

Mickey Slipper

MC Lyte

Ready?

No

Oh

Puppy, power

Okay, hello

Watch your drink, what? Watch your drink

No, no, I think I'm too late, am I too late?

Hit it, I'm coolin' in the sun, on a beach in the cabana

Sippin' on some vodka in a glass with Tropicana

I'm chillin' and I'm chompin' on a turkey shish-ka-bab

Too far from work to hear the phone ring at the job

Men in bikinis, G-strings should I say

Waitin' for the daddy long one to come my way

Here he comes, now, I feel I start to sweat

Blunder but I wonder just how wet will I get

He offers me his hand, of course you know, I take it

Until he tells me that he wants to swim a little naked

My eyes are bulgin', I black out, damn, it's black as tar

Woke up, I don't know when, sittin' at the bar

I know it's hard to follow, the story's kinda tricky

What I didn't know was somebody slipped a Mickey

Into my drink, which caused a fantasy

And somehow slapped me back into reality

Wish I had another Mickey, I'd go back for a quickie

Find the daddy long one that was surely tryin' to get me

This just goes to show, you must stop and think

When you're out partyin', never leave your drink, word