

Ring Ring Ring (Ha Ha Hey)

De La Soul

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

"Yes, this is Miss Renee King from Philadelphia. I want you to please
Give me a call on area code 215-222-4209 and I'm calling in reference

To the music business. Thank you"Hey how ya doin'

Sorry ya can't get through

Why don't you leave your name

And your number

And I'll get back to you

Hey how are ya doin'

Sorry ya can't get through

But leave your name (uh)

And your number

And I'll get back to youOnce again it's another rap bandit

Fiending at I and I can't stand it

Wanna be down with the Day-Glo

Knocking on my door, saying, "a yo yo"

Knocking on my door, saying, "a yo yo"

"I got a funky new tune with a fly banjo"

I can't understand what the problem is

I find it hard enough dealing with my own biz

How'd they get my name and number

Then I stop to think and wonder

Bout a plan, yo man, I gotta step out town

You wanna call me up? Take my number down

It's 222-2222

I got an answering machine that can talk to you

It goesHey how ya doin'

Sorry ya can't get through

But leave your name and your number

And I'll get back to youYo, check it, exit the old style, enter's the new

But nothing's new 'bout being hawked by a crew

Or should I say flock cause around every block

There's Harry, Dick, and Tom, with a demo in his palm

Now I'm with helping those who want to help themselves
And flaunt a nut that's doggy as in dope
But it's not the mood to hear
The tales of limousines and pails
Of money they'll make like a pro
I be like, "Yo black, just play me the tape"
But at the show the time to spare I just make
But the songs created in they shacks
Are so wick-wick-wack, situations like this
And now I hate they give me smiles Kool-Aid wide and ask
"Was it def?"
And with the straightest face I be like, "Hell yes"
I slip them the digits to Papa Prince Paul
So I don't go AWOL but yet I know when they call
They getHey how ya doing
Sorry ya can't get through
Why don't you leave your name
And your number
And I'll get back to you
Hey how are ya doin
Sorry you can't get through
Why don't you leave your name and your number
And I'll get back to you
Check it outParty at the dug-out on Diction Ave
Haven't been to the jam in quite a while
Figure I'll catch up on the latest styles
'Stead piles and piles of demo tapes bi-da miles
All I wanna do is cut on the decks wild
But edition up here bi-da miles to the center
Reliever of duty, Plug One mosies in
And I be like, "Yo G, Pos does all the producing"Now woe is me to the third degree
Mase pulls the funny so I make like a bunny
Jettin'
But I'm getting used to this demo abuse
Getting raped and giving birth to a tape
Cause there's no escape from the clutches of a hawker
Attached to my success, sent like a stalker
Make way to my radius playin fly guy
Try to get on my back they force like Luke Sky
Me Myself and I go through this act daily
And rarely do I not
No matter how I dodge some jackal always nails me
No matter what the plot
And even out on tour they be like
"Yo I got a tape to play you back at the hotel"

I be like "Oh swell"
Unveil the numeric code to dial my room
And tell them to call me at noon
But of course there's no answering machine in my room
But a pretty young adorer
Who I swung on tour
And if it rings while we're alone
She'll answer the phone
And with the quickness she'll recite like a poem "Hey, you done did the right thing, dial up my ring ring
Now you're waiting on the beep
Say, I would love if you'd sing
The tune to Tru instead of fronting on the speak"
So no problemo, just play the demo
And at the end it's break out time
Please oh please don't press rewind
Cause I'll just lay it down the line Hey how ya doing
Sorry ya can't get through
Why don't you leave your name and your number
And I'll get back to you Hey how ya doing
Sorry ya can't get through
Why don't you leave your name and your number
And we'll get back to you peace 'Yo what's up man, this is Ronald Master down with the Fish Tank
Posse, man, you know man, so you know you can just hook
Me up, True. You know we got this fly new jam called 'Swimming In the
Fish Tank', you know we gonna rock it man, you know
What I'm saying, but I just need your help, Prince Paul gave me your
Number, you know man, you just gotta do that for me
Got this fly bassline, got these fly trombones in it man, so just hook
Me up, man, just look out, all right, call me back
At 557-2223 all right man, just look out, all right, look out for a
Brother man!"

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