

De La Soul "I Am I Be"

Visit "[I Am I Be](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Verse 1

I am posdnous
I be the new generation of slaves
Here to make papes to buy a record exec rakes
The pile of revenue I create
But I guess I don't get a cut 'cause my rent's a month
late
Product of a north carolina cat
Who scratched the back of a pretty woman named
hattie
Who departed life just a little too soon
And didn't see me grab the plug tune fame
As we go a little somethin' like this
Look ma, no protection
Now I got a daughter named ayana monay
And I can play the cowboy to rustle in the dough
So the scenery is healthy where her eyes lay
I am an early bird but the feathers are black
So the apples that I catch are usually all worms
But it's a must to decipher one's queen
From a worm who plays groupie and spread around the
bad germ
I cherish the twilight
I maximize, my soul is the right size
I watch for the power to run out on the moon
(and that'll be sometime soon)
Faker than a fist of kids
Speakin that they're black
When they're just niggas trying to be greek
Or some tongues who lied
And said "we'll be natives to the end"
Nowadays we don't even speak
I guess we got our own life to live
Or is it because we want our own kingdom to rule?
Every now and then I step to the now
For now I see back then I might have acted like a fool
Now I won't apologize for it
This is not a bunch of bradys
But a bunch of black man's pride
Yet I can safely say
I've never played a sister by touching where her private

parts reside
I've always walked the right side of the road
If I wasn't making song I wouldn't be a thug selling
drugs
But a man with a plan
And if I was a rug cleaner
Betcha pos'd have the cleanest rugs I am.

Verse 2

The plug two brand with the flavour
In the flute watch the sniffin'
So a sack of shows in demand
I read the diction from the second page

I got the one-two gauge
Baritone to the izm fan
Trees fall so I can play ground with my ink
So let me need ya to my ems go
I push the infinite and carry it
My carrier's the three over one
So my pluggins already know
Lick shots with moo
Catch the boo
From a ghost in the heckling crowd
If I give a foot
Jack ville caught a spill
When a still came from my mouth
I brought a head down south
I don't check for the noose and the neck
So I never tell my ems
That finesse is knocking at my door
I choose to run from the rays of the burning sun
And dodge a needle washing up upon a sandy shore
I bring the element h with the 2
So ya owe me what's coming when I'm raining on your
new parade
It's just mind over matter
And what matters is
That the mind isn't guided by the punished shade
I keep the walking on the right side
But I won't judge the next who handles walking on the
wrong
'cause that's how he wants to be
No difference, see
I wanna be like the name of this song I am

Verse 3

I am posdnous
I be the new generation of slaves

Here to make papes to buy a record exec rakes
The pile of revenue I create
But I guess I don't get a cut 'cause my rent's a month
late
The deeds of a natural
Are seeds that are no longer planted
So the famine in the mind is strong
Tactics of another plane is now proven sane
Sane enough to let you know from within this song
I stabilize many cableized viewers
So my occupation's known
But not why I occupy
And that is to bring the peace
Not in the flower but the as-salaam alaikum in the third
I am

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.