

Potholes in My Lawn

De La Soul

Yo, something's wrong here, no, not again
Get the daisies for the

Potholes in my lawn
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Everybody's sayin', what to do
When suckin' lunatics start diggin' and chewin'
They don't know that the soul don't go for that potholes in my lawn
And that goes for my rhyme sheet which I concentrated so hard on
See I don't ask for maximum security but my dwellin' is swellin'

It nipped my bud when I happened to fall
Into a spot where no ink or an ink-blot was on a scroll
I just wrote me a new 'Mot' but now it's gone,
There's no suckers knew that I hate
To recognize that every time I'm writin', it's gone

Yodel-a-hee, yodel-oh-hee, yodel-a
Yodel-a-hee, yodel-oh-hee, yodel-ee-hee-hee-hee

Potholes in my lawn

I've found that it's not wise to leave my garden untended
'Cause eyes has now pardoned all laws of privacy
Even paws are after my writer see
After seeing that everyone's sayin' what to do when suckers are preyin'
Upon my well-guarded spreadsheets
Oh why, hell does it send up fleets of evil-doers through the big hole

To get to evil-doers who dig holes which leaves my lawn with lawn-chew
I think I'd better plant traces to give clues or better yet call 911
And when they get here I inform them I'm the Plug One
Open a chair and let them realize the reason for concern of the Soul
'Cause we've come down with a case of potholes

Yodel-a-hee, yodel-oh-hee, yodel-a
Yodel-a-hee, yodel-oh-hee, yodel-ee-hee-hee-hee

Who stole, who stole, who stole the cookie from the cookie jar?

Now you got the message
What to do when you die the death that I predict in 'Plug Tunin'
It's a shame that you deny to claim
That you stole my words of fame that I wrote in my rhyme sheet
Which I concentrated so hard on
See I don't ask for a barbed wire fence B

My dwellin' is swellin', it nipped my bud
When I happened to fall into a spot
Where no ink or an ink-blot was on a scroll
I just wrote me a new 'Mot' but now it's gone there's no
Suckers knew that I hate to recognize
That every time I'm writin' it's gone

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