

De La Soul "Take It Off"

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It's hurting, you can smell, smell your breath
You smell like Jabba, your nose is what's doing it
You're talking into the recording, yo
Okay, Lucky, start it off

Take, take, take, take it off
Take, take, take, take it off
Take, take, take, take it off
Take, take, take, take it off

Take it off
Take that suede front off
Take it off
Take those contacts off

Take it off
Take that horse meat off
Take it off
Take those shell-toes off

Take it off
Take those track fleas off
Take it off
Take that doo-rag off

Take it off
Take that moth neck off
Take it off
Take those fat laces off

Take it off
Take that bomber off
Take it off
Take that BVD off

Take it off
Take those Converse off
Take it off
And those Gazelles too

Take it off
Take that Kangol off

Take it off
Take that Jordache off

Take it off
Take that afro off
Take it off
Take that jhericurl off

Take it off
Take that Le Tigre off
Take it off

Take those acid-washed jeans
Bell-bottomed, designed by your mama off
Please? Please

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