

# Take It Off

De La Soul

It's hurting, you can smell, smell your breath  
You smell like Jabba, your nose is what's doing it  
You're talking into the recording, yo  
Okay, Lucky, start it off

Take, take, take, take it off  
Take, take, take, take it off  
Take, take, take, take it off  
Take, take, take, take it off

Take it off  
Take that suede front off  
Take it off  
Take those contacts off

Take it off  
Take that horse meat off  
Take it off  
Take those shell-toes off

Take it off  
Take those track fleas off  
Take it off  
Take that doo-rag off

Take it off  
Take that moth neck off  
Take it off  
Take those fat laces off

Take it off  
Take that bomber off  
Take it off  
Take that BVD off

Take it off  
Take those Converse off  
Take it off  
And those Gazelles too

Take it off  
Take that Kangol off  
Take it off  
Take that Jordache off

Take it off  
Take that afro off  
Take it off  
Take that jhericurly off

Take it off  
Take that Le Tigre off  
Take it off

Take those acid-washed jeans  
Bell-bottomed, designed by your mama off  
Please? Please