

# Hypo Full Of Love

Alabama 3

Brothers and sisters I have a confession to make this evening. I been a fool , I been hanging out on street corners with whores and junkies - living mah life low. But lately a little bit of light has come into mah life and that light be the light of love; D. W.A.Y.N.E. LOVE nand he be a man with a 12-step plan and he gonna show you how to do it.

Step One

You admit you are powerless under me

Step Two

You figure that's just gotta be jelly cos jam just don't shake like that

Step Three

Make a searching inventory of all your good shit

Step Four

Inventory taken, you hand all that good shit over to me

Step Five

Having divined I am the real thing you get down on your knees

Step Six

....and humbly ask me to remove your underthings

Step Seven

And make ready for me to do mah thing

Step Eight

Naked now you're ready to understand mah kind of lovin'

Step Nine

Lovin men ,lovin women ,lovin all God's creatures

Step Ten

And in turn you're divestments having been completed

Step Eleven

Ah get turned on by you, and in turn being turned on by you

Step Twelve

I know you're ready to become a disci disciple, a lonely little reverend

Making his way day by day, in the congregation

Hustling a dollar here, a dollar there, selling pictures of The King

To bring back to the coffers of the all powerful all holy Reverend Doctor D.

W.A.Y.N.E

Love first Reverend of The First Presleytarian Church Of Elvis The Divine.

If you see me standing on the corner, money in mah hand

I ain't waiting for no taxi honey, I'm waiting for mah man

He aint selling heroin, he aint selling crack cocaine

He got enough of that stuff gonna me you up to

A higher plane

Shoot me up

In the mainline

Shoot me up

You know I feel fine

Shoot me up

Every damn day

With a hypo full of love

With a hypo full of love

Shoot me up

Deep down inside

Shoot me up

You know you can't hide

Shoot me taxi honey, I'm waiting for mah man

He aint selling heroin, he aint selling crack cocaine

He got enough of that stuff gonna move

33 minutes down till you lose the misery

Hey baby there's no need to go under, just ring  
D.Wayne's number up and you be feeling free  
D.Wayne is on the mainline, tell him what you want  
Just call him up and tell him what you want  
If your sick and you wanna get well, tell him what you want  
Just call him up and tell him what you want.

From brother D. Wayne  
With a hypo full of love  
An a hypo full of love

Your monkey's messing with bad medicine  
He be down with the Jones  
Sweating, Shaking, bodies aching  
Badly feel the fever in your bones  
T-t-t-tripping out you starta count