

# Butt In the Meantime

## Black Sheep

Verse One  
It's times like this that I've gotta crack a smile  
If about anything, than it's gotta be style  
What happens now? A better man can hold the mike and do the proving,  
Dres, of the Black Sheep Yo, let's get the Sheep moving  
I'd like to pay a tribute, to what, to knocking boots  
I'm single and I mingle if ya jingle I play roots  
But there's another, the other  
The brother on the cover  
I brought along, I brought along  
I brought along, Lawnge  
I do a not a trio move your bootie cause I say so  
Be outlasting or not busting Black Sheep not your average Joe  
Now I hold a microphone, but this is what I wanted  
A pocket full of panonie, better me than those that front it  
Dropping bombs, lovely, make 'em jet without their Jetta  
Keep fronting if you're wanting but I bet ya the Beretta  
Punctuates and exclamates, the lingo I let go  
Not that it's my style 'cause I let go my ego  
Be it just us, just you or just me or just who  
Never am I full, gotta to get residuals  
Pronto, Tonto  
Was engine number nine  
I'm out to get the nickels, quarters, pennies and the dimes  
Chorus  
Butt in the meantime, I try to hawk one  
I try to hawk one, in the meantime  
Now in the meantime, I try to hawk one  
I try to hawk one in the meantime  
Verse Two  
At last, Black Sheep on wax  
And finally, it's for himself that Mista Lawnge is laying tracks  
Now I won't dally your fiddle  
Give ya more than bits and kibble  
Or is it kibbles and bits that became hits, now there's a riddle  
Believe me, 'cause you see, I do understand  
Heard a jam that was flam  
Bought the album, Van Damme, it's weak  
But for the moment, I won't speak  
Upon this, I mean that, I mean those, I mean them  
I mean there, I mean here, damn  
Yo, whatcha trying say Dres?  
Yo let me try this again  
Ya see, this is rather funky, the style that I'm displaying

Somewhat bona fide, on the side of okay and  
Finally, your hunger for dopeness is full  
Hmmm, please excuse me, Yo, turn it up a decibel  
For I am about to rip a style  
That will make heads bop awhile  
So please step to the right, if ya suck  
Should I do 'em Violators "Ahh, what the fuck?"  
Moving, yes I'm moving, am I moving? "Goony gu-gu"  
Say la say la what, say la say la say la "pu-pu"  
Say it in a second, after Dres is finished wrecking  
As I'm wrecking, gotcha checking  
Step to this and Dres will deck  
Chorus Verse Three Surprising you, I'm rising,  
Dresmerizing and subliminalizing  
Black Sheep are here, we're breaking all ties  
And making songs that are prolific  
Specific as terrific  
Move a body in the city to both sides of the Pacific  
I'm Dres and you are not  
You're cold, I'm hot which means I'm soon to boil bootie  
Your bootie, your bootie, the butt, but still you think your royal  
Are you mad, are you jealous  
Overjoyed or over zealous?  
Hold your glass and sip  
For when you held the mike you couldn't rip  
Before your mike went hush  
Keep sipping stupid lush  
I know I'll be all right tonight  
I took my time, I didn't rush  
I didn't blush, I didn't frown  
Got up to get down  
Henceforth, I'm getting down and dirty, G  
You thought that I would not be  
Stupid, Cupid, or elupid  
I sting ya like a bumble  
Where's the bee, here I be  
Can'tcha see, can'tcha peep?  
If you're sleeping then wake up  
If you're stinking then wash up  
If you're creeping, then catch up  
You're rolling with the Black Sheep  
Chorus Chorus

Songwriters

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