

# The Work

De La Soul

Yeah, (yeah man) Yeah!  
(Aight let's do it man, c'mon) One two and ah  
Can I kick it? Well ah, yes you can  
Can I kick a hole in the speaker and then jet?  
Well of course you can! First Serve's the best yet  
Can I kick a hole in the speaker and then jet?  
My nigga yes you can, First Serve's the best kept!

I play the intro, middle, ending back to the intro  
Reborn to bring NEW beginnings  
How many lives, have you ran through?  
I think I'm on number five, came back strivin  
for the same thing, the GAME thing  
Microphone remain king, yeah my need  
they say it's in the blood, and in my thoughts as well  
Since the days of the, ways of the walk  
through the park in the BX, me and D got next  
Verbal push-ups, titles, concepts, beats  
Yo D, it's time to eat!

..And with this gravy  
Make fritters out of these tater sacks, you quarterbacks  
ought to back it up two yards, we bought it back  
That old chord mic's the prototype  
connect it like Siamese deep in the work  
Sweat a Hi-C packet a day, now sip on that

("Let me be") At the front of the line  
("It was plain to see") Cause it's our time  
("It's over now") in bright lights surrounded by skirts  
("You had me found, you shot me down")  
Pop Life & Deen Whitter, we puttin in work!  
Work! Work! (Work!) Work! (Work!) Work! (Work!)  
Work! Work! (Work!) Work! (Work!) Work! (Work!)  
Work! (Yeah!) Work (Yeah!) Work! (Yeah!!) Work! (Yeah!!)  
Work! (Yeah!!) Work! (Yeah!!) Work (Yeah!!) Work! (Yeah!!)  
WORK WORK WORK!

Can't a monkey stop us in this bar game  
The guitar lickin the far lane  
Yo I got crazy visions! (Nigga, put 'em on paper!)  
The contracts, contacts puffin haze per page  
and Almanac of ideas for five years  
Book stick it in that "I so solemnly swear" joint  
Economy scare point (Yo, studio costs is for horses!)  
Nigga we can play the mule and get Pro Tools  
and show fools the A-game, set up in the crib and live

Word! Man, but yo..  
I'm on that song ass first, I'm on the last verse  
Finish line 24 but I got 20 more things I gotta do  
like, make the name up for the crew  
Might call it Witter Pop! (Naw, nigga that's wack)  
Yeah you right, yo did you find a studio?  
(Yeah I came across two you know the one Ken-doo talk about?)  
The other one's called Odyssey)  
Oh yeah yeah, let's take it there man

I heard it's more private, B

("Let me be") At the front of this shit  
("It was plain to see") We the number one pick  
("It's over now") in bright lights surrounded by skirts  
("You had me found, you shot me down")  
Pop Life & Deen Whitter, we puttin in work!  
Work! (Yeah!) Work! (Yeah!) Work! (Put it in!) Work! (Yeah!)  
Work! (Yeah!) Work (Yeah!!) Work! (Yeah!!!) Work! (Yeah!!!!)  
Work! (Yeah~!) Work! (Yeah`!) Work! (Yeah!!) Work! (YEAH!!)  
WORK WORK WORK!

[Deen:] Aiiyyo, we spent many years  
[Pop:] brushin the plaque off the teeth  
[Deen:] It's time to switch gears  
[Pop:] and place the plaques underneath the roof  
[Deen:] The gold ones  
[Pop:] was platinum plus much better  
[both:] The right contract bring the right con-CHEDDAR  
[Deen:] And we ain't cons

So just like Etta (At Last)  
We have to blast through, anybody ask you  
Who works harder? You say First Serve  
Try to say different, say you got some nerve!

See you got some herbs that gon' hate  
The Band-Aid is for dem boys! Nikita La Femme boys!

The key to the city is ours  
The broads, the house, the cars  
The sky's the limit, the stars  
Shalamars in it, there it is!

But what took you so long?  
The energy's a tall glass of milk, the secret's best kept  
in the basement, potential amazement  
Until we hit the surface of the pavement, PEACE!

("Let me be") At the front of the line  
("It was plain to see") Cause it's our time  
("It's over now") in bright lights surrounded by skirts  
("You had me found, you shot me down")  
Pop Life & Deen Whitter, we puttin in work!  
Work! (Work!) Work! (Work!) Work! (Work!) Work! (Yeah!)  
Work! (Get it in!) Work! (Yeah!) Work! (Yeah!) Work! (Yeah!)  
Work! (Work!) Work (Work!) Work! (Work!) Work! (Work!)  
Work! (Work!!) Work (Work!!) Work (Work!!) Work! (Work!!)  
WORK WORK WORK!

We got the work alright  
Ken-Doo put a plan together, got us organized  
Studio time, little shows here and there, AND means!  
But, things weren't happenin overnight now..  
Shit, days became weeks, weeks into months  
And months? Months turned into doubt  
[sigh] What we gon' do now?