

## De La Soul "He Comes"

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[Incomprehensible]

A few short words, and whaddya know?

Oh, whaddya know? He comes

Down, like water, fresh out the clouds clown

Drown you like terrible weather

Nobody does it better than I, so approved by Carly  
Simon

Most rappers is real hard, but still hardly rhymin'

To all, rise and shine, give God the glory

I already give a percent of mine to Bert and Cory

And still got bills and employees to pay

So excuse me Lord, we'll settle up towards the end of  
my days

My ways of control is hard to swallow

Known to lead, but some would rather see me follow  
behind

Sorry to disappoint, but dis joint's mine

Display your indie but say no

More or I'll blind you like spit did to Remo

To the dirt and edit the clip and lost Kano

My mens wear problems like Timbs

See it all in they face, ask Mase, he got wars to win

Scores to settle, crews to crush

You rush right in to see him do it with a smile

It's Long Isle y'all, longevity sustainin' my celebrity  
status

From AM to PM, you see him on file y'all

I was told to step righteous, so when it's done

Everyone will say I stepped right

And whether through religion, or stopped by the cop  
shinin' his flash in my face, I'm bound to see the light

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Aiyyo, I'm up against these walls, here's my back stiff  
straight up  
Dazzle and razzlin' broads like I'm little Juan Magic  
Magnetically handle mics, they don't drop  
Top drama every time these commas don't drop

Pop spots like lint on your shirt, the net worth  
To shoot the rock homey in many courts of ball  
Four couldn't do it, so we bring all six  
I circumcise the track, you just a dick

Overlapped and hooded  
Skin repeated like Stutterin' John  
I repeat like yesterday, it don't stop  
George of this poor life pop, put to Scarlet  
In a place she believes, much better than your lies

She say she lookin' better in my eyes, bullshit  
Same crock she done ran to duck, crammin' to fuck  
I put the pudding on her like Bill Cosby  
I tried to speak my piece in court but Judge Mills  
paused me

Bifocusedly die hopeless sometimes  
Yo cry your poker face, you oughta try it one time  
When God is an non pos', you stand to download  
Demanded like slaves on trial, we want free

Man cock aim ready, it's time you MC  
So you rappers bust bee-bee guns, graffiti runs  
Through my veins since cable with the wired remote  
Woodgrainin' like you wired his float

C'mon, Pretty Toney and De La Soul  
We was rhymin through the frozen street since 8 years  
old  
Take us back to eighty-eight, you couldn't catch our  
flow  
A group of kids so original, you heard?

C'mon, Pretty Toney and De La Soul  
We was rhymin through the frozen street since 8 years  
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Take us back to eighty-eight, you couldn't catch our  
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A group of kids so original

Tony 'Tana with big hammers for bad manners who got  
'em  
We kiss cannons for Scragelous crew, and his whack  
dancers

Bitin' is forbidden pah, pay that tax  
And don't you ever look at us funny, boy, we'll bring rap  
back

And that'll hurt you like Superman, chased by a group  
of men  
With dyna-mics, real hip-hop'll do you in  
For you like Loo Goo Kim, or Moo Loo Inn  
Hula hoop all bitches crew full with brand new Keds

Cutmaster kill 'em, make sure we cut classics  
Buck bastards in broad day and tuck caskets  
Next to Uday and Qusay, how can the group shoot the  
PA  
And just lay whooptay, whooptay?

Use the ruse, sport beads and snatch a dude's toupee  
Since tunin' into T-La Rock'n AJ  
Ghostface gats is freshed squeezed like a glass of OJ  
Girls you can go cruising' in my OJ

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