

Dope - A - Delic (Do - U - B - Lееve - In - D - Flo?)

Digital Underground

Do you believe in D flow?
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Jump up, jump up, tell me, who do you believe in?
D flow, D flow, it is the A1 sound

Now with the D flow, you know the style's fat
Where's our competition? I believe we left 'em all flat
How's that?
We reign over rappers like the weather
You couldn't have knew us when you said nobody does it better
I got so many styles, I could be a rap-utition
You must've seen a falling star 'cause I can see you wishing
You could be like us, but we know that'll never happen
We not a track team, but we run this thing called rapping
So pack up your bags, don't miss the train like the gapping
I'm not good in tennis, but I'm good with the backhand
You can put that in an envelope and mail it
Stamp it on the front, address it to Clee Dope-A-Delic

Oh, and we jammin'
Ear to ear rammin'
Dope-A-Delic slammin'
You could be dope too
The first step is to accept the fact that you're whack right now
Don't say you never bit a style
Tellin' others that you are brother who's in a whole 'nother class
Just like you said you don't eat cock
But when you gave us a dose of rap up close, your breath reeks ass
Son, this is your weakness
Press record on your box and repeat this
Why must I rap like that?
Why do I loop the track so whack?
Nothin' but the bland in me, now keep sayin' it
And let your ass breath partner beatbox while you lay it
Say it, fool, say it
God, you might as well 'cause you're thinkin' so hard that we can hear it
Oh, what will we sample? What will we do? What will we do? Need a new sound
Fool, put the Tylenol down
The headache's about to stop you got from lookin' for that sound
To loop 'round and 'round
You better go on and loop some more Digital Underground
'Cause then, baby, maybe you could sell it
But don't give it a new name, this time, call it "Dope-A-Delic"

Jump up, jump up, tell me, who do you believe in?
D flow, D flow, it is the A1 sound
Jump up, jump up, tell me, who do you believe in?
D flow, D flow, it's all the talk of the town

Now aim is what they say when we be preachin'
'Cause I'm reachin' deep down into my soul and I'm pullin' out the bunches o
f the punches
My hunch is
That if I write a tad off, you might get cross

But I don't wanna lose you
Clee is here to flooze the
Or freak the
Funk another mother, hold up, who's the?
Sucker 'nother comin' out the face like he run shit
Well, come get
A dose of Dope-A-Delic, can't you tell? It's the ghetto rap
Fatter than the demo tape you starred in
Your shit was so butt, I call it hard-on
Your father
Talkin' how you run the town, a small claim
My name is not Wapner, but I'm proper, I spot you
Twenty, bet you thirty, fade the forty malt
Slam 'bout fifty 'cause you're faulty like a bitch be, well, it's Clee
So miss me
Punk, when I slap, you better say thanks
I drop bombs like the dank man
So , hey
I caught the Holy Ghost-A-Delic, Dope-A-Del's got me sane
Jump up, jump up, now tell me, who do you believe in?
I thought you knew it was a Clee him

And we came fat with the D flow
But I said, "Yo, take it slow 'cause he knows the flow"
My man was wreckin' rows and rows and droves of afro bros and hoes with funk
y blows and chunky syllables
The D flow style
It rides the beat and slides out the speakers
Keep sneakers
Tap into the sound, it just bobs a lot to make you nod your head to this
Weak rookie rappers need to pray to this
Yes, this, this
Let this bless you, take you and make you bigger
The motherfuckin' bomb, knucklehead-ass rigger
And like Yosemite Sam
I'm a rackin', frackin', rackin', frackin', mackin' man
On a whole new tip with the thriller
The funk gorilla
Hip-hop, the hella dope-a-delic (Dope-a-delic)
You heard that shit
I said, the funk gorilla
Hip-hop, the hella psychedelic relic thriller
They call dope-a-delic (Yeah)

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