

# Potholes in my Lawn (12 inch version)

## De La Soul

(Yo, something's wrong here, no, not again!)  
(Get the daisies for the)Potholes in my lawnEverybody's sayin'  
What to do when suckin' lunatics start diggin' and chewin'  
They don't know that the Soul don't go for that  
Potholes in my lawn  
And that goes for my rhyme sheet  
Which I concentrated so hard on, see  
I don't ask for maximum security  
But my dwellin' is swellin'  
It nipped my bud when I happened to fall  
Into a spot  
Where no ink or an ink-blot  
Was on a scroll  
I just wrote me a new 'mot'  
But now it's gone  
There's no  
Suckers knew that I hate  
To recognise that every time I'm writin'  
It's gone(Yodel-a-hee, Yodel-oh-hee, Yodel-a)  
(Yodel-a-hee, Yodel-oh-hee, Yodel-ee-hee-hee-hee)Potholes in my lawnI've found that it's not wise  
To leave my garden untended  
Cause eyes have now pardoned all laws of privacy  
Even paws are after my writer  
See, I've found that everyone's sayin'  
What to do when suckers are preyin'  
On my well-guarded spreadsheets  
Oh why, hell does it send up fleets  
Of evil-doers through the big hole  
To get to evil-doers who dig holes  
Which leaves my lawn with lawn-chew  
I think I'd better plant traces to give clues  
Or better yet call 911  
And when they get here I inform them I'm the Plug One  
Open a chair and let them realize the reason  
For concern of the Soul  
Cause we've come down with a case of potholes(Yodel-a-hee, Yodel-oh-hee, Yodel-a)  
(Yodel-a-hee, Yodel-oh-hee, Yodel-ee-hee-hee-hee)Potholes in my lawn(Who stole, who stole, who stole the  
cookie  
From the cookie jar?)Now you got the message

What to do when you die  
The death that I predict in 'Plug Tunin'  
It's a shame that you deny to claim  
That you stole my words of fame  
That I wrote in my rhyme sheet  
Which I concentrated so hard on, see  
I don't ask for a barbed wire fence, B  
But my dwellin' is swellin'  
It nipped my bud when I happened to fall  
Into a spot  
Where no ink or an ink-blot  
Was on a scroll  
I just wrote me a new 'mot'  
But now it's gone there's no  
Suckers knew that I hate  
To recognise that every time I'm writin'  
It's gone Potholes in my lawn (Yodel-a-hee, Yodel-oh-hee, Yodel-a)  
(Yodel-a-hee, Yodel-oh-hee, Yodel-ee-hee-hee-hee)

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