

## De La Soul

Max B

I'm like Ali, gettin' stripped of the title  
'Cause he wouldn't fight the white man's war  
That 'bout a bitch  
Boss said, you's a hell of a dude  
But it's crazy 'cause you're doing everything except to rap with  
the wrist  
Why don't you focus up, polish your game, do a big Porter cup,  
when in the booth  
And I blew a sig  
Came up with the fly shit here  
Heard of Public Domain, that was my shit, yeah  
Every 10 years, niggas like you pop up  
You're a blast from the past  
Your music feel good like wakin' up, scratchin' your ass  
I'mma keep makin' hits, try'na fatten my stash  
On the block rollin' dice  
Or at my own wedding try'na fuck with the bitches that be throw  
in' the rice  
I'm so ahead of my time  
I think I'm seven years older than Mike (who Mike?)  
(Mike? That's my older brother)  
I ain't one of them whack niggas that'll take a lil' day off  
Come back, drive by and the wave sound way off  
Pack this mix, it's perfect then pay off  
God sent me here to make [?]  
Spend big money all up and break hoes  
Not those broke bitches that want to make love (LOVE!)

Hundred begets and the hundred thousand dollar cars  
And then we gon' ride in the sunset  
Play with yo' pussy 'till it get dumb wet  
Max, why you stop, I ain't cum yet  
Chill babe, light up a blunt, why you beat, I ain't finished ha  
vin' fun yet  
Let a lil' Domain bump  
[?] two of the trilogy, I can tell when you niggas is feelin' m  
e  
Niggas start gettin' they lean on  
Gettin' they fiend on

And I got a mean arm, pitch it from deep  
Silencer, I don't even need a beam on  
Puff puff pass, quit gettin' your steam on  
I'm back

This goes out to all of my girls, girls  
I'mma take you around the world  
This goes out to all of my girls, girls

I'mma lace you up with diamonds and pearls