

## De La Soul "360"

Visit "[360](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Come on, yeah

Yo I'm from I I fella, vison had you tune into my figgida  
(? )

Microphone is mobile

Holding mic's is so while I be just day dreaming

Drop for like, nine months, and rock from backyards to  
Fronts

Who wants to live the gutter life, we got sidewalks to  
walk,

Baby

I need a chick with big potatoes to mash, baby

Hang like parachutes, I've been floating for years

Went from rapping in cars to rapping careers

One beer, two beers, I got the gift like santa

I go from ny to dc, and down to atlanta

Make you fly like propellor, we be down in the cellor

What I guess you call the basement, cause thats where  
all

The bass went

When we turn it up a notch, old school like ed kotch

Toss my foot up in the air and grab my crotch

Who am i? michael, keep the music on a cycle

So we can finish up the flow within your fro

Word out

This is called frozen style

Shatter your teeth style

Freeze like artic style y'all

Come on

Check it out

I'm the p to the o to the s

Known to pinpoint the flow to the chest

So wear your vest, nibble the thighs and breast on

Vanessa

Had to sneak it cause her moms kept me under  
pressure

As the sun appears to rise and set

Some cats live for the hood cause it's as good as it  
gets

But my plot is much thicker, I move it much quicker

Three-hundred and sixty mile to the p h  
So I'm balanced, not a fella to fall  
Connecting the dots, I got two propellers in awe  
Went from ghetto to the meadow  
Seen all degrees of hot, and froze when I was not  
Like lot, my lady threw salt in the game  
Invested cheese in the mouse who sent pork into fame  
Now you hear my name being screamed on the ride of  
life  
It's too late to get of, to get off

We in the house y'all, we in the house y'all  
We about to get evicted, there ain't no lights or liquid  
The bills ain't paid and last week we had a raid  
Cause we partied too much but that's my family's trade  
Invited all of my folks, and yo all my folks stayed  
They tried to silence our shit, but we just pushed up the  
Fade  
Sat back to charge a dollar, hadn't got paid  
And called on the band and got stupid when the  
keyboard  
Played

(talking in background)

Keeping funky with the propellerheads y'all

Now listen  
You see, I'm here to usher the pain with no relief  
But still get the "great scotts, are you a thief? "  
"seems like you got a mouth full of gold.." records  
Sorry for that, platinum plaque soon to come  
Till then propellor got me working the drum  
For a fee so notifi the foe looking for the fumble  
I hear you want to rumble on the mic, so check it out  
How you want it, I got it -- oh yeah?

Visit [De La Soul](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.