's  
I wore the high tops and pop the flat colla'  
Stepped out the crib, stopped short  
Ahhh, nawww shit, God damn  
Shit I forgot my fuckin' Cango  
Dammy-dilly-dally, me run into an alley  
Got me busted into me old girl Shaniqua from the valley, (uhh-huhh)  
God damn bitch played hard to get  
So I said, what's up girl, you look like shit  
Don't cry, dry your eye  
Sally tells her momma, you all better hide tonight  
Because her mom stepped up from behind  
Hit her in the face, stabbed her in the eye  
Punched her in the belly, stepped on her feet

Slammed the girl on the hard concrete  
Oohhhh bitch was strong, momma's gone  
Something seemed wrong, now what is goin' on  
I tried to bust it up, I said, stop it, leave her  
She said, if I can't have you, she can't eitherrrrrrr  
She grabbed me hard, around my cock  
her arm broke out cause I had the chicken pox  
Momma gave chase, she caught us quickly  
She put her fucking finger in the face of Little Jimmy and said,  
Why don't you give me some play  
Stop avoiding me like you is gay  
I wet my pants whenever you say  
Oohhh bitches love me cause they know that I can  
Jimmy, Jimmy, Jimmy, can't you see  
Sometimes your words just hypnotize me  
I love your faggy ways, I guess that's why you're always getting laid  
Oohh on and on and on and on and... (word) whatever (shaka-zulu)  
I said, (played out) I'm gonna give her a kiss  
I said, you can't have me, I am too young for you miss  
She said, no you are not, then she starts to cry  
I said, I'm 18 and she says stop lying  
Seriously, go ask mother  
And with your wrinkled pussy, you can't be my loverrrrrr  
Pow  
Okay people, we're talking about Kenny Muhammad The Human Orchestra  
I'm not jokin' ya know  
He's wicked, he's livin', he's vibin'  
With the hardcore verbal beatery  
Beat box criminal, top of his catagory  
That's a little something special for your Mindless CD