

Mindless Self Indulgence

"La-Di Da-Di"

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To all the stupid in the house
You are about to witness something you have never
witnessed before
You said they couldn't do it but
This is for Kenny Muhammad and his lucky two: Grand
Whiz and Little Jimmy
(indecipherable)
That you are now in the place to be we gonna show you
how we do it for the year 2005
Kickin' it live speed
'Cause I got it locked and dealin'
And you are sick of all them rappers bitin' their rhymes
Because we nee-need back stabbers
When it comes to me and my associate Kenny
Muhammad
And there is no proof there
And they are sick because we know how fuck the
product
Weeeeeeeee
We crossed
We're in the P-P-Paul mix
We're the big bomb
I wish I knew more than I could ever wish to know
And to show you some clear soul (damn straight)
So all you know the man says it would go a little
something like this

Oh
La-di-da-di-da-di
We likes to party-party
We always causin' trouble-trouble
Bothering everybody
We are just some men up on the mic
When-when we grab the pitch
YO WE GRAB THAT SHIT TIGHT
Fuck all of y'all who's going to Hell
Just keep on smilin' and enjoy yourself
'Cause it's cool when you cause a cozy-conditionin'
And that's what we create, because that be our mission
So listen close to what we say
Because (what) this type of shit it happens everyday
(what)

this type of shit it happens everyday (what)
this type of shit it happens everyday

I woke up around two in the mornin'
Did a lot of coke, strechin', yawnin'
Went into the BATHROOM to wash up
Put the soap on my face and my hand on my crotch
I said, mirra, mirra, on-on the wall, who be the top-
choice of-of them all?
There was a rubble-rubble-dubble
Five minutes it lasted. The mirror said...

You are, you conceited bastard!
Well that's true, that's why we never have no beef
And so I washed off the soap and I brushed the gold
teeth
I ch-ch-changed my clothes, spiked my hair
I busted out the brand new Gucci underwear
And for all the little girls that I might take home, we
have

The Johnson's baby powder and the Polo cologne
Fresh-dressed like a million dolla's
I wore the high tops and pop the flat colla'
Stepped out the crib, stopped short
Ahhh, nawww shit, God damn
Shit I forgot my fuckin' Cango

Dammy-dilly-dally, me run into an alley
Got me busted into me old girl Shaniqua from the
valley, (uhh-huhh)
God damn bitch played hard to get
So I said, what's up girl, you look like shit
Don't cry, dry your eye
Sally tells her momma, you all better hide tonight
Because her mom stepped up from behind
Hit her in the face, stabbed her in the eye
Punched her in the belly, stepped on her feet
Slammed the girl on the hard concrete
Oohhhh bitch was strong, momma's gone
Something seemed wrong, now what is goin' on
I tried to bust it up, I said, stop it, leave her
She said, if I can't have you, she can't eitherrrrrr

She grabbed me hard, around my cock
her arm broke out cause I had the chicken pox
Momma gave chase, she caught us quickly
She put her fucking finger in the face of Little Jimmy
and said,
Why don't you give me some play
Stop avoiding me like you is gay

I wet my pants whenever you say
Oohhh bitches love me cause they know that I can
Jimmy, Jimmy, Jimmy, can't you see
Sometimes your words just hypnotize me
I love your faggy ways, I guess that's why you're always
getting laid
Oohh on and on and on and on and... (word) whatever
(shaka-zulu)

I said, (played out) I'm gonna give her a kiss
I said, you can't have me, I am too young for you miss
She said, no you are not, then she starts to cry
I said, I'm 18 and she says stop lying
Seriously, go ask mother
And with your wrinkled pussy, you can't be my
loverrrrrr
Pow

Okay people, we're talking about Kenny Muhammad
The Human Orchestra
I'm not jokin' ya know
He's wicked, he's livin', he's vibin'
With the hardcore verbal beatery
Beatbox criminal, top of his catagory
That's a little something special for your Mindless CD

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