

Take It Off

De La Soul

It's hurting, you can smell, smell your breath
You smell like Jabba, your nose is what's doing it
You're talking into the recording, yo
Okay, Lucky, start it offTake, take, take, take it off
Take, take, take, take it off
Take, take, take, take it off
Take, take, take, take it offTake it off
Take that suede front off
Take it off
Take those contacts offTake it off
Take that horse meat off
Take it off
Take those shell-toes offTake it off
Take those track fleas off
Take it off
Take that doo-rag offTake it off
Take that moth neck off
Take it off
Take those fat laces offTake it off
Take that bomber off
Take it off
Take that BVD offTake it off
Take those Converse off
Take it off
And those Gazelles tooTake it off
Take that Kangol off
Take it off
Take that Jordache offTake it off
Take that afro off
Take it off
Take that jhericurl offTake it off
Take that Le Tigre off
Take it offTake those acid-washed jeans
Bell-bottomed, designed by your mama off
Please? Please

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>