

De La Soul

"Live @ the Dugout 87"

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"Good morning gentlemen. In the absence of your responsibilities to Sanctuary Records and Tommy Boy Music, you've been left with free reign to conduct business as you see fit. Your mission, if you so choose, is to continue to do what you do best - hip-hop. This tape will self-destruct in five seconds."

[Pos]

Making cash steady's on everybody's mind
DJ's spinnin our songs now decline
Rap is fast, but rap ain't cool
Hot enough to burn, yet I roll with a firm
that'll put that fire out, lower your temps
Smack you with a banana, lil' chimp~!
I'm known to run laps around your BMI and ASCAP
Put me on a tour bus, cover whole map
Leave my organs in tact when I die
But please donate every rhyme that I've fried
and baked, to them no skill rappers on the make
Who say the same shit, come in the same fit
And I'm wonderful while I'm most wild
Most call me Wonder Why for years
Got hip-hop like quarts of blood
that's the lifeflow to the very verse
Everybody say HOOOOO, for your ears

[Dave]

Ah yes yes y'all (yes y'all) yes y'all (yes y'all)
Rock a foreign spot cause the God's so STRESSED
Brand new shoes (shoes) a brand new name (name)
Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle ka-BAM!
B-boy stance I got the buckle on my belt
East coast reppin with the buckle on they belt
Forty-deuce flicks we had them fuckers on our belt
I'ma stay b-boy 'til this whole shit buckle
Rock'n'roll, round here we +Rocksteady+
EMC's need to +BE+ MC's
Lyrically inclined does not mean jack

if you cannot comprehend that ol' boom bap
That backyard scrap, like BVD's
Taylord's double{?}, and pinstripe Lees
That ba-ditty-ba-boom shit on hold
Now it's SoundScan spins, and who went GOLLLLLLLD~!
Fuck all they want platinum
But how's that good when you lyrically wood?

[Outro]

Yeah, mic check one two
Yo it's feedback y'all, feedback, one two
YEAH, party ain't over y'all
We just tryin to fix the technical difficulties
Crazy feedback

Way out in Long Island, yeah
Ayyo yo, turn down the music
Yo ummm, James Morris
James Morris, your mother is outside
You, you have to go home (your mommy's outside)
I mean damn B, guess you gotta home, bye bye!
Herbie Hancock, heh heh
Yo yo, don't turn on the light man!
Don't turn the light, turn off the light man
We 'bout to get it back on, yo DJ
DJ turn that back on man
Line up with the mic, let's do it

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