

What We Do (for Love)

De La Soul

I'm tired
Me too
Uncle Ricky
Hmm
Could you tell us a bedtime story, like you used to?
Look, don't y'all think y'all too old for that now?
No
Listen, I got an adult question for y'all
Since y'all like 11 now
Y'all ever get horny?
Uncle Ricky
Now, I don't mean to sound perverted
But do you ever have like sexual urges?
No
No? Well, you will, so sit your behind down
And listen to Uncle Ricky and De La
Tell y'all a grown up story
Okay
I remember when Mama spoke of the birds
And the east side kept me off the curb
And Betsy Ross was sufferin' from the scaredy cat
Till my man, Ricky, brought the remedy for that
I massage your mane coat
Then, part your leg's, rope
And stroke so hard
You'll start to smell smoke
Ain't gotta drug problem but a love problem
But then again, that may be one in the same
I claim possession
Pull the girl among the eighth, like Charlie Heston
Ride off on the horse and show no remorse
She look nice
Honey oriental, brown eyes
Want fries?
Chicken, vegetable, fried rice?
And I'm tryin' to get you to go
Fast subtraction, grab some
"Oh, don't stop, nasty black man"
Man that action had me coughin' up

Cars, keys, and cash
Just to sniff a fat rabbit
I would give my very last
(When nature calls)
You know, them boys will come runnin'
(When nature calls)
You know, them girls don't mind comin'
(When nature calls)
You know, them boys will come runnin'
(When nature calls)
You know them girls don't mind comin'
Just to get it started, for startin' something
Is what we do to get some lovin'
What we do to get some lovin'
This what we do for love
(Do for love)
This what we do for love
(For love)
This what we do for love
You ain't lyin'
I, I, 9-5 it, more like 12-12
Can't get the thought off
(Sex)
From off my mental shelf
I'm like Bruce Lee
Beatin' up the cootchie, profusely
My tomboy chicks that act a little to butchy
Receive this
(Uh)
When my semen ceases
They'll be screamin' out
"We love bein' the female species"
Hello?
Veronica, it's Dove
Uh, I think, you got the wrong number
What?
Veronica, your baby's crying
Yo, chill
Baby?
Whatever yo, later
For the past two summers, I been sizin' up Veronica
Southern belle, I heard she blow notes like a harmonica
Yamacas couldn't satisfy her spendin' fetishes
She was all about gettin' the head like she was lettuces
Yah, them types be actin' like they ain't sleazy

Like this uptown chick, playin' opposite of easy
Delighted, the honey-fly difficult, couldn't knife it
Tight

Seen the imprint on honey's private

Now, she's love sick

Ruler Rick, scores again

Sex presents itself like trophies, I'm out to win
And it's easier to claim with the fame I've obtained

Her Mommy was a liar, she's so ashamed

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Well, I got this rude boy, Jamaican honey, at the rest home

Complete with yellow hair and Cinderella dress on

Whatever

Been around, stuck her till she poppin', bout

Hey, take your blood-clot finger off me bottom

Anyway, another dime, I met one time

I'm kind, chick in the world, butt fine

And her structure pumpin', told her

Got cha mumblin' 'bout

Slow down

What you tryin' to rupture somethin'?

I don't bug out, I chill

Never copped a feel

But these pretty-ass girls come

And flaunt in the grill

Big-ass eyes

With the matchin', big-ass, thighs

Asked her, if she spare a moment to exchange some lies?

"But you got a girlfriend"
Ya, trick, so do you
And I heard, there's no preference in what gender ya do
So, stop playin' so squeaky clean
And let the dirty side see me later
So we can play away from the navy
So stuck on the love, you rearranging behaviours
Second episode, and you returnin' oral favors
Buyin' up groceries
Searchin' for hosiery
Holdin' hands publicly
And now, you supposed to be
Mr and Mrs, huh, lovin' and kisses, huh
But while you away, is when the milkman'll visit her
Dear to the heart, we dearly depart the fallen
So skip the games, ma
I stay tuned to the calling
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