

I'm a pale imitator of the boy in the sky
With a cap in his hand and another in his tie
I'm the light in the mall when the power is gone
The shadow in the corner, just playin' along
I'ma lay right in my bed, I'm rolling aside
But if I get a car (Uh), I'm roamin' to ride
Because I know if I ever chill of leavin' you
You've got a folding chair, and you don't know what to do
You talk

You wanna do it, but you don't know what you're doin', baby
(Ah-ah-ah-ah)
You wanna feel it, but you don't know what you're feelin', good night
(All right, how are we doing?)

And if you're thinking that I don't know what you're thinkin', baby
(Ah-ah-ah-ah)
You're done with thinking and I'm going out and making it right
(All right, how do you do?)

I'm impregnable, incredible, the setting of quo
I'm late in my ride, n' not a heart and so' on
I got a Saturday night, and nothing is dead
And if I ever had to do it, well, you know I wouldn't care
I just kicked down, I love when I'm seen
Yeah, and if I wanna call back, the message is free
Then there's a fire, a ray, a now out the sun
And if you get popped here, you get 'em a lot
You get a heart, bake

You wanna do it, but you don't know what you're doin', baby
(Ah-ah-ah-ah)
You wanna feel it, but you don't know what you're feelin', good night
(All right, how are we doing?)

And if you're thinking that I don't know what you're thinkin', baby
(Ah-ah-ah-ah)
You're done with thinking and I'm going out and making it right
(All right, how do you do?)

Every time we try, we get nowhere
Wouldn't it be nice if we were just normal people, yeah?
Tryin' so hard to act like we don't care (Hmmm)
But it's true, you do, nothin' is left, so I guess I'm right

New word: Onomateopoeia (Boom)
Quit actin' like you don't wanna be here
Fuck around and get jumped like leap year
Glock and a glove make you really wanna leave me a...
...lone, get the fuck on, go'n
Okay, okay, okay, back to the happy songs
Rap ain't nothin' but an auto-talkin' kit
My girl look pretty up there ridin' dick
My plaid past, my solid future
Astronaut ass and a gorgeous coochie
I'm an outcast, but you're into me
Summer got mad 'cause winter blew me

That Juicy Fruit, that splooshie-sploosh
Generation X on bloop-de-bloop
Get duked out, or get dookie-duked
Er'rybody hit the floor, we through the roof
Like a chimney, now come in me
How come it be, some lame, man
Nigga talkin' 'bout "Aww, he don't rap enough"
But y'all rap a lot and I'm like "Wrap it up, hoe"
Ye ain't Scarface, ye ain't Willie D
Ye ain't Bushwick, ye ain't killin' me
Better play with ya ma'fuckin' mama
Betcha still stay witcha ma'fuckin' mama
Keep sleepin' on me, I'ma rock my pajamas
In the daytime, I swear, I promise
Dare a nigga say somethin', tear a nigga face off
How come blacks don't play baseball?
Y'all white, know y'all can taste all this fly shit
I stay finna take off

Do ya damn thing, do ya thing-a-thing
Do ya damn thing, do ya thing-a-thing
Do ya damn thing, do ya thing-a-thing
Ye ain't fresh squeezed juice, nigga, you that Tang

Do ya damn thing, do ya thing-a-thing
Do ya damn thing, do ya thing-a-thing
Do ya damn thing, do ya thing-a-thing
Well, is you really Slick Rick? Nope, you just ain't a thing

Bet it up, head erupts
A lava language and a vocal volcanic
If it ain't fixed, don't broke it, don't panic
If it ain't this, it ain't shit, goddammit
If it ain't this, it ain't dope, it don't flush
And if it ain't hip or don't hop, well then hush
"Man, they sound like," "Man, they stole yo',"
"Man, they look like": Nope, it ain't us

Ah, do ya damn thing, do ya thing-a-thing
Do ya damn thing, do ya thing-a-thing
Do ya damn thing, do ya thing-a-thing
Is you really Slick Rick? No, you just ain't a thing

Do ya damn thing, do ya thing-a-thing
Do ya damn thing, do ya thing-a-thing
Do ya damn thing, do ya thing-a-thing
Ye ain't fresh squeezed juice, nigga, you that Tang

Every time we try, we get nowhere
Wouldn't it be nice if we were just normal people, yeah?
Tryin' so hard to act like we don't care (I 'on't care)
But it's true, you do, nothin' is left, so I guess I'm right

Flip the page, our days are revelations
Space is strange, doctor, I've got no patience!
Oh, it's all a part of the process (Okay, okay)
Nothin's new, it's true, cool, I admit, shit, I guess you're right!