

Oooh.

De La Soul

Party people, your dreams have now been fulfilled
Get your ass up, and let's get ill
That's right y'all, we more than rough, we callin your bluff
And when it comes to rhymes... (Brick City)

Yo, don't scandalize mine
I spent too much time
Straight talk with the catch to etch my line walk
Never fetchin for crime, halt! Who goes there?

Yo, it's the squeeze of five fingers, puffin Smokey the Bear
Shinin black like Darth Vader caps, they on stare

While we rockin it, I'll rock in it (rock in it)
Like the little ball inside the spray can
Providing three coats for both child, woman and man

God bless the God, lay these Streets Wall to Wall
It go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!
Yo, you got popped like a flick by that rivalry click
It went - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!

It ain't my fault your ass is on the ashphalt
Got your chin touched by my fam who though you brought harm, you see
I'm iced out like a glass of tea
Better yet, oatmeal cookies, y'all just rookies to me
Slidin' up and down the court, but I don't think you can D
Why try? Maseo be gettin high since Luke was Luke Skywalker'
Man, my topic of talk is sheddin shame all over your game
Like them shorties who claim that afrocentric lovin is the past drug
A life filled with (TWEET) that's what thugs love
Snatch you fast, wrap that ass in the rug of your choice
while it muffles your voice

Now when I'm swimmin through the joint, I put the funk on hold
Cause if you don't, you'll see the bubbles come up
We run up a tab and gladly add a little extra for miss
Flashy faces with bigger lips for that ass to kiss

Most crews are post-current while we're forever
Direct beats that's contagious, loved by all ages
Graduated from the you-and-I-versity
of hard-hitters, for real

I got niggas in the streets that'll blast your ass for the shine
And get - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!
Yo, if you a fat chick gettin your fuck on tonight
Then go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!
Yo, put your hands opposite to the ground if you're lovin our sound
Go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!
Yo, and to my broke niggaz on the corner holdin me down
Go - oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!

Yo, I swear Tommy gonna get it, he done did me wrong
I had plans to buy more land, plant corn
Bust kernels on heat, work hard like wetbacks
Set backs is gonna get my ass to be hostile

Rockwilder the beat, top dollar defeat
Big money's make the big decisions
Keep hip-hop alive, it's just an intermission
Back to the second half of the feature flick
Dick stacks and fuck rap

I had a name for makin paper since paper mache
Now my dollar coins join pounds of yen for play
While you broke niggaz reach drunk much quicker
You don't make enough bread to soak up all your liquor
Went from God to God damn

Damn God, you're killin it
Should incorporate it, invest half a mil' in it
Rap cats talk with no will in it

Soundin like they virtual
This joint'll hurt you, yo

Twas the night before Christmas and my crib got robbed
(shhh shhh shh, shhhhh) They did a job
Took all my goodies out from under the tree, except the CD's
of shiny-suit rappers and flossin emcees
who fail at takin it to rhyme degrees

Man, you know no wack poems get no play in our homes
You need to not get nappy with me
Or else we gon' "relax your mind, let your conscious be free"

Yo, where my Wall Street niggaz, if ya up in the stands
Go - ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh!
To my women that'll throw they hands against they punk-ass man
Go - ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh!
Yo, if you never been shot or stabbed
Brick City go - ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh!
Yo, I gotta catch a cab back to the lab so I can smoke
Go - ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh!