

Hey, one two, you still don't know me though  
Hey, hey

Every page I pick a picture as my preference, but just for reference  
I like 'em all, number one through number twenty-seven  
One question, who directed the photos and chose the layout?  
How many accountants calculate the payout?  
How many?  
I need a scientific calculator  
I need a film camera with an adjustable aperature  
I want a three-piece stereo with a five-disc carousel  
That's sweeter than an apple dipped in peanuts and caramel  
One time I bought a bow and arrow  
Before I figured out that Michael Jackson was the scarecrow  
My sisters both used to have braids and hair bows  
The crib ain't never have no air flow  
We never had a day of central AC  
We always had a plate of rice and beans, I ate meat  
My mother lives in the same house we've been in since I was a baby  
I guess besides that year in Haiti

Have you seen the catalogue?  
It got so many things, I wish I had 'em all  
And I would not feel sad at all  
If I could buy everything in the catalogue

Yo, no returns, no exchanges  
Finger through the pages, no papercuts  
Self address stamped got me amped while the selection got me  
Waiting for the shipping times with less than prime handling  
Oversized dimensions, pay the extra for the weight and balance  
Standing on a porch light and the torch up for the postman twice rung  
At once too ho gung for the white van  
Every card scam ran through the works scan led up to this  
Every penny saved was a wish made for the brokest kids  
Paid my dues and paid a price on page twenty-three column B  
Double tape auto reverse and volume rotary, dial tone  
Don't bother calling me 'cause I ain't answering  
When cords ain't long enough to reach while signing for my packages  
Check the box for damage 'cause I need that mint condition in  
Soon enough the whole damn block is listenin'  
Until the next edition's in, I'm plotting my picks, planning my purchases  
Cop the whole damn catalogue of merch  
It's ill and worth the bill

I thought I had it all, I thought I had it all  
One two, one two, a one two

Cellular beeper phone receiver  
I'll tell you a secret, don't repeat it  
I need it, I didn't know I need it  
It looks like a pump and feels like a sneaker  
This crook smells like a skunk and steals like a tweaker  
We kiss a little longer, Big Red under the bleachers  
Got it made, got it made, like I was hot for the teacher  
It's a sound blaster car with the Altec Lansing speaker  
I like David Lee Roth and not the other guy

It's '95 South, so I can learn to do the butterfly  
It's Triple F.A.T. Goose stocked even in the summer time  
My sweatshirt counting sheep with both words underlined  
Yeah, and Mrs. Fields to the cookie stop  
As quick as Mr. Owl licked the center of a Tootsie Pop  
He's top floor  
Hold on to the railing, watch for escalators zoom like its mode's set for sc  
aling with adjustable contrast and sharpness  
I'm singing like a partridge  
Re-running the sale on shag carpet, hey  
It's a sliding scale for financial hardships, it's odd shit  
You want something broad, then go to Target