

Crucial Cool Cat Prowling

Hey-hey, mes amis, this am Fritz the cool cat once again he talking.

Cluster round, dudes, I'm gonna tell you something for the wise. People, this will seriously expand your minds surely surely. Fritz the Cat, he the main cat on the scene, he got deep wells of coolness, savez-savez? That's because Fritz the Cat got that cosmic energy just flowing glowing through his veins right now. Sagittarianos, amigos.

Hey, this weird thing that happened, you know? Fritz the Cat, he laid out in the garden, you know, like, the freaky big green place where cats and them birds all chill out. Fritz the Cat he sees them birds kind of just hanging out, man, on the fence, in the bush, man, like they own the place or something. Birds, you know, that's just my bag.

So Fritz thinks to himself, he thinks, wow kapow, like, a cat's got to get himself back to where he came from, hey? Furry primitive hunter and all that shit. Ain't hungry, but feel like prowling. A bird is a bird is a bird to a cool cool cat. That's my karma, you know? Fritz settles down on his paws, you know – just slow - like so – and gets him ready for some of that crucial cool cat prowling. Just then, the man – the man man, you know – the man man comes out the door and says, hey Fritz, love and peace, mon cher chaud chat, what's going down, man? Quel crazy the man man, or what? But Fritz he thinks that maybe that hombre could help out a bit here. Like, hold down some birds in his hands, maybe. The man man he got awesome hands. Okay-dokay hombre, say Fritz, now you just just you follow me.

Them crazy birds still hopping round and round like, you know, round and round, like - spaced out. Fritz the Cat, he the man, he start creeping up on them birds, not one sound from his paws, not one blink of his eyes, not one click of his claws, he the Roi, the very Growl de Prowl. El hombre, he creep behind Fritz. We place one paw here – so; one paw

there – so; guided by the vibes within. Man, we got this one all tied down, we so so wicked. All the chicks, they gonna freak out when they see how *hot* we creep, so slowly, like a crazy cat-er-pill-ar.

So, dudes, there we was, a-creeping and a-sliding, Fritz the Cat out front, the hombre behind and them birds they don't know what bad shit going to come down on them soon. They're a-fighting and a-squabbling and a-fluttering like there was no tomorrow. Hea-vy, man, no tomorrow for *them*, Fritz the Cat he thinks.

Well, amigos, here come the wisdom of Fritz: el hombre, crucial prowling is not his scene, that for sure thing. He lurching behind me like that Frankie Stein thang and all them birds they look up. Wow Yow!, they think, this is too heavy for us, let's spread our tiny wings and fly. So they split, you know what I mean? Tweetty tweet, fluttery flutter, split. Vamoose. Par-ti.

Well, Fritz the Cat, he the ultimate cool. ¡No problemo, amigo ! Fritz he can handle all this. Must be the hombre. The hombre, compagnons, you know he's so un-cool. Ain't got no inner balance, you know what I mean? Ain't no crucial prowler. Can't get no bird in the hand, can't find no bird in the bush. Fritz the Cat he won't take the hombre prowling again. Fritz the Cat he say, men men don't do prowling.

Hey: but it's cool. Birds - no birds - it's no big deal. Fritz the Cat he just keep his shades on, he crash out, he wait for the next time. Peace and love, man.
