

Declaration

De La Soul

Yo, this girl called me..
Hi pos! heard your shit, back in style baby!
.. heard the de la, said Im back in style yknow?
Heh..

You-you-you.. you need to stop
I declare that only live niggaz rap this year -> prodigy
Jams off the meter yo, this {shit} is hot -> p. smith
Theres always one.. (one!)
Amateurs get hung with they own gold chains -> rebel ins
There it is!!
I declare that only live niggaz rap this year -> prodigy

The average mc sells terror
We nail terror up against the wall for target practice
Not one of your top five mcs
But I see clearly with ease you lack this
Coast to coast, we pop up on your scene like toast
Playin host to your regiment
Who rally to boast, but now boast no more
They got floored by the sight of my ledger print
I came specifically, to fracture yo ability
To grandstand anywhere next to me
This is the year, when the true better man
Keeps the cheddar and writes to his destiny (word!)
Timeless episodes of talent got me nominated
By the ones who hated me on spittin tighter
Salute these supa emcees for bein clever;
And never use the weed as a ghost writer

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Jams off the meter yo, this {shit} is hot -> p. smith
Run a rapper through a maze like a experiment -> malik b
Yeah, word up!
I declare that only live niggaz rap this year -> prodigy

Contrary to popular truth, these youth are runnin scared
So in one stare they gettin strapped
Cash rules nuttin from below the belt
The dick choose to melt asses where them dollars at?
(where them dollars at?) musta been bitten by a rabbit
Actin silly like that; your pop culture need a diaper change
Im snatchin the mic, like Im lootin
With a whole lot of shootin while youre keepin out of sniper range
Your aims to please, my aims to freeze
You dead center in your tracks with your hands high
Aint no tricks, we set it to fire like hendrix
All the hard rocks at liquor spots
All over the scene, makin it messy
So we make a clean getaway to a better day
Cant say the same, for them cats who left the game
Cause they couldnt claim the better pay
This aint no masquerade
So the mass parade of people need to stop frontin
Theres truly a few makin them hits
While us, we got our mitts closed cause you on the field buntin
Make it to third base, but never reach home

The word is, your whereabouts is unknown
While were that point of view, that you never really knew
With the stitch to keep the cut sewn (de la!)

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Jams off the meter yo, this {shit} is hot -> p. smith
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Rock a bye baby!! on the tree top!!
When the wind blows!! the cradle will rock!!
Rock!! ro..