

Fanatic Of The B Word

De La Soul

Ah, yeah, got it going on like a big old fat high hard-on
Black Sheep in the house, sweet daddy Mr. Lawnge in the house
My man, the Dres in the house, you know what I'm sayin'
Huey Love in the house, long Posdnuos, Dove, Prince Paul
The immigrant, Lucien in the house, the house Dreddy Bear, Mike G
Come on everybody let's baseball
Come on everybody do the baseball
Come on, come on, come on, come on
Come on everybody let's baseball
Come on everybody let's baseball
Come on everybody do the baseball
Everybody, everybody, everybody, everybody
Come on everybody let's baseball
A Nubian sprocket is the one
Plug One, cut the cap
Forward is the marcher of the chant
To the clan, unless you slept
Willy to the Wonka of the feat
Smoke your blunt but close your drapes
If we get fined by police
Don't worry, yo, I got the papes
Toxic is the talk that I tell
Tell the tales from the lady who's fat
Chris made the dope beat but no Bo Peeps
And you can't beat that with a baseball bat
Come on everybody let's baseball
Come on everybody do the baseball
Come on, come on, come on, come on
Come on everybody let's baseball
Come on everybody let's baseball
Come on everybody do the baseball
Everybody, everybody, everybody, everybody
Come on everybody let's baseball
Swing is the is of my step
Plug Two, groove a gut
On gets by when it's kept
Three miles to my step
Forgiveness to the foes is false
I cook goose and serve a plate

Position is opposed to a loss
No cost, no relate
Brother got a badge of his own
Because the link of the life is slack
This licks 'em down to the Tootsie Pop
And you can't beat that with a baseball bat
Come on everybody let's baseball
Come on everybody do the baseball
Come on, come on, come on, come on
Come on everybody let's baseball
Come on everybody let's baseball
Come on everybody do the baseball
Everybody, everybody, everybody, everybody
Come on everybody let's baseball
Move over just a bit to the right of me
For I cannot see where the booty is
I sit, I'm looking out a foggy window
Crack it just a bit, yo, this is showbiz
It's as though a pound goes around and around
So I give a pound then I do the step
Dres will be with Boca on the side
Can I crack a smile for doz who slept?
Phonetics and kinetics persevere
Therefore I kick it
I took the L.I.R.R. but I did not have a ticket
Had some Chinese food but I didn't have a spoon
I had a dope rhyme but I didn't have it soon
I'm looking out the window
Day is filled with rain and gloom
Man, oh, man, oh, man, I hope I find my spoon soon
Eating large fish 'cause I know it ain't cat
And you can't beat that with a baseball bat
Come on everybody let's baseball
Come on everybody do the baseball
Come on, come on, come on, come on
Come on everybody let's baseball
Come on everybody let's baseball
Come on everybody do the baseball
Everybody, everybody, everybody, everybody
Come on everybody let's baseball
Yo this is Plug One and I'm saying peace to Lorraine in Holland
Thanks for not having my baby, peace
This is Dres, Danica, Boston, my first tight cushion, love you
Yo, this is the Sugar Dick Daddy
I'd like to say peace to my father, Bombed Out Brother

This is Baby Huey Plug Three and I'd like to say peace to that mother
Who stole my Pathfinder in front of the studio, peace
Yo, what's up, this is Prince Paul, I'd like to say what's up
To all the doo doo eaters and all the Kelvin Mercer look-alikes
And I'm out
Goddamn
Have a ball

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