

Ring Ring Ring (Yasumo remix)

De La Soul

Hey how ya doin'
Sorry ya can't get through
Why don't you leave your name
And your number
And I'll get back to you
Hey how are ya doin'
Sorry ya can't get through
But leave your name (uh)
And your number
And I'll get back to you Once again it's another rap bandit
Fiending at I and I can't stand it
Wanna be down with the Day-Glo
Knocking on my door, saying, "a yo yo"
Knocking on my door, saying, "a yo yo"
"I got a funky new tune with a fly banjo"
I can't understand what the problem is
I find it hard enough dealing with my own biz
How'd they get my name and number
Then I stop to think and wonder
Bout a plan, yo man, I gotta step out town
You wanna call me up? Take my number down
It's 222-2222
I got an answering machine that can talk to you
It goes Hey how ya doin'
Sorry ya can't get through
But leave your name and your number
And I'll get back to you Yo, check it, exit the old style, enter's the new
But nothing's new 'bout being hawked by a crew
Or should I say flock cause around every block
There's Harry, Dick, and Tom, with a demo in his palm
Now I'm with helping those who want to help themselves
And flaunt a nut that's doggy as in dope
But it's not the mood to hear
The tales of limousines and pails
Of money they'll make like a pro
I be like, "Yo black, just play me the tape"
But at the show the time to spare I just make
But the songs created in they shacks
Are so wick-wick-wack, situations like this

And now I hate they give me smiles Kool-Aid wide and ask

"Was it def?"

And with the straightest face I be like, "Hell yes"

I slip them the digits to Papa Prince Paul

So I don't go AWOL but yet I know when they call

They getHey how ya doing

Sorry ya can't get through

Why don't you leave your name

And your number

And I'll get back to you

Hey how are ya doin

Sorry you can't get through

Why don't you leave your name and your number

And I'll get back to you

Check it outParty at the dug-out on Diction Ave

Haven't been to the jam in quite a while

Figure I'll catch up on the latest styles

'Stead piles and piles of demo tapes bi-da miles

All I wanna do is cut on the decks wild

But edition up here bi-da miles to the center

Reliever of duty, Plug One mosies in

And I be like, "Yo G, Pos does all the producing" Now woe is me to the third degree

Mase pulls the funny so I make like a bunny

Jettin'

But I'm getting used to this demo abuse

Getting raped and giving birth to a tape

Cause there's no escape from the clutches of a hawker

Attached to my success, sent like a stalker

Make way to my radius playin fly guy

Try to get on my back they force like Luke Sky

Me Myself and I go through this act daily

And rarely do I not

No matter how I dodge some jackal always nails me

No matter what the plot

And even out on tour they be like

"Yo I got a tape to play you back at the hotel"

I be like "Oh swell"

Unveil the numeric code to dial my room

And tell them to call me at noon

But of course there's no answering machine in my room

But a pretty young adorer

Who I swung on tour

And if it rings while we're alone

She'll answer the phone

And with the quickness she'll recite like a poem "Hey, you done did the right thing, dial up my ring ring

Now you're waiting on the beep
Say, I would love if you'd sing
The tune to Tru instead of fronting on the speak"
So no problemo, just play the demo
And at the end it's break out time
Please oh please don't press rewind
Cause I'll just lay it down the lineHey how ya doing
Sorry ya can't get through
Why don't you leave your name and your number
And I'll get back to youHey how ya doing
Sorry ya can't get through
Why don't you leave your name and your number
And we'll get back to you peace

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