

## De La Soul "Fanatic Of The B Word"

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Ah, yeah, got it going on like a big old fat high hard-on  
Black Sheep in the house, sweet daddy Mr. Lawnge in  
the house

My man, the Dres in the house, you know what I'm  
sayin'

Huey Love in the house, long Posdnuos, Dove, Prince  
Paul

The immigrant, Lucien in the house, the house Dreddy  
Bear, Mike G

Come on everybody let's baseball  
Come on everybody do the baseball  
Come on, come on, come on, come on  
Come on everybody let's baseball

Come on everybody let's baseball  
Come on everybody do the baseball  
Everybody, everybody, everybody, everybody  
Come on everybody let's baseball

A Nubian sprocket is the one  
Plug One, cut the cap  
Forward is the marcher of the chant  
To the clan, unless you slept  
Willy to the Wonka of the feat

Smoke your blunt but close your drapes  
If we get fined by police  
Don't worry, yo, I got the papas  
Toxic is the talk that I tell

Tell the tales from the lady who's fat  
Chris made the dope beat but no Bo Peeps  
And you can't beat that with a baseball bat

Come on everybody let's baseball  
Come on everybody do the baseball  
Come on, come on, come on, come on  
Come on everybody let's baseball

Come on everybody let's baseball  
Come on everybody do the baseball

Everybody, everybody, everybody, everybody  
Come on everybody let's baseball

Swing is the is of my step  
Plug Two, groove a gut  
On gets by when it's kept  
Three miles to my step

Forgiveness to the foes is false  
I cook goose and serve a plate  
Position is opposed to a loss  
No cost, no relate

Brother got a badge of his own  
Because the link of the life is slack  
This licks 'em down to the Tootsie Pop  
And you can't beat that with a baseball bat

Come on everybody let's baseball  
Come on everybody do the baseball  
Come on, come on, come on, come on  
Come on everybody let's baseball

Come on everybody let's baseball  
Come on everybody do the baseball  
Everybody, everybody, everybody, everybody  
Come on everybody let's baseball

Move over just a bit to the right of me  
For I cannot see where the booty is  
I sit, I'm looking out a foggy window  
Crack it just a bit, yo, this is showbiz

It's as though a pound goes around and around  
So I give a pound then I do the step  
Dres will be with Boca on the side  
Can I crack a smile for doz who slept?

Phonetics and kinetics persevere  
Therefore I kick it  
I took the L.I.R.R. but I did not have a ticket  
Had some Chinese food but I didn't have a spoon  
I had a dope rhyme but I didn't have it soon

I'm looking out the window  
Day is filled with rain and gloom  
Man, oh, man, oh, man, I hope I find my spoon soon  
Eating large fish 'cause I know it ain't cat  
And you can't beat that with a baseball bat

Come on everybody let's baseball

Come on everybody do the baseball  
Come on, come on, come on, come on  
Come on everybody let's baseball

Come on everybody let's baseball  
Come on everybody do the baseball  
Everybody, everybody, everybody, everybody  
Come on everybody let's baseball

Yo this is Plug One and I'm saying peace to Lorraine in  
Holland  
Thanks for not having my baby, peace  
This is Dres, Danica, Boston, my first tight cushion, love  
you  
Yo, this is the Sugar Dick Daddy  
I'd like to say peace to my father, Bombed Out Brother

This is Baby Huey Plug Three and I'd like to say peace  
to that mother  
Who stole my Pathfinder in front of the studio, peace  
Yo, what's up, this is Prince Paul, I'd like to say what's  
up  
To all the doo doo eaters and all the Kelvin Mercer look-  
alikes  
And I'm out

Goddamn  
Have a ball

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