

Bitties in the BK Lounge

De La Soul

Yo man let me make some Cpt.Krunch
Man alright
Yo man we have any milk?
Yeah, what time is it?
I don't know, what day is it?
Don't know, well I'll tell you
Well, it was a Wednesday
Me and Boss Hog was kinda hungry
Like two eggs, and a slop beef slice of lettuce
And a glass of milk and some cookies
Spotted in the mist was a BK logo
What we said, well what do you know
This chick thought I was trying to play fly
'Cause I had a pair of blue jeans on
Young girl, won't you take my order?
She said, "Yeah, but right now I'm sorta busy
Don't you see I'm trying to put this
Band Aid on my finger?"
Lingering, I can tell
She's a B-K mademoiselle
Ripped uniform and bottom bell
And some Jelly stuff on her sleeve
Look to this 'cause I had no name tag on my collar
Could be pissed 'cause she's clocking 2.45 an hour
And then Boss Hog hollar
"Girl you better make this quick"
She said, "I ain't your girl
And I ain't your chick"
I had an idea and lickity split
Took my hat off and that was it
Dread locks fallen all over me and then I said, "Yeah, now we'll see"
And O' with quick velocity honey was mesmerized
"Ain't you that guy?", "Ain't you that girl"
"De La Soul, right?", "No Tracy Chapman"
Why don't you come over to the counter
And write me out an autograph?"
Ha ha ha, I had to laugh
She was quick with the Bic just to get that autograph
But me and Hogg just laughed, and laughed
"What's the name of that song you sing?"
"Living in a fast car," I said
Forget about the order I made, I'll go get a slice of pizza instead
Bitties in the BK Lounge, all they do is beg and they scrounge
Bitties in the BK Lounge, the bitties in the BK Lounge
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Excuse me, would you take my order I have to go
Shashawna's got a real job, dag don't you know
Oh yeah, it's you, now I recognize
The real real bitty with the fake fake eyes
Yo, can I interest you in some burgers and fries?
Yes you can, but you can keep your lies
'Cause you know you can't diss me but your pissing me off
I know where you live and I know that your soft
You're as booty as they come and you dress like a geek
My shoes cost more than you make in two weeks
Look, you don't have to play fly in here

I can tell your fly by the weave that you wear but you must be aware
That a fly can be swatted by a BK tray by the way yo, here's yours
I know your just sweating me to kill the noise
Of your polyester pants and their oh so high waters
Look at what you do all day but take orders
You bow tie wearing, clocking and staring
I know your just upset because you cant get the rat/wrap
I think you Chubby for my man is living slack
Yeah, I know your man, the biggest punk in school
Selling devil rock to the fiends and the fools!
With one hand that punk I could snap, the kid is so skinny
But we be livin' fat
Speaking of fat, would you like a diet soda?
'Cause less fat on you would spare us all the odor
Better yet pour it down the pants and let the acid kill
The smell that should have been left to Masingel
Let me make you a deal, take the soda free and jet
I got to much family to heed your threats
Are you a family man?
Well I shouldn't be surprized
Your sister's flipping burgers and your momma's frying fries
Don't even try that shit, oh damn look, what?
Here comes one more
It's your father he just finished mooping the floor
Now give them a hand, its the BK clan
So you can't talk garbage about who I am
Well, aren't we living foul
Speaking of foul how bout some chicken for the cow?
Oops I meant you sorry for the mix up
But your stomachs always big from the sexual slip ups
I could buy you and sell you for pennies, young man
I think there's something you should understand
I try to be nice and help the poor make money
And since I know you need it, I'll go elsewhere dummy
Now B-K workers is too damn rude
I think I'll go get me some Chinese food