

The Mack Daddy On The Left

De La Soul

Play it for me, kick it
The mic men are back, okay
Girls, girls, girls, girls, these girls I do adore
Walking down the street watchin' ladies, aaow, watchin'
Hold up, hold up, let's give it to the Mack Daddy over to the left
Pity pity pity, wack wack wack
A moo moo moo, a jumping jack
Rock this is brain now, I'm one step over
Respect your parents, they're pushovers
Chasing my fun like the IRS
My girl's too young to have big breasts
For a good time, we chill by the mall
I tell her tales, some small some tall
Why, how you got peanuts, pecans
I wipe her cheek, she grabs my hand
I have a curfew, she says to me
I'll take you home, look hon', you'll see
The deed was done and I thought to myself
Jeff, you're the mack and no-one else
Jeff, I told you, my name is Jeff
The astronomical wiz, dazzler of the showbiz
Kids of the new biz for you
Don't try to solve it, just involve yourself
In this deadly De La dialogue
Yo, I smell black fog
That's right, me and Mase
Blew it to clear your ass straight out of this sector
This is De La Soul wax
So wait until your own piece of wax come out
Yo, is this true? Is Jeff really coming out with his own song?
And if he do, will he have the decency to change his name
To a suitable public speaker?
Yo, I don't know, but bring in that funky astronomical piano
For this is the take-off man Luck signing off

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