

# Ring Ring Ring

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 youHey, how you doin'?  
Sorry you can't get through  
Why don't you leave your name  
And your number  
And I'll get back to youHey, how are you doin'?  
Sorry you can't get through  
But leave your name  
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 bizHow'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 you doin'?  
Sorry you can't get through  
But leave your name  
And your number  
And I'll get back to youYo, check it, exit the old style, enters 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 get Hey, how you doin'?  
Sorry you can't get through  
Why don't you leave your name  
And your number  
And I'll get back to you Hey, how are you 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 out  
Party 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 SkyMe, 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 that dials 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 you doin'?'  
Sorry you can't get through  
Why don't you leave your name  
And your number  
And I'll get back to you  
Hey, how you doin'?'  
Sorry you can't get through  
Why don't you leave your name  
And your number  
And we'll get back to you  
Hey, how you doin'?'  
Sorry you 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  
I, 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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