

# The Bizness

De La Soul

And, and bass up the track a little bit  
'Cuz I, I'm here I wanna hear that boom bish boom, knowwhatI'msayin'?  
Yeah, yeah, you know the bizness  
Common Sense, soul with the De La  
Get all them playas  
We the rhyme sayers  
Huh and that's the bizness, hah  
Gonna do it like this  
Gettin' it hot  
Like the Chicago streets  
I speak divine of God theories, no need to be high  
Always exhale the facts 'cause I don't inhale lie  
Play the greater man's game, to bounce off my losses  
So I can earn the acres, the houses, yeah, the horses  
Of course, it's much greater than your Benx or your Lex  
The engine to my comprehension is just too complex  
Much too complex, EFX be live like Das  
Making moves down South, to avoid the chaos  
And never flaunt the coin 'cuz dime-getters be gazin'  
They call me Luther Van, they say my style is so amazin'  
I'm fazin' those who're supposed to have the last laughter  
'Cuz even when I'm gone, I'm reappearin' in the after  
I haveta send respects to real money makers  
Do not connect us with those champaign sippin' money fakers  
Taste the quarter pound with spice from Chi-town  
Now what that prove, you're so full, you can't even move  
'Cause I'm the D to the O, the V to the E  
And can't another brother cook these delicacies  
Well I'm the P L U, the G to the One  
Walk around the planet earth, making money, having fun  
And I'm the C to the O, double M O N  
I sit and think with a drink about how I'm gonna win  
I'm the C to the O, double M O N  
I sit and think with a drink  
Do you wanna be a MC? Or do you wanna serve?  
Do you wanna be dope? Or do you wanna deal it?  
Fabricated acrylic, I feel it, I'm the style molester  
I do a show, get Extra P's like the Large Professor  
In fact I get more hoes than Tessa, peep game like a  
Refa-ree in soul control of my  
Destiny, in the best of three out of five  
Whip anybody ass at NBA Live, rappers  
Take a dive like Greg Lougainis with his bitch-ass  
Rather be in Bebe's alley, than at the click with gators  
Not a hater of the players, I'm more like a coach or an owner  
I used to love her but now I bone her  
At one point in rhyme, I thought I lost my erection  
But then I got it back with the resurrection, blessings  
Upon rhymes, old man who called him traitor  
Big Com Stradamus, niggaz, styles I predict  
I'm the C to the O, double M O N  
I sit and think with a drink about how I'm gonna win  
And I'm the D to the O, the V to the E  
And can't no other brother cook these delicacies  
Well I'm the P L U, the G to the One  
Walk around the planet earth, making money, having fun  
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Walk around the planet earth, making money, having fun  
I'm the most from the coast of the Eastern flav'  
Droppin' more knowledge than litter, on the New York pave'  
It's me, wonder why, in the place to be  
Certified, as superior, MC  
While others explore to make it hardcore  
I make it hard for wack MC's to even step inside the door  
'Cause these kids is rhymin', some timing  
And when we get to racing on the mic, they line up to see  
The lyrical killing, with stained egos on the ceiling  
My rhymes escalates like black death rates  
Over musical plates, being played as the rule  
Kids thinking, stepping to the Soul, you're labeled fools  
Who claims to drop jewels but for now you do the catching  
I don't worry on what crew you run or what section of earth  
You reside, you're not even a man  
So I don't deem it mandatory, taking your pride  
But I will 'cause my man says, 'Soul for the life?  
You cried, "Keepin' it real", yet you should try keepin' it right  
That's understanding microphone mathematics  
Which leaves the currency in temporary world status  
And when one shows, he posed threat to this one  
This one will make that one into none  
Simple equation, zero, you shouldn't play hero  
If you can't stand strong like the island I'm from  
Now I'm the P L U, the G to the One  
Walk around the planet earth, making money, having fun  
Yeah and I'm the C to the O, double M O N  
I sit and think with a drink about how I'm gonna win  
And I'm the D to the O, the V to the E  
And can't another brother cook these delicacies  
See can't another brother cook these delicacies  
See can't another brother cook these delicacies  
Ah, that's how, that's how I'm supposed to do my thing, huh  
Like triple it, alright  
That's how we do it, all the way from Strong Island to Chicago  
The type of freestyler flow  
Yeah, it's fluent and we don't need to flow no more  
To my man Mos Def, yo, he nonstop  
To my man Enola, yo, he's nonstop  
And to my kin de Calhoun, yo, he's nonstop  
Yo that girl MP, yo, she's nonstop  
And to that crew Camp Lo, yo, they nonstop  
And to that nigga Pop Life, yo, he's nonstop  
And to my cousin Fudd Love, you know he nonstop  
My brother Lucky and Pert, yo, they nonstop  
And to my man Joe Buck, you know he nonstop  
And my man Extra P, yo, he's nonstop  
And my man Mike Divine, you know he nonstop  
That kid called Baby Paul, yo, he's nonstop  
And to the Jazzyfatnastees, yo, you're nonstop  
And my peoples Beatminerz, man they nonstop  
And to my man Mr. Bug, you know you're nonstop  
And yo, Litro, yo, he's nonstop  
And to, my dean The Green, yo, you're nonstop  
And to my man Prince Paul, yo, he's nonstop  
And to that man Kid Capri, yo, you nonstop  
And A Tribe Called Quest, man, they nonstop  
And don't forget the Jungle Beez, yo, they nonstop  
Let me tell you a little something about Soul, tell 'em son  
I be a piece of the East coast, so give a toast to  
Plug Wonder, why back in the day who soaked his words in jigga  
So when I ran a phrase in June, you didn't catch it 'til December

I'm a member of them kids from the inner city  
Giving you kitties audible treats, you be aching for making  
More money than a pagan holiday  
Not from the PJ's, yet I still got something to say