

## Fanatic of the B Word

De La Soul

Ha ha! Ah yeah! Got it going on like a big old fat high hard-on!  
(Hooo-weeee!) Black Sheep in the house, sweet daddy Mr. Lawnge in the  
house, my man the Dres in the house, you know what I'm sayin',  
Huey Love in the house, long Posdnuos, Dove, Prince Paul, the immigrant  
Lucien in the house. The house Dreddy Bear, ha, Mike G!

Come on everybody let's baseball  
Come on everybody do the baseball  
Come on, come on, come on, come on  
Come on everybody let's baseball  
Come on everybody let's baseball  
Come on everybody do the baseball  
Everybody, everybody, everybody, everybody  
Come on everybody let's baseball

Got it goin' on. Swing it over here! Ochay, ochay, ochay.  
We gonna swing it over here, swing it over there. We gonna do the  
baseball. Ha ha ha!

(Three feet)

A Nubian sprocket is the one  
Plug One, cut the cap  
Forward is the marcher of the chant,  
To the clan, unless you slept  
Willy to the Wonka of the feat  
Smoke your blunt, but close your drapes  
If we get fined by police,  
Don't worry, yo, I got the papes  
Toxic is the talk that I tell,  
Tell the tales from the lady who's fat  
Chris made the dope beat but no Bo Peeps  
(And you can't beat that with a baseball bat)

Swing is the is of my step  
Plug Two, groove a gut  
On gets by when it's kept  
Three miles to my step  
Forgiveness to the foes is false  
I cook goose and serve a plate  
Position is opposed to a loss  
No cost, no relate  
Brother got a badge of his own  
Because the link of the life is slack  
This licks 'em down to the Tootsie Pop  
(And you can't beat that with a baseball bat)

Move over just a bit to the right of me  
For I cannot see where the booty is  
I sit, I'm looking out a foggy window  
Crack it just a bit, yo this is showbiz  
It's as though a pound goes around and around  
So I give a pound then I do the step  
Dres will be with Boca on the side  
Can I crack a smile for doz who slept  
Phonetics and kinetics perservere  
Therefore I kick it

I took the L.I.R.R. but I did not have a ticket  
Had some Chinese food but I didn't have a spoon  
I had a dope rhyme but I didn't have it soon  
I'm looking out the window  
Day is filled with rain and gloom  
Man oh man oh man I hope I find my spoon soon  
Eating large fish 'cause I know it ain't cat  
(And you can't beat that with a baseball bat)

(Rrrr-RAH!)

Yo this is Plug One and I'm saying peace to Lorraine in Holland,  
thanks for not having my baby, peace.  
This is Dres. Danica, Boston, my first tight cushion, love you.  
Yo this is the Sugar Dick Daddy, I'd like to say peace  
to my father, Bombed Out Brother.  
This is Baby Huey Plug Three, and I'd like to say peace to  
that mother a-ahem who stole my Pathfinder in front of the studio, peace!  
Yo what's up, this is Prince Paul, I'd like to say what's up  
to all the doo doo eaters and all the Kelvin Mercer look-  
alikes, and I'm out.

(God damn!)

(Have a ball!)