

De La Soul "Millie Pulled A Pistol On Santa"

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"if you will suck my soul
I will lick your funky emotions"

This is the stylin' for a little that sounds silly
But nothin' silly about triflin' times of millie
Millie, a brooklyn queen-originally from philly
Complete with that accent that made her sound hilly-
billy
Around this time, the slammin' joint was milk is chilin'
But even cooler was my social worker dillon
Yeah, I had a social worker 'cause I had some troubles
Anyone who'd riff on me, I'd pop their dome like
bubbles
He'd bring me to his crib to watch my favorite races
That's how his daughter millie become one of my
favorite faces
She had the curves that made you wanna take chances
I mean on her, man, I'd love to make advances
I guess her father must 'a got the same feelin'
I mean, actually findin' his own daughter millie
appealing
At the time no one knew but it was a shame
That millie became a victim of the touchy-touchy game

Yo millie, what's the problem, lately you've been
buggin'
On your dukie earrings, someone must be tuggin'
You were a dancer who could always be found clubbin'
Now you're world renowned with the frown you're
luggin'
Come to think your face look stink when dill's around
you
He's your father-what done happen-did he ground you?
You shouldn't flip on him 'cause dill is really cool
Matter of fact, the coolest elder in the school
He hooked up a trip to bring us all the lacey
He volunteered to play old santa claus at macy's
Child, ya got the best of pops anyone could have
Dillon's cool, super hip, you should be glad
Yeah, it seemed that santa's ways were parallel with
dillon
But when millie and him got him, he was more of a

villain

While she slept in he crept inside her bedroom
And he would toss and then would force her to give
him head room

Millie tried real hard to let this hell not happen
But when she'd fuss, he would just commence to
slappin'

(yo dillon man, millie's been out of school for a week,
man, what's the

Deal?)

I guess he was givin' millie's bruises time to heal
Of course he told us she was sick and we believed him
And at the department store as santa we would see
'em

And as he smiled, his own child was at home plottin'
How off the face of this earth she was gonna knock him
When I got home, I found she had tried to call me

My machine had kicked to her hey how ya doin' (sorry)
I tried to call the honey but her line was busy

I guess I'll head to macy's and bug out on dillon

I received a call from misses sick herself

I asked her how was she recoverin' her health

She said that what she had to ask would make it seem
minute

She wanted to talk serious, I said, "go ahead-shoot"

She claimed I hit the combo dead upon the missal
Wanted to know if I could get a loaded pistol

That ain't a problem but why would millie need one

She said she wanted her pops dillon to heed one

Ran some style about him pushin' on her privates

Look honey, I don't care if you kick five fits

There's no way that you can prove to me that dill's flip

He might breathe a blunt but ya jeans he wouldn't rip

You're just mad he's your overseer at school

No need to play him out like he's someone cruel

She kicked that she would go get it from somewhere
else

Yeah, whatever you say, go for ya self

Macy's department store, the scene for santa's kisses

And all the little brats demandin' all of their wishes

Time passes by as I wait for my younger brother

He as his wish, I waste no time to return him back to
mother

As I'm jettin', millie floats in like a zombie

I ask her what's her problem, all she says is "where is
he? "

I give a point, she pulls a pistol, people screamin'

She shouts to dill he's off to hell 'cause he's a demon

None of the kids could understand what was the cause

All they could see was a girl holdin' a pistol on claus

Dillon pleaded mercy, said he didn't mean to
Do all the things that her mind could do nothing but
cling to
Millie bucked him and with the quickness it was over

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