

Mc Lyte "Mickey Slipper"

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[lyte]ready?
[guy]no.
[lyte]oh!
[lyte] *whistling scrappy doo* puppy, power!
[lyte] *beatboxing like a pro*
[guy]okay, hello!
[lyte]watch your drin.. what? watch your drink!
No no.. I think I'm too late, am I too late?

Hit it!
I'm coolin in the sun, on a beach in the cabana
Sippin on some vodka in a glass with tropicana
I'm chillin and I'm chompin on a turkey shish-ka-bob
Too far from work to hear the phone ring at the job
Men in bikinis, g-strings should I say
Waitin for the daddy-long-one to come my way
Here he comes now, I feel I start to sweat
Blunder but I wonder just how wet will I get
He offers me his hand, of course you know I take it
Until he tells me that he wants to swim a little naked
My eyes are bulgin, I black out, damn it's black as tar
Woke up I don't know when, sittin at the bar
I know it's hard to follow, the story's kinda tricky
What I didn't know was somebody slipped a mickey
Into my drink, which caused a fantasy
And somehow slapped me back into reality!
Wish I had another mickey I'd go back for a quickie
Find the daddy-long-one that was surely tryin to get me
This just goes to show, you must stop and think
When you're out partyin, never leave your drink..
Word!

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