

## De La Soul "Am I Worth You?"

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Ooh, ooh, ooh  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Ooh, ooh, yeah

It's a pity that you're so dirty  
Worthy of some Southern Hospital  
See we them Northern boys with nose and hows  
NYC livin' ain't nothin' like it  
See how me and my peeps fit, we jigsaw

Sometimes I play big saw to cut the deal  
And we keepin' them bills paid  
With meals in the mouths of many  
A noble job at Feni, money ain't everything  
But everything makes me want it

But won't dishonor my name so the claim throwers  
Act like game on the dice on the mic device  
Stay above middle class for life  
Not an easy task but I've grown to love it

Dub it to tape, why don't you whip a grin  
While I speak to my mens about the world problems  
And girl problems with no immediate way to solve 'em?  
But I'm on hits

I make the best of the life I be with it  
Making the most of the moment among the livin'  
And it feels good being the man that I want to be

Do what I can 'cause I refuse to see  
The best of luxury, God's been good to me  
Now I'm asking am I worthy of you, of you  
Am I worthy of you

Pull them quarters down, I got some things  
On these nine ounces to vamp  
Me on a mission, y'all dug fresh dirt out the ground  
Lookin' for the treasures in life  
A bambino picket fence around the residence  
I wore these shackles here for thirteen years

But the only real slaves is the ones we record on  
We off all checks and God's blessin'  
Tryin' to own a thousand island like we salad dressin'  
Patience for the main course  
Don't have me in position to remain boss  
'Cause the man next to the man above the exec

Don't give a damn if I papered yet  
Sometimes it make me wanna go make a bet  
I did away with knock em' and release some stress  
By any means, these petty greens will only get me  
stuck in a box  
Doin' a dick shot in Oz, jerkin' off in the J  
But anyway I keep my head on

I make the best of the life I be with it  
Making the most of the moment among the livin'  
And it feels good being the man that I want to be

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I know people who tippy toe  
Through they own stompin' ground  
Master not makin' a sound to stay safe  
From the local star renaissance  
And the response is usually the same

Wishin' like it used to be  
Nothin' in that life is new to me  
We roll like eyes on a ghetto girl  
Brushin' off some no-man cause she's his ghetto pearl  
We into livin' beyond not livin' fads

Me and my comrades became dads young  
Try to have fun amongst responsibility  
Like fillin' these accounts full  
Got caught up at a party in Bull's

Sometimes gotta have the nerve to say some rhymes  
Because some minds take offense  
Try to make ya life tense but we still here  
Still gainin' the love, still standin' above most

I make the best of the life I be with it  
Making the most of the moment among the livin'  
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