

Prince, Dead On It

Riding in my Thunderbird on the freeway
I turned on my radio 2 hear some music play
I got a silly rapper talking silly shit instead
And the only good rapper is one that's dead on it

Uh, Dead on it

Shall we go back? (Yeah!)
Let's go

Negros from Brooklyn play the bass pretty good
But the ones from Minneapolis play it like it oughta should
A magnum fro is better when u got a poof on it
And the 2 and fro is funky when the grease is dead on it

(Funky dead on it)
uh, dead (on it) on it

Shall we go back? Let's go

They dead on it, wow

See the rapper's problem usually stem from being tone deaf
Pack the house then try 2 sing,
there won't be no one left (ha ha) (on it)
Parking lot's on fire, brothers peelin' out of the town
They say in disgust, they singin' their guts
Rappin' done let us down (down down)
u got 2 be dead... on it

Dead on it

(dead)

All the sisters like it when u lick 'em on the knees
Don't believe me? (no)
Try it once then stop, they'll be begging
Please, please, please (please, please, please)
Shoo be doo wa, dead on it
What does that have 2 do with the funk?
Nothing, but who's paying the bills?
If u don't wanna lick my knees, I'm sho' your mama will

Uh, cuz we, cuz we, cuz we dead on it

De, de- de- de- de- de- de, dead on it, on it

La, la, la, la
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la
La, la, la, la

My bed's a coffin, Dracula ain't got shit on me
My nickname's Hell's-a-Poppin', I'm badder than the Wicked Witch
I got a gold tooth, costs more than your house
I got a diamond ring on four fingers, each one the size of a mouse

They dead, they dead on it, on it

La, la, la, la
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la
La, la, la, la

La, la, la, la
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la

La, la, la, la

Wait now, hang up, dial tone on the 3
U know, U know, I'm busy, 2 scizzy
Can't nobody fuck with me

Cuz I'm dead (on it, on it, on it)
on it

Shoo be doo wa wa, dead on it

Dead on it, on it, on it

Dang, dang, dang, dang, (dead on it) shoo be dang, dang, dang, dead on it
Dead, dead on it