

# You Be Illin'

## Run-DMC

One day when I was chillin' in Kentucky Fried Chicken  
Just mindin' my business, eatin' food and finger lickin'  
This dude walked in lookin' strange and kind of funny  
Went up to the front with a menu and his money He didn't walk straight, kind of side to side  
He asked this old lady, "Yo, yo, um is this Kentucky Fried?"  
The lady said, "Yes man", smiled and he smiled back  
He gave a quarter and his order, small fries, Big Mac! You be illin', illin'  
You be illin', illin'  
You be illin', illin'  
You be illin' Today you won a ticket to see Doctor J  
Front row seat no pay, radio in hand, snacks by feet  
Game's about to start, you kickin' popcorn to the beat  
You finally wake up, Doc's gone to town  
Round his back, through the hoop  
Then you scream, "Touchdown!" You be illin', illin'  
You be illin', illin'  
You be illin', illin'  
You be illin' The other day around the way I seen you illin' at a party  
Drunk as skunk you illin' punk and in your left hand was Bacardi  
You went up to this fly girl and said "Yo, yo, can I get this dance?"  
She smelt your breath and then  
She left you standin' in your illin' stance You be illin', illin'  
You be illin', illin'  
You be illin', illin'  
You be illin' For dinner, you ate it, there is none left  
It was salty, with butter and it was def  
You proceeded to eat it 'cos you was in the mood  
But Holmes you did not read it was a can of dog food! You be illin', illin'  
You be illin', illin'  
You be illin', illin'  
You be illin'

...

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>