

Run-d.m.c. "You Be Illin'"

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One day when I was chillin' in Kentucky Fried Chicken
Just mindin' my business, eatin' food and finger lickin'
This dude walked in lookin' strange and kind of funny
Went up to the front with a menu and his money

He didn't walk straight, kind of side to side
He asked this old lady, "Yo, yo, um is this Kentucky
Fried?"
The lady said, "Yes man", smiled and he smiled back
He gave a quarter and his order, small fries, Big Mac!

You be illin', illin'
You be illin', illin'
You be illin', illin'
You be illin'

Today you won a ticket to see Doctor J
Front row seat no pay, radio in hand, snacks by feet
Game's about to start, you kickin' popcorn to the beat
You finally wake up, Doc's gone to town
Round his back, through the hoop
Then you scream, "Touchdown!"

You be illin', illin'
You be illin', illin'
You be illin', illin'
You be illin'

The other day around the way I seen you illin' at a party
Drunk as skunk you illin' punk and in your left hand was
Bacardi
You went up to this fly girl and said "Yo, yo, can I get
this dance?"
She smelt your breath and then
She left you standin' in your illin' stance

You be illin', illin'
You be illin', illin'
You be illin', illin'
You be illin'

For dinner, you ate it, there is none left

It was salty, with butter and it was def
You proceeded to eat it 'cos you was in the mood
But Holmes you did not read it was a can of dog food!

You be illin', illin'
You be illin', illin'
You be illin', illin'
You be illin'

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