Eye Patch

De La Soul

Thank you, and for my latest basket of cherries
Here it goes, baby
Mess up my mind, mess up my mind
Mess up my mind wit the eye patch
Mess up my mind, mess up my mind
Mess up my mind wit the eye patch
Mess up my mind, mess up my mind
Mess up my mind wit the eye patch
Everything I do's gonna be fine
Channeling in sync so my would bring what?
Wit dat, causin' all fat I'm responsible for ya diet, keep it quiet
Yo I got beats State this stitch on my national fabric
My daughter will speak the arabic that's how I lift
Levitate to my nation when holding up your nickels
I pie like crumble so I Don like Rickles like green on the pickle
My papes are the up master of the cabbage patch
Ya eyes got the latch so catch the cut, I hold the rut
For the people's reminder when in Maseo Path
I be the finder of the patch
Can the cat's tongue slip, ya do the 'Da Dip'
Take the horse into the jolly ranch keep the hush
The good, the bad, and Uncle Tom, beat it kid
Show the sheep 'cause I found the food
When I string the man wit the eye patch, the eye patch
When I'm walkin' it and could ya make it go sha, na, na, na
It sniffs good
Punks show disguises when I'm standing on the wood
I be the in 'cause the brother holdin' glocks is out
I be the in 'cause the pusher runnin' blocks is out
I be the in 'cause the kid smokin' weed
Shootin' seed which leads to a girl's stomach
Being 'bout a half a ton is out
Show the finger print
And give me good grief for my lumber
Pants will sag 'cause I'm licensed as a plumber
Feel the Plug, yo, something's wrong here, now give a shout
Yo what's up, I'd like to give a holler to Big fo 7 off in the Oaken
one
I bring an income in to my baby girl Twyla in White Plains
And all my peoples out in Delaware
Yeah, yeah, yeah, and I like to give a shout out
To all those rappers who dissed us on records
and I wanna let you know you're still wack
And oh yeah, I ain't mentioned no names 'cause you might fuck
All right, I'm sorry, I didn't know you were going back to that
Ecoutez, Ecoutez