

# 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 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  
Jeff, I told you, my name is Jeff  
Jeff, I told you, my name is Jeff  
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

Lyrics provided by  
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