

Absolutely Positively... Practical Jokes

MC Lyte

I play practical jokes just to get a laugh
I put roaches in my neighbor's bubblebath
But anyway, one day she called upon me
She said, "Lyte, it's an emergency" My next door neighbor had an errand to run
I said, "Why Ms. Davis, ask your son"
She said, "Ricky's at his grandmother's"
I said, "Well, what about Tommy, the younger brother?" She said, "See, umm, he's at the pharmacy"
I said, "He'll be back soon how much longer could it be?"
She said, "C'mon, please, it's just a trip uptown
If you leave right now, you'll be back before sundown Hurry up, there's not a moment to spare
It absolutely positively has to get there"
Umm, I contemplated then I played a good Samaritan
Started the car, then she threw the package in It absolutely, positively has to get there
It absolutely, positively has to get there
It absolutely, positively has to get there
It absolutely, positively got to get there Pumpin' out the music on the FDR
Not far behind me was a DT car
So I eased up selector, 55 the digit
But on the FDR, 40 is the limit Here they come, sirens on
I could see myself in jail 'til the break of dawn
But they rolled right by, it wasn't me they was after
A little red corvette, they was tryin' to capture Dread I feel sweat so I set down my jacket
Look up ahead, now that's what I call traffic
Dipped to an exit and I made my way through
Couldn't believe when I hit First Avenue On a Honda's ass, just about to crash
Looked at the gauge and the shit said no gas
Zero, nada, nothing in here, see
In car terms the shit was on empty Got out and pushed the shit to the side
Hailed a cab then I caught a quick ride
To the house of inflation, yes, the gas station
Gave a little tip to show my appreciation Got back to the ave where I left my car
It wasn't there but it couldn't have gone far
Damn, I must have got towed
Tried to figure out how much money I owed Went to the pound and I paid my debt
Think that was the worst, you ain't heard nothin' yet
Bumped into that crackhead Sam, I used to see
And like always, hand out, give me money
In my tank was a dollar's worth of gas I had to get to a nice machine fast It absolutely, positively has to get there
It absolutely, positively got to get there

It absolutely, positively got to get there
It absolutely, positively has to get thereAs I left the bank to walk back to the BM
Couldn't believe what my eyes were seein'
Looked at the back tire, it was flat
While the other three were so damn fatA brother walked by and offered his help
Ordinarily I woulda did the shit myself
But he changed it quick, so I passed him a ten
Here I go on this journey againWent to the gas station to fill it up
When a crackhead from nowhere grabbed the pump
I said, "Look, I don't need your help today"
And I scared the motherfucker and he was on his wayOops, a cat, shit, scrat
Fur on my tires and all that
What's this, a stroke of bad luck?
But at this point, I don't even give a fuckI got to get the package to the destination
No matter what the confrontation
I arrive, bag in my hand
Lookin' for a woman named PamShe opened the bag, it was wrapped tight and snug
But in that bag, yo, in that bag
45, guess what, it was a box of Q-tips
A box of fuckin' Q-tips, man

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