

De La Soul

"Big Mouf"

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[Posdnuos] Some say the game's real 'cause The Man didn't give us manuals to the game to make it big A corner boy tryna claim a smidge to keep all the right foods in the fridge Keep all the right dudes on the bridge When I get in, the captian seek Sorta liek James Kirk, but my name's Work-MATIC Here to adjust, the pros oppose to gettin froze than economy plus Link up with Erick and P. And do a whole collabo together, called +The Joint+, business class to run up in first so the biz can last Instead, the biz went to hell and got infiltrated by them mainstream infidels, so here to settle the score Blow up the track to bits and leave nothing! No clause or claim, provoking a fear or fame Just know the name! It ain't De La, that's the group I'm in It ain't old school, that's the truth I blend And this will not be the realest shit I ever wrote But more real than theirs, so what that say about the words THEY spoke? I tell ya light and raw, you never find a black man with blue balls... Like you hard, sell a load every area code Domestic or inter-national, see that sounds a little un-rational Watch your step, you might TRIP! [Dave] Look out below, a nigga done fell in These rhymes are for sell, but it ain't gun sellin Tellin tales as such, that's just for liars Equipped with the hands to silence ya whole choir Deny her! She the one who started this nonsense Excuse me, I got issues of my consciences Flip like Geminis, in fact, I am just a Virgo Tee shot the bird to skeet skeets a burner to ya big mouf You can find us in the big house, invitin you to the doorstep where the raw's kept, the fourth step, broke I'ma take him if I got money on his mouth so I'ma move the cliff The right route, we break bread and make bread Charge a fam a fee for its mistake bread Good times, sometimes seem corrupt I put my shell on the book so we movin on up Confuse it all up, peep the rule of thumb I got consent from a king so a bitch can't run And beggars can't beg when the deaf don't hear If I'm blind to the facts, I see your bullshit clear And you been all year in my ear with your feathers Peacockin the boy, we droppin the boy Inserts volumes, twenty are dances It'll be sweet if you heard the advance... Now bring the chorus in [Chorus

2X: Dave] (Pos) SHOUT! Talk about it! Say somethin!
(That's that SHIT right there!) You heard that? LOUDER!
It's the BIG MOUF! [Posdnuos] The mirror shows me
frowns when the money's tight Sometime you gotta go
LEFT to get the money right And I'm NOT gonna be left
behind Fuck all your phonecalls, Merce has left the line
Whatever you need say, say it to Trent or Ray or Chris
Ak, or Smilez No longer wanna hear it, unless it's the
files of the MP3 Gotta get me to spit the P, wit about five-
letter Fs' attached While you in your ride screamin'..
(YO, what the hell did he say?!) (Man, bring that back!)
A poor man's hope, a poor manhood Back in your
egghead like yo... You niggas will NOT elude me!
Helpin you remember wire the first, you should include
me The Leo slash dragon, who pulled out the knife and
SLASHED all four tires on the bandwagon! [Chorus 4X]

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