

A3

"Hypo Full Of Love"

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Brothers and sisters I have a confession to make this evening. I been a fool, I been hanging out on street corners with whores and junkies - living mah life low. But lately a little bit of light has come into mah life and that light be the light of love; D. W.A.Y.N.E. LOVE nand he be a man with a 12-step plan and he gonna show you how to do it.

Step One

You admit you are powerless under me

Step Two

You figure that's just gotta be jelly cos jam just don't shake like that

Step Three

Make a searching inventory of all your good shit

Step Four

Inventory taken, you hand all that good shit over to me

Step Five

Having divined I am the real thing you get down on your knees

Step Six

....and humbly ask me to remove your underthings

Step Seven

And make ready for me to do mah thing

Step Eight

Naked now you're ready to understand mah kind of lovin'

Step Nine

Lovin men ,lovin women ,lovin all God's creatures

Step Ten

And in turn you're divestments having been completed

Step Eleven

Ah get turned on by you, and in turn being turned on by you

Step Twelve

I know you're ready to become a disci disciple, a lonely little reverend

Making his way day by day, in the congregation

Hustling a dollar here, a dollar there, selling pictures of The King

To bring back to the coffers of the all powerful all holy Reverend Doctor D.W.A.Y.N.E

Love first Reverend of The First Presleytarian Church Of
Elvis The Divine.

If you see me standing on the corner, money in mah
hand
I ain't waiting for no taxi honey, I'm waiting for mah
man
He aint selling heroin, he aint selling crack cocaine
He got enough of that stuff gonna me you up to
A higher plane

Shoot me up
In the mainline
Shoot me up
You know I feel fine
Shoot me up
Every damn day
With a hypo full of love
With a hypo full of love
Shoot me up
Deep down inside
Shoot me up
You know you can't hide
Shoot me taxi honey, I'm waiting for mah man
He aint selling heroin, he aint selling crack cocaine
He got enough of that stuff gonna move
33 minutes down till you lose the misery

Hey baby there's no need to go under, just ring
D.Wayne's number up and you be feeling free
D.Wayne is on the mainline, tell him what you want
Just call him up and tell him what you want
If your sick and you wanna get well, tell him what you
want
Just call him up and tell him what you want.

From brother D. Wayne
With a hypo full of love
An a hypo full of love

Your monkey's messing with bad medicine
He be down with the Jones
Sweating, Shaking, bodies aching
Badly feel the fever in your bones
T-t-t-tripping out you starta count

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