

# The Book Of Life

De La Soul

Friends, how many have 'em?  
How long before they split like atoms?  
Don't ask me, but what I do stand behind  
is someone havin your back, seems hard to find  
You know the line, "Don't judge the book by its cover"  
Read every page cause the nigga's my brother  
But it shoulda stated, that the book's on one's life  
is always upgraded (so open the book!)

...Aight, business.. page 9, right?

Yo, sun's out so momma's first son's up  
Between me and Deen, I'm the first one up  
Ready to grind, always on time  
for any interview, face-to-face, even online  
Knocked out about fo' befo', Deen stumbles through  
the door groggy, last night foggy, so unprofessional!

What? You wanna hold a congressional hearing on this shit?  
C'mon, Pop, quit!

This is how we is when it comes to the biz  
Off-point, off-centered  
and when you point it out, he gets ill-tempered  
Promoter of the show's pissed cause the spot had a curfew  
but Hurricane Whitter blew through  
and made the mess of the date (Yeah, I got here late, and?)  
We only did four songs, 'spose to do more songs  
Now Ken-doo dealin with the riot and the venue, yeah

Crazy.. got this shit right here, on page 63

Aiyyo, little kid's sis insists she knows me  
Backstage access, aspiring actress  
She gon' be the candidate to get this caucus  
Of course my campaign is interrupted  
Jacob's fury, he's wearing a helmet  
Penile pad like he's Mr. Cockney  
I ain't buyin it, he can't sell it  
I'll redial Madlock, the verdict is sloppy  
We used to split the rations, trios ménages  
But now I got a private car parked garages  
All on my front seat, he playin like bumper cars  
(I think yo' bitch likes me!) Nigga she's neither one of ours  
He on the bitch strong so I'ma play passive  
Now she sayin she gotta go home - YOU BASTARD!  
Damn, I'm in the goddamn dirt like a shovel  
outta work with a pay stub and earnin NO love

Oh yeah I'll open the book!  
Yeah let me open it for you  
I'll turn to the page for you motherfucker  
It's right here! Look right here!

It's like the harmonica sounds of black clouds around

Word around the campfire you said I'm a tramp buyer  
Nigga, I don't pay for hoes!  
Unlike you who disappears for DAYS for hoes

Well here go Captain Paper-Frozen, Salad-That's-Frosty  
The only dude in the group with a personal glossy  
Personal transport, champion hand sport  
Caught him yankin the cord, this dude is boss

And the Lord won't save us even though we need saving  
Can't even wrestle it, now it's all desolate  
Like B.B. said, "The thrill is dead"  
And the afterlife, it's trife to stay in the red

But I'm stayin ahead, one lesson to thank you  
Stow a skunk in the street cred and one in the bank too  
Far gone but ain't far enough to see through  
Word is you did a solo album with your people  
But life ain't that Pop, you ain't no show stopper  
Send the boys over to crown you when-

Hey what the fuck you just say? Yo stop the tape!  
[music stop] Yo, WHAT THE FUCK YOU JUST SAY?!

Nigga, I said what you heard!

Oh, uh-huh.. please...  
and WHAT THE FUCK DID I JUST HEAR?

Oh, it's like that Pop?  
...It's on now