## La-Di Da-Di

## **Mindless Self Indulgence**

To all the stupid people and the rest

You are about to witness something you've never witnessed before this but ladies and gentlemen Kenny Muhammad and his lucky two members of Little Jimmy (impossible to hear this part)

in the place to be we're gonna show you how to do it for the year 2005

kicking it, and are you sick all the mothers like in their world

because we need to continue to rock stop his modem cold to minimize the scene

cutting out all the lyrical coherence because we know how to up-upload it

this is a Paul mix man we all wish underworld set this no good moment

and ya'll know us that's when we run into something like thisLa-di-da-di da-di-da-di we likes to party-party

We always causing trouble-trouble bothering everybody

We are just just some men up on the mic

When-when we grab the pitch, YO WE GRAB THAT SHIT TIGHT

Fuck all-a-y'all who's going to Hell

Just keep on smiling and enjoy yourself

'Cause it's cool when you cause a cozy-conditionin'

That's what we create, because that be our mission

So listen close to what we say

Because (WHAT) this type of shit happens every day (WHAT)

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THIS TYPE OF SHIT HAPPENS EVERY DAYI woke up AROUND two in the MORNIN'

Did a lot of COKE, strechin', YAWNIN'

Went into the BATHROOM to wash UP

Put the soap on my face and my hand on my crotch

Said, mirra-mirra on-on the wall, who be that top-choice of-of them all?

There was a rubble-rubble-dubble

Five minutes it lasted. The mirror said...You are you conceited bastard!

Well that's true, that's why we never have no beef

And so I washed off the soap and brushed the gold teeth

Change my clothes, spark my hair

I busted out the brand new Gucci underwear

And for all the little girls that I might take home, we have

The Johnson's baby powder and the Polo cologne

Fresh dressed like a million dolla's

I wore the high tops and pop the flat colla'

Stepped out the crib, stopped short

Ahhh, nawww shit, God damn

SHIT I FORGOT MY FUCKING CANGODammy-dilly-dally, me run into an alley

Got me busted into me old girl Shaniqua from the valley, (uhh-huhh)

God damn bitch played hard to get So I said, what's up girl, you look like shit Don't cry, dry your eye

Sally tells her momma, you all better hide tonight

Because her mom stepped up from behind

Hit her in the FACE, stabbed her in the EYE

Punched her in the BELLY, stepped on her FEET

Slammed the girl on the hard concrete

Oohhhh BITCH was STRONG, momma's GONE

Something seemed WRONG, now what is going on

I tried to bust it up, I said, stop it, leave her

She said, if I can't have you, she can't eitherrrrrrrrShe grabbed me hard, grabbed my cock

I broke out like I had the chicken pox

Momma gave chase, she caught us quickly

She put her fucking finger in the face of Little Jimmy and said,

Why don't you give me some play

Stop avoiding me like you is gay

I wet my pants whenever you say

Oohhh bitches love me cause they know that I can (beat box)

Jimmy, Jimmy, Jimmy, can't you see

Sometimes your words just hypnotize me

I love your faggy ways, I guess that's why you're always getting laid

Oohh on and on and on and on and... (WORD) whatever (SHAKA-ZULU)I said, (PLAYED OUT) I'm gonna give her a kiss

I said, you can't have me, I'm too young for you miss

She said, no you are not, then she starts crying

I said, I'm 18 and she says stop lying

Seriously, go ask my mother

POWOkay people, we're talking about Kenny Muhammad

The Human Orchestra, I'm not jokin' ya know

He's wicked, he's livin', he's vibin'

With the hardcore verbal beatery

Beatbox criminal, top of his category

That's a little something special for your Mindless CD

Lyrics provided by https://damnlyrics.com/