Ring Ring Ring (Ha Ha Hey)

De La Soul

"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."

DOVE:

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 you.

Once again it's another rap bandit

Fiending at I and I can't stand it

want to 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 want to call me up? Take my number down

It's 222-2222

I got an answering machine that can talk to you

It goes

POS:

Hey how ya doin'

Sorry ya can't get through

But leave your name and your number

And I'll get back to you

Yo, 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 cool-Aid wide and ask,

"Was it def?"

And with the straighest 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

MASE:

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 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 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 want to 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"

POS:

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

DOVE:

"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

POS:

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!'

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by JOLICOEUR, DAVID / MASON, VINCENT / MERCER, KELVIN / SKINNER, GLENN / BROOKHOUSE, JULIAN / DRUMMOND, MIGUEL JOHN / THORP, NICHOLAS / VOLPELIERE PIERROT, MARTIN / HUSTON, PAUL
Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group, Peermusic Publishing

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/