

# Buddy (feat. Jungle Brothers, Q-Tip & Phife)

## De La Soul

Hello Meany, meany, meany, meany (Say What?)  
Meany, meany, meany, meany (Say What?)  
Meany, meany, meany, meany, mean  
Meany, meany, meany, meany (Say What?)  
Meany, meany, meany, meany (Say What?)  
Meany, meany, meany, meany, mean (Okay) Hello it's the Soul  
Troopin' in wit the Jungle patrol  
And this one's about the KO's the knockouts out there  
Who's holdin' my buddy  
Hold up  
(Wait a minute) Now just wait  
We're gonna talk about Buddy on this plate  
But before we let the herd out the gate  
Make sure the all the levels are straight out the jungle  
(The Jungle, the Jungle, the Brothers, the Brothers) De La Soul, from the soul  
Black medallions no gold  
Hangin' out wit Pos hangin' out wit Mase  
Buddy buddy buddy all in my face For the lap Jimbrowski must wear a cap  
Just in case the young girl likes to clap  
Ain't for the wind but before I begin  
I initiate the buddy with a slap Now for the next  
I'm the Q-Tip from A Tribe Called Quest  
And when I quest for the buddy I don't fess  
For my jimmy wants nothin' but the best (the best)  
The best (ooh wee!)  
Let's stick out jimmy and see what we can catch  
(Stick em up, stick em up jimmy)  
Nets won't be needed unless  
(Jenny wanna get right to the flesh) (Sweet little woman, sweet little woman) I won't lie, I love b-u-d-d-y (why)  
Cause I never let it walk on by  
When it comes to me and Jenny  
I seem (very serious) like a Peek Freen  
Buddy is the act that occurs on the lip  
When Jenny and jimmy start shootin' the gift  
Boy let me get shot I won't even riff Buddy buddy, don't you know you make me go nutty  
I'm so glad that you're not a fuddy duddy  
Not too skinny and not too chubby  
Soft like Silly Putty  
Miss Crabtree I hope that you're not mad at me

Cause I told you that it was your buddy  
 That was making me ever so horny  
 Junglelistically horny On the dial my buddy talks to me for a while  
 Plug Two is the Q to her tip On the A side and sometimes the flip  
 (Gotta gotta flip this record)  
 Buddy is the bud to my daisy tree  
 And the Luden to my do-re-mi  
 And the pleaser to my man Plug 3  
 (Plug 3 gets all the buddy) Behind my bush my buddy likes the way that I push  
 And like a champ just knock it on out  
 Never ever once sellin' out  
 (Oh let loose the juice)  
 My buddy helps me to  
 (De La my Soul)  
 Keepin' jimmy in total control  
 Without Jimmy I'd be on a roll (La la la l-la la la la, la la la l-la la la la) Hey girl I heard ya lookin' for some good  
 times  
 If you Quest from the Soul here's what we'll find  
 A whole lot of fun lots of fun together  
 Just like kissin' cousins (yeah that's kinda clever)  
 Close like bosoms, bosoms stay close  
 If you be my buddy I will toast  
 That we're like Ethel Merts and Lucille MacGillicuddy  
 You can be mines and I can be your buddy The best buddy's in evening wear  
 Long lovin' less Tru know (he's in there)  
 I feel sorry for those who pay a fare (a fee) word to the D  
 I don't beg I just tease my buddy with my right leg  
 And when it's ready what's said is buddy is best in bed Fly buddy told us all to get into a circle  
 Said don't worry cause I won't hurt you  
 All I really wanna do is freak you (she freaked us) And I watched and then I checked my swatch  
 To see the time  
 The Soul had formed a buddy line  
 And that buddy was (mine all mine) Now when Tribe, the Jungle, and De La Soul  
 Is at the clubs our ritual unfolds  
 Grab our bones and start swingin' our hands  
 (Then Jenny start flockin' it everywhere)  
 Cause Jenifa just wants to stay aware  
 Yo fellas should we keep her aware  
 (Mmm Hmm, yeah!)

Songwriters

VINCENT, STAN /Published by

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