

Body-Hats (Part Two)

Digital Underground

Show me a cat, wouldn't hesitate to skin it
Now they're puttin words in it, so now I need a Body-ody Hat
For my mouth, (roof! roof! roof!) is the sound
Cause the clowns keep doggin me

I need a Body-Hat, it'd probably be fat
If I could get two-for-one with the poems intended
In comes the cream from under the spleen
So I scream, I dream (what a nut), oohwee

Maaan, the heebie-jeebies I see
The rhetoric and chatter that I hear
It's got my mind and my body in fear
I feel like suin, primetime radio
Keeps doin me in the ear

The TV's trying to gee Shockalock's mind
And Shockalock's got a Body-Hat, blind
I'm not so I block brainwashed nuts with the bag
Like TV on the rag

She used exchange the head but now
Instead, she just wanna rub me down

Yo, my woody wants to get into the flow
But I said no, you gotta wait for the Nose to go

They used to be quick to lick, the tricks
But now they just wanna rub em down

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When it goes down you don't get burnt you get smoked
What up, Doc? Murder shewrote was the verdict
Heard it ain't safe anymore, sure, jeez
Or could it be that I'm the disease locked in my Body-Hat
Protected from you or you from me
Or us, whatever, birds of a feather together
I'm too clever, America ain't with it

Gotta get that head up out
A wider thing, can I swing, without a doubt
Get lubrication, my news station places me in a limbo state
Wait, things stay hard, things stay hard, things stay hard
My erection decks it with an uppercut
Straight to the jaw, watch my pelvis bouncing the butt
Squeeze my bosoms (titties), oh yeah
But don't put the cock on the chopping block