

I'm a pale imitator of the boy in the sky  
With a cap in his hand and another in his tie  
I'm the light in the mall when the power is gone  
The shadow in the corner, just playin' along  
I'ma lay right in my bed, I'm rolling aside  
But if I get a car (Uh), I'm roamin' to ride  
Because I know if I ever chill of leavin' you  
You've got a folding chair, and you don't know what to do  
You talk

You wanna do it, but you don't know what you're doin', baby  
(Ah-ah-ah-ah)  
You wanna feel it, but you don't know what you're feelin', good night  
(All right, how are we doing?)

And if you're thinking that I don't know what you're thinkin', baby  
(Ah-ah-ah-ah)  
You're done with thinking and I'm going out and making it right  
(All right, how do you do?)

I'm impregnable, incredible, the setting of quo  
I'm late in my ride, n' not a heart and so' on  
I got a Saturday night, and nothing is dead  
And if I ever had to do it, well, you know I wouldn't care  
I just kicked down, I love when I'm seen  
Yeah, and if I wanna call back, the message is free  
Then there's a fire, a ray, a now out the sun  
And if you get popped here, you get 'em a lot  
You get a heart, bake

You wanna do it, but you don't know what you're doin', baby  
(Ah-ah-ah-ah)  
You wanna feel it, but you don't know what you're feelin', good night  
(All right, how are we doing?)

And if you're thinking that I don't know what you're thinkin', baby  
(Ah-ah-ah-ah)  
You're done with thinking and I'm going out and making it right  
(All right, how do you do?)

Every time we try, we get nowhere  
Wouldn't it be nice if we were just normal people, yeah?  
Tryin' so hard to act like we don't care (Hmmm)  
But it's true, you do, nothin' is left, so I guess I'm right

New word: Onomateopoeia (Boom)  
Quit actin' like you don't wanna be here  
Fuck around and get jumped like leap year  
Glock and a glove make you really wanna leave me a...  
...lone, get the fuck on, go'n  
Okay, okay, okay, back to the happy songs  
Rap ain't nothin' but an auto-talkin' kit  
My girl look pretty up there ridin' dick  
My plaid past, my solid future  
Astronaut ass and a gorgeous coochie  
I'm an outcast, but you're into me  
Summer got mad 'cause winter blew me

That Juicy Fruit, that splooshie-sploosh  
Generation X on bloop-de-bloop  
Get duked out, or get dookie-duked  
Er'rybody hit the floor, we through the roof  
Like a chimney, now come in me  
How come it be, some lame, man  
Nigga talkin' 'bout "Aww, he don't rap enough"  
But y'all rap a lot and I'm like "Wrap it up, hoe"  
Ye ain't Scarface, ye ain't Willie D  
Ye ain't Bushwick, ye ain't killin' me  
Better play with ya ma'fuckin' mama  
Betcha still stay witcha ma'fuckin' mama  
Keep sleepin' on me, I'ma rock my pajamas  
In the daytime, I swear, I promise  
Dare a nigga say somethin', tear a nigga face off  
How come blacks don't play baseball?  
Y'all white, know y'all can taste all this fly shit  
I stay finna take off

Do ya damn thing, do ya thing-a-thing  
Do ya damn thing, do ya thing-a-thing  
Do ya damn thing, do ya thing-a-thing  
Ye ain't fresh squeezed juice, nigga, you that Tang

Do ya damn thing, do ya thing-a-thing  
Do ya damn thing, do ya thing-a-thing  
Do ya damn thing, do ya thing-a-thing  
Well, is you really Slick Rick? Nope, you just ain't a thing

Bet it up, head erupts  
A lava language and a vocal volcanic  
If it ain't fixed, don't broke it, don't panic  
If it ain't this, it ain't shit, goddammit  
If it ain't this, it ain't dope, it don't flush  
And if it ain't hip or don't hop, well then hush  
"Man, they sound like," "Man, they stole yo',"  
"Man, they look like": Nope, it ain't us

Ah, do ya damn thing, do ya thing-a-thing  
Do ya damn thing, do ya thing-a-thing  
Do ya damn thing, do ya thing-a-thing  
Is you really Slick Rick? No, you just ain't a thing

Do ya damn thing, do ya thing-a-thing  
Do ya damn thing, do ya thing-a-thing  
Do ya damn thing, do ya thing-a-thing  
Ye ain't fresh squeezed juice, nigga, you that Tang

Every time we try, we get nowhere  
Wouldn't it be nice if we were just normal people, yeah?  
Tryin' so hard to act like we don't care (I 'on't care)  
But it's true, you do, nothin' is left, so I guess I'm right

Flip the page, our days are revelations  
Space is strange, doctor, I've got no patience!  
Oh, it's all a part of the process (Okay, okay)  
Nothin's new, it's true, cool, I admit, shit, I guess you're right!