

Come On Down

De La Soul

Look man! You're botherin me G
I got shit to do right now, aight?
This is for De La Soul, y'knahmsayin?
Word up I got shit to do you test tube baby!
Check one two, check one two
De La Soul, is now back on the map
Long Island, is now back on the map
Good rap music, is now back on the map
Yo check one two, this is the voice of yours truly the Flava Flav
And I just want y'all to know, we ain't goin nowhere
Old school is here to stay BOY!

On the outskirts, of what works
Live those who go for broke, and merk to get merked
Live by the sword and die by the semi
Not part of my ways, but stays right in my
N.Y. mentality for me to be the best
The current, the ones who weren't
pressed, to confess lies over hot joints
to sell to all who wanna hear some
(Young'uns these days got fireproof eardrums!)
They don't give a SHIT who's hot
Just long as you're not, pussy, and be the would-be King
But once crowned, the same wanna pull you down
(And what makes the world go 'round!!)
And I be the world renowned Wonder Why
Wonderin why you can't stand me
Is it because I'm the main Jackson
and y'all just Titos and Randys? (Yes, it is!)
Bless the kid who hold his own head and expect to last
At the same time, I want respect and cash
And a few paragraphs in them books
Tellin you how us Native Tongues made hits with no hooks
Rapped in every prefixes, gave birth to rap remixes back in '88
No disrespect to Diddy just settin it straight
Instead of zig-zaggin, got a degree in braggin
My daughter says I'm a teen, cause like a teen
my pants always saggin and I walk with a bop
The part of my time, I walked from my pop
No longer on timey and was never on Loud
But cooked rhymes that make the Chefs of Wu proud
I'm top cloud to rain on your show
And still "anything goes when it comes to hoes" because

Music (c'mon) New York (c'mon) Detroit (c'mon) c'mon down!
Miami (c'mon) L.A. (c'mon) Vegas (c'mon) c'mon down!
Boston (c'mon) Tucson (c'mon) Long Island (c'mon) c'mon down!
V.A. (c'mon) Portland (c'mon) Chi-Town (c'mon) c'mon down!

Make you shake like, sunshine, naked shoe was once mine
Had bottom inner drawers and used to hit it from the mids
Fix your playground player or some kids'll
come stomp in your sandbox, swollen hands cocked back
No knives, no drama, no guns
No disrespectin your seed or Ma Dukes
I puke rhyme and you laugh, take a sniff
of these fricaseed raps on Carribean riffs

See last night's change was today's dough money
No time for your freestyles so roll money
No more whack albums with two joints
No more ballplayin rappers who shoot ya two points
(No more G cause I'm sick of your hip-hop!)
Your flows bore like seashores with no bitches
Switchhittin niggaz will receive no pitches
No diamonds on the field, just keep the game real
simple, see the God flows healthy
Wealth in the mind is like money in the bank
Exchange cash like thoughts in conversation
Thank you for your purchases, we dough out
and roll out the Kool-Aid, see us pimp strut
Ain't really pimpin, I'm tryin to catch the bus
The Krush Groove ain't got shit on Cold Crush!
We dolly dolly babies cause we shootin cats
'Back to the Future' rap with Doc Brown shotgunnin it
And pantyhose your whole style and start runnin it
You dudes fiddle while we stay on the cello
The mush-in-your-room son, we stay portobello
Can't settle for the same picket white fence
I got dreams of barbed wire in front of factories pa
Still push the truck with the factories pa
I'm bound to wreck the whip and turn insurance out, make 'em shout

D.C. (c'mon) Oakland (c'mon) U.K. (c'mon) c'mon down!
New Orleans (c'mon) Little Rock (c'mon) B-More (c'mon) c'mon down!
Memphis (c'mon) Utah (c'mon) Jersey (c'mon) c'mon down!
Atlanta (c'mon) Brooklyn (c'mon) Philly (c'mon) c'mon down!

Yeah that's right! Flava Flav, with De La Soul
Act bold, and we knock you straight up in the hole
Y'knahmsayin? Six feet deep, that's the way that we keep, rollin
Y'knahmsayin? Operation tech sensation in the nation
Ready to take it to Penn Station, y'knahmsayin?
Yeah, ah ha ha ha Long Iz one is, that's where we is man De La Soul, you don
e it again!
De La Soul, you done it again! De La Soul, you done it again! Flava Flava, D
e La Soul, you done it again!