

De La Soul "My Writes"

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Yo, who hold guns and rock ice bigger than life
Got bitches throwin' they drawers on stage, that ain't
me
I raise kids, push whips, piss an MC
Love money like I love my moms

Love my nigga Com Sense
When he bang dents all up in they wallets
Wall to wall bullshit, I got hardwood floors
Set sail for tour ever since eighty-nine
So y'all are fuckin' the same hoes who used to be mine

And I've been waitin' three summers to rhyme
alongside my people
Rico, De La, inject you with the lethal
Dose of hop hippin' if you thought CaTash was slippin'
Then put that drink down, you drunk off what you
sippin'
CaTash put the dip in dip dive socialize
Fuck around with me and next you'll find yo' crib
burglarized

Yo, you better recognize and try to analyze this
Hand over fist, how can a man act like a bitch?
Change and switch, snitch on his crew
Yo, get rid of the niggaz before the same thing happen
to you

And they'll leave your ass sticky like glue
Blood leakin' out, girls freakin' out
Motherfuckin' cops tweakin' out
Got you on your knees like a freak

Jugglin' deez nuts smugglin' these cuts from S.C.
You best believe there's no web or weave a net
We done swallowed 40 bottles of threat

Yo, what you know about my writes?
What you know about what's weak, what's tight?
And what you know about an off night?
What you know about niggaz frontin' for the light?

And what you know about them gun fights?
Got a nigga duckin' while them girls show fright
And what you know about my writes?
Ah, what you know about my writes?

Yeah, yeah, look, I'm Samson without Delilah, the soul
survivor
The drunk driver that rolls straight, take the whole cake
Chop it up with the family, wash it down with alcohol
My celly's a Desert Eagle for all the fuckin' shots I call

My niggaz gotta ball, never settle for less
Heavy metal, heavy on yo' chest like two breasts
Step into my office 'cause it's time for you to roll
somethin'
One false move, and we gon' beat you like you stole
somethin'

Yo these styles I kick should be called Bic raps
Drawin' the pussy out the nigga after my prize, 'cause I
won it
They stomach what I throw, they know I'm right for they
diet
They librarian flow keeps the party real quiet

The love I lost outweighs the rhymes I gain
But the fact that I spit 'em makes me cherish the name
So pass the mic so I can put in my share
I rip it from home to L.A. with connectin' flights to rip it
elsewhere

Drinkin' up Black and Tan in the back of a van
I learned as a young man, long trip, piss in a can
Gettin' a house for two grand, now you got your own
land
Let your mind expand, everyday have a plan

Ro-Gram is rare earth, swingin' Black Tarzan
You got to live with the cards dealt in yo' hand
Stay young like Peter Pan, like Sly, take a Stand
And go, 'Uptown Saturday Night' like Geechie Dan

I keep it dirty like under the bed
Dirty like Uncle Red, aiyyo, well hella poo-poo
Dirty brown Liquid flow thicker than the Yoo-hoo
Dirt you dishin' out, chef tellin' it all

Face down in the dirt, doin' my dirty work
Expert, tryin' to regulate my network
Head jerk, spice it with rice, stiff with it
If they ask who cut the grits I'ma say E-Swift did it

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And I've been known to get it on, past the break of the
dawn
Tash'll punch you in your grill and leave 'Potholes in Yo'
Lawn'
You makin' diss songs? Spit that rhyme my way
I can shut y'all niggaz down like the Y-2-K

I did a tour in ninety-four with De La Soul and Tribe
We on the same vibe, 'cause real niggaz coincide
The situation is drastic
But see songs like these is why this album goin' classic

This is for the DJ, bring it back one time
I drop bombs like when my moms told me to rhyme
I'm old school like my dad is
So add this, to your collect', Plug Won, who the
baddest?

Aiyyo, we theme park status, upstage these niggaz like
Gladys
Them little Pips, they done tripped the wire
Blamin' they legs, while I'm claimin' these tunes
In this we'll stay down like seats found in sorority
bathrooms

Yeah, we flat out classic, separate the real from the
plastic
And I ain't gotta say no names
Play no games, hit the switches, crack the frame
Show no shame or fuck it all up, take the blame

Brand name fresh out the box type hustle
Manpower success is mind over muscle
Grind til the wheels fall off, accept the loss
I never been soft, whatever the cost, addicted to floss

Nailed to the cross it's time to return
My only concern is makin' sure that Hollywood burn
Hollywood burn, burn to the ground
Trick-ass niggaz is all up in the game and don't

deserve to be down

Four bottle rap, twist the cap and kick back
De La, Xzibit and Tha Liks came to get that
And what you know about us droppin' ya
And leavin' you with half a face like the Phantom of the
Opera?

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You got the right to shut the fuck up

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