

# Bitties in the BK Lounge

## De La Soul

well it was a Wednesday  
Me and boss hog was kinda hungry  
Like two eggs, and a slop beef slice of lettuce  
And a glass of milk and some cookies  
Spotted in the mist was a bk logo  
What we said well what do you know  
This chick thought I was trying to play fly  
'Cause I had a pair of blue jeans on Young girl, won't you take my order?  
She said, "yeah, but right now I'm sorta busy  
Can't you see I'm trying to put this band aid on my finger? "  
Lingering, I could tell  
She's a b-k mademoiselle  
Ripped uniform and bottom bell  
And some jelly stuff on her sleeve  
Look to this cause I had no name tag on my collar  
Could be pissed cause she's clocking 2.45 an hour  
And then boss hog hollar  
Girl you better make this quick!  
She said, "I ain't your girl and I ain't your chick! "  
I had an idea and lickity split  
Took my hat off and that was it Dread locks fallen all over me and then I said  
Yeah now we'll see!  
And o' with quick velocity honey was mesmerized  
"ain't you that guy? "  
Ain't you that girl!  
"de la soul, right? "  
No tracy chapman!  
"why don't you come over to the counter and write me out an autograph? "  
Ha ha ha, I had to laugh  
She was quick with the bic just to get that autograph  
But me and hogg just laughed, and laughed  
"what's the name of that song you sing? "  
Living in a fast car, I said  
Forget about the order I made  
I'll go get a slice of pizza instead bitties in the Bk lounge, all they do is beg and they scrounge  
Excuse me, would  
you take my order I have to go  
Shashawna's got a real job, dag don't you know!  
Oh yeah, it's you now I recognize  
The real real bitty with the fake fake eyes

Yo, can I interest you in some burgers and fries?  
Yes you can, but you can keep your lies  
Cause you know you can't diss me  
But your pissing me off  
I know where you live and I know that you're soft  
You're as booty as they come (booty? )  
And you dress like a geek  
My shoes cost more than you make in two weeks  
Look, you don't have to play fly in here  
I can tell your fly by the weave that you wear!  
but you must be aware that a fly can be swatted by a Bk tray  
By the way yo, here's yours  
I know your just sweating me to kill the noise  
Of your polyester pants and thier o' so high waters  
Look at what you do all day but take orders  
You bow tie wearing, clocking and staring  
I know your just upset because you can't get the rap  
I think you chubby for my man is living slack  
Yeah, I know your man, the biggest punk in school  
Selling devil rock to the fiends and the fools!  
With one hand that punk I could snap the kid is so skinny  
But we be livin fat  
Speaking of fat, would you like a diet soda?  
'Cause less fat on you would spare us all the odor  
Better yet pour it down the pants and let the acid kill  
The smell that should have been left to masingel!  
Let me make you a deal, take the soda free and jet  
I got to much family to heed your threats  
Are you a family man? (word booty! )  
Well I shouldn't be surprized  
Your sister's flipping burgers and your momma's frying fries  
Don't even try that shit!  
Oh damn look! (what? )  
Here comes one more  
It's your father he just finished mooping the floor  
Now give them a hand, its the bk clan  
So you can't talk garbage about who I am  
Well, arn't we living foul  
Speaking of foul how bout some chicken for the cow?  
Oops I meant you sorry for the mix up  
But your stomachs always big from the sexual slip ups!  
I could buy you and sell you for pennies, young man!  
I think theres something you should understand  
I try to be nice and help the poor make money  
And since I know you need it, I'll go elsewhere dummy!

Now b-k workers is too damn rude  
I think I'll go get me some chinese foodEh ha-ha, eh ha-ha, eh ha-ha-hah  
Maseo, what goes on? Maseo, what goes on?  
I don't know  
Maseo, what goes on? Maseo, what goes on?  
I don't know  
Maseo, what goes on? Maseo, what goes on?  
I don't know  
Maseo, what goes on?  
I don't know, but check me on out  
Bitties, y'all be flippin  
Ah-ah, ya buggin  
Bitties y'all be flippin  
Ah-ah, ya buggin  
Ask for a burger, catch an attitude  
The taste is worse, come off extremely rude  
But when I snap back, you tamper with my food!  
Ah-ah, ya buggin  
Bitties y'all be flippin  
Ah-ah, ya buggin  
Bitties y'all be flippin  
Honey, your hair really looks a bore  
A fool of a hat, not mine's for sure  
Forget the burger, let's walk up over a donut store  
Eh ha-ha-ha-hah

Songwriters

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