

# Dum Dums

Das EFX

Dum dum dilly dee dum dum  
(Diddy diddy dum dum)  
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(Dum dum)

Verse One: Dray

Aiyo peep it can you keep it down while I rock  
tick tock about this chick around the block?  
She was high host to the most hostess no boastin  
Back in '85 she was live yo no jokin  
A real go getter, didn't try and sweat her  
Fifteen years old and she was pushin a jetter  
She had loot, moms and pops dukes had the bankin  
She walked around school and the stunt would act stankin  
Bitch, young Miss, only dated older fellas  
My slang couldn't hang, no thang, I wasn't jealous of her  
Chorus

Verse Two: Dray

Oh yeah, where was I? Bustin, now I'm ready  
Now it's '87 and Miss Thing is goin steady  
She was schoolin, chillin cos her man was makin papers  
Tellin all her friends that these niggas caught the vapors  
He found her, phoned her, then yo we boned her  
Soon came a smack then he act like he owned her  
He used her, 'bused her, fractured her wrist  
then the Tommy got slapped behind her back gettin dissed  
I was buggin, nuff on the stuff that I was seein  
But that's how it goes for the hoes when they're bein.....  
Chorus

Verse Three: Skoob

Aiyo mirror, mirror, mirror, mirror, mirror on my dresser  
Remember that chick Loretta, back in the days I used ta sweat her  
I wanted to smoke the boots, troop, it didn't matter  
She was kickin it to my man Stan who's livin phatter  
than me, hops, chillin in my hoodie and my Reebok's  
Now she's in a jam cos, Stan was slangin rocks, but  
look at me now, honey, cos this the morning after  
I'm yapper, a nappy-headed undaground rappa  
Word to mom dukes, she was suits so I took her to my show  
Just to show my niggas that the hooker was.....  
Chorus

Verse Four: Skoob

Ah the show was phat, now it's back to the room, G  
Yo mirror, this is where Loretta tried to do me  
My neck was on her tongue, \*?Ep's?\* was gettin swung  
Krayz was gettin biz with the friend that she brung  
Then she took it upon herself to let me know she's in the mood-a  
Then she licked her boot-a, oh shoot-a, I screwed her  
I showed her, I rolled her, from here to North Dakota  
I gangbanged the boots like a Brooklyn troop oughta  
I stuck it in her [BACKWARDS], bust a nut, she was starvin  
So I pushed in the bush til those lips started partin, but she  
was.....

Chorus to fade