

# The Package

De La Soul

Okay, cameras ready  
Everybody get on they marks  
Let's get this thing started, people, come on  
Posdnous, you got your lines  
You know the direction  
Roll cameras, everybody, roll cameras  
Let's make this a good one  
And, action!

L.I.'s finest back at it  
Premium soul on the rocks, the package  
A revival and conscious survival  
The content is beyond lists and idols  
Use scar tissue to wipe tears  
Hiding amongst the blood and sweat  
And don't forget the gang's here to face ya  
If some wanna take it back to when a B-boy first became a C-note chaser  
Nah, you staying right here  
"Talk less, listen more," that's the saying right here  
Those who wanna try us, play it right here  
Step to us with a Goliath, got a David right here

And you can save it right there (Yup!)  
Recognize the savior  
The kinks in the string, the wack accelerators  
The difference between doing the job and just your nature  
Understand birthright over labor  
Still working like two thumbs up  
Be mouse humble if you two crumbs up  
Because, uh, I seen sun go grimace in a smile  
And I ain't heard a lyric go dive in a while  
We jump right in the deep end, like we don't pretend  
Serve heavenly high, like Gospel and weed pens  
We stay devout  
Career's not carbonated, so we won't fizz out (Fizz out, fizz out)  
No doubt

Good take, good take  
Alright, let's set up for the next one  
A little less lighting on this one... that's it  
Looks just fine, just fine  
Everybody on their marks  
Cameras rolling

L.I.'s finest, Craftmatic  
This ain't the sit-down pillow top package  
Keep the tenor, boy, we beyond summertime  
Want that good work? Call Plug Wonder Time  
Stay on the tick tock, but this ain't the kiddy app  
Black king shit, God - Where your city at?  
Once again, we administer the Mars transmission  
Get your cause ate up like Blondie  
No crease, pa, this that laundry  
Indebted to a long list, funky like armpits  
But let the band roll on like deodorant  
You know they going straight Dan Stuckie when we blast off  
Living life 'mask on, mask off'

The devil got a plan and a task force (And a task force)  
A little prayer oughta piss his ass off  
Get your helmets fitted, we headed for a crash course

Yo, we're not designed to be ancient  
Keep it new like wet paint scent  
We're colorful, and yet  
From Day-Glo, we departed  
'Cause trendsetters know when to bail from the trend they started  
And yet, the enders still prevail  
We all hail from the 'ville with no days off up in the office  
Godly flows never nailed up on crosses  
It's like liquid abundantly running out of faucets

Yeah, let's print that  
That's it, folks  
That's a wrap, everybody  
Everybody, give a round of applause for...  
De La Soul  
DJ Pete Rock  
That's a wrap, everybody, that's a wrap