

## De La Soul "What We Do"

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I'm tired  
Me too  
Uncle Ricky  
Hmm

Could you tell us a bedtime story, like you used to?  
Look, don't y'all think y'all too old for that now?  
No  
Listen, I got an adult question for y'all

Since y'all like 11 now  
Y'all ever get horny?  
Uncle Ricky  
Now, I don't mean to sound perverted

But do you ever have like sexual urges?  
No  
No? Well, you will, so sit your behind down  
And listen to Uncle Ricky and De La  
Tell y'all a grown up story  
Okay

I remember when Mama spoke of the birds  
And the east side kept me off the curb  
And Betsy Ross was sufferin' from the scaredy cat  
Till my man, Ricky, brought the remedy for that

I massage your mane coat  
Then, part your leg's, rope  
And stroke so hard  
You'll start to smell smoke

Ain't gotta drug problem but a love problem  
But then again, that may be one in the same  
I claim possession  
Pull the girl among the eighth, like Charlie Heston  
Ride off on the horse and show no remorse

She look nice  
Honey oriental, brown eyes  
Want fries?  
Chicken, vegetable, fried rice?

And I'm tryin' to get you to go  
Fast subtraction, grab some  
"Oh, don't stop, nasty black man"

Man that action had me coughin' up  
Cars, keys, and cash  
Just to sniff a fat rabbit  
I would give my very last

(When nature calls)  
You know, them boys will come runnin'  
(When nature calls)  
You know, them girls don't mind comin'

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Just to get it started, for startin' something  
Is what we do to get some lovin'  
What we do to get some lovin'

This what we do for love  
(Do for love)  
This what we do for love  
(For love)  
This what we do for love

You ain't lyin'  
I, I, 9-5 it, more like 12-12  
Can't get the thought off  
(Sex)  
From off my mental shelf

I'm like Bruce Lee  
Beatin' up the cootchie, profusely  
My tomboy chicks that act a little to butchy  
Receive this  
(Uh)

When my semen ceases  
They'll be screamin' out  
"We love bein' the female species"

Hello?  
Veronica, it's Dove  
Uh, I think, you got the wrong number  
What?

Veronica, your baby's crying  
Yo, chill  
Baby?  
Whatever yo, later

For the past two summers, I been sizin' up Veronica  
Southern belle, I heard she blow notes like a harmonica  
Yamacas couldn't satisfy her spendin' fetishes  
She was all about gettin' the head like she was lettuces

Yah, them types be actin' like they ain't sleazy  
Like this uptown chick, playin' opposite of easy  
Delighted, the honey-fly difficult, couldn't knife it  
Tight

Seen the imprint on honey's private  
Now, she's love sick  
Ruler Rick, scores again

Sex presents itself like trophies, I'm out to win  
And it's easier to claim with the fame I've obtained  
Her Mommy was a liar, she's so ashamed

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Well, I got this rude boy, Jamaican honey, at the rest  
home  
Complete with yellow hair and Cinderella dress on  
Whatever  
Been around, stuck her till she poppin', bout

Hey, take your blood-clot finger off me bottom

Anyway, another dime, I met one time  
I'm kind, chick in the world, butt fine

And her structure pumpin', told her  
Got cha mumblin' 'bout  
Slow down  
What you tryin' to rupture somethin'?

I don't bug out, I chill  
Never copped a feel  
But these pretty-ass girls come  
And flaunt in the grill

Big-ass eyes  
With the matchin', big-ass, thighs  
Asked her, if she spare a moment to exchange some  
lies?  
"But you got a girlfriend"

Ya, trick, so do you  
And I heard, there's no preference in what gender ya  
do

So, stop playin' so squeaky clean  
And let the dirty side see me later  
So we can play away from the navy

So stuck on the love, you rearranging behaviours  
Second episode, and you returnin' oral favors  
Buyin' up groceries  
Searchin' for hosiery

Holdin' hands publicly  
And now, you supposed to be  
Mr and Mrs, huh, lovin' and kisses, huh

But while you away, is when the milkman'll visit her  
Dear to the heart, we dearly depart the fallen  
So skip the games, ma  
I stay tuned to the calling

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