

# Underarms

Grandmaster Flash

Words: G.Williams, L.Dukes, N.Glover Music: L.Smith, G.Vaughn, G.Williams

Arranged by: L.Smith, J.Saddler - 1987 From the Album "Ba-Dop-Boom-Bang"

Well you got a hot date and you wanna be fly

Throw on a Gucci blazer and a Gucci tie

Not a hair out of place, a freshly-shaved face

You think you're walkin' out the house with style and grace

(Don't you)

You pick up your girl and take her to dinner

'Cause when the night is over you think you're gonna win her

Then you move real close using all your charm

And then your girl says "Baby guess that"

(I smell your underarms)

That odor, it's ringin' out loud and clear as a bell

You can't hear it because you're immune to the smell

I describe your aroma as foul and pathetic

And they can use your odor as the latest anesthetic

Now I know that it's stone cold funk, I can tell

'Cause it's written all over by the way you smell

That funk the aroma, that smell, that scent

You'll be arrested for malicious body odor intent

Your odor going 'round, doin' people bodily harm

And then somebody turned around and said

(I smell your underarms)

You woke up late for work usin' the same old line

Don't think I'm gonna wash my underarms this time

The more you ignore, the worse the smell grows

And you pick out all clothes by using your nose

It was the rush hour when I was on the train

And the smell of underarms was drivin' me insane

It was a sure-fire way of bringing me to my death

I couldn't hold a conversation, I was holding my breath

And you could see the funk just like a cloud in the air

Was homeboy sittin' next to me, I swear!

And when I saw the direction this girl was leaning

You could hear homebody's underarms just screaming

(ugh.....)

(I smell your underarms)

Hanging at a party one night, all alone

Sippin' on a bottle of Dom Perignon

The crowd was on the floor, rocking the beat

Smelling like they ain't bathed since last week

The smell was all through the house, cold rockin' the place

The funk fill the air like a fresh can of Mace

When you raised your hands I had to sound the alarm

A girl said "Look, there's Monster growin under his arm"

We were so shocked we couldn't even run (uhgh)

And they declared his arm public enemy number one

Now throw your hands in the air, if you want to party hard

Now put your hands back down, everybody's, 'cause

You didn't use Right Guard

(I smell your underarms)