

## Carly Simon F/ Otis Redding III, Dexter Redding "Burning Hot in Cali on a Saturday Night"

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LATEEF: I just / jump outta bed and make my way to the  
sprinkler / let the  
water wash over my soul from thinker to toe / take a  
leak and then I lean  
over the sink brushing the teeth / and now I'm in full  
swing of the morning  
ritual / mumbling the whole rhyme and re-rehearsing  
my lines / hummin'  
tunes on solo so the voice is prime and ready / steady  
as a photo through  
the course of time / then I pick out a fit of the proper  
design / I'm  
dipped fresh like pine yall / that's just in case I get any  
vaginal /  
action in the place / gotta be sure that the homies get a  
taste of the  
flavor / I double check and make sure the family got  
the date / the where,  
when, and how, everthing checked out / super-tight  
within the SoleSides  
circle of power / but now, where the fuck is X? / he's  
supposed ta had been  
here an hour ago / shit, no trip, I kick a dope freestyle  
though / take a  
moment out and give praise and thanks / and I'm  
thinking 'bout how the  
Quannum gone have the shit crankin' / in a minute no  
gimmicks, just hyped  
from the start to finish / wonderous night, beats  
thunderous, us lightin'  
up. / 1st Chorus: LATEEF AND THE GIFT OF GAB: Yeah  
yeah yeah yeah yeah  
yeah hella times /THE GIFT OF GAB: I went to sleep last  
night watching  
showtime at the Apollo /like a youngun on the night  
before Xmas watching  
the stockings / go 'round in a dingling and dance over  
their heads /  
although it wasn't Xmas stockings it was microphones  
instead /above my  
headrest. / Woke up ate my breakfast, checked off my

checklist, called Jeff  
/ just to quest if the guest list was just as requested,  
yes it was  
ex-celent, definately we'll bless this, / venue tonight  
allright, I gotta  
get hyped, midnight is when we go on... / go through  
my lines a couple of  
times / just to make sure they're sounding tight. / Had  
some clothes to  
wash, I threw 'um in the washing cycle / blew my nose  
and flossed and  
brushed. / Jumped in the shower, jumped out to get  
dressed / I'm on some  
NFL sike shit, they'll bear witness. / I'm leaving sound  
check a mess at  
six, I give a call to X, / "man let's get to rounding up the  
caravan." /  
It's a gonna be another one of those nights, the horn /  
is blowin Lyrics  
Born and Lateef are already in the car with Chief / and  
we about to strike  
tonight, shine like litebrights, / quite the hype type,  
Quannum is that  
abominable shit you like / your listening pleasure / I  
hope they treasure /  
the endeavor / like something they never / saw or will  
ever / see together  
/ that was so clever and write me letters / sayin' their  
head hurts / from  
the pressure / on their mental, although they felt as  
though they left a  
better person! 2nd Chorus: LATEEF, THE GIFT OF GAB  
AND LYRICS BORN: more  
and more yeahs and stuff like that / LYRICS BORN: Oh if  
you only knew how  
it feels doin' shows on the road or at home with your  
crew, / In the brown  
Jetta, / Due for the sound check soon, / Townsend had  
fell through, DNA  
Lounge? / Oooh god, I feel sorry for that poor retard, /  
Whose gonna  
coordinate reordering the parts, / When the SoleSides  
guys bogart the  
stage, / They got no regard, / The place is torn apart! /  
That's the  
mindset going over the bridge, / Average speed we did  
was about  
seven-fifth, / We was led by a Saturday night western  
wind flowing through  
the cockpit, / We're ready for soundcheck--or the gig, /  
Whichever begins

first it doesn't matter, / Dinner is dessert, and hors  
d'ouveures , and it  
serves amateurs, / And at first Xcel sets up the SL 12  
huns, / And we've  
huddled and exchanged three rounds freestyle each, /  
X cues the records and  
a couple heavy mettlers set up, / Three bottles of  
effervescent beverages,  
/ And the end is eminent and Quannum's in the house, /  
We 'bout to give  
you muthafuckas hemorrhages.

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