

De La Soul "Peas Porridge Hot"

Visit "[Peas Porridge Hot](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yo, gee, yo, word up, gee, man
Yo, man you heard about that club called the Donut Hill,
B?
Yeah, man, I heard it's kinda fly, man
Yo man, Rakim and De La be up there all the time

Word up, yo, De La? Yo, those punk kids, man?
They ain't punks, man, yo man, those kids are wack
man
Straight up booty, wack, yo but, yo, that Buddy
That was kind of fly, man and Potholes?, Slammin',
Slammin'

Yeah, it was, word up, yo it was but forget that man,
after they
(Pease porridge in the pot)
Came out with 'Plug One, Plug Two' then 'Potholes', yo
(Pease porridge in the pot)

Then they fell of with the brothers, yes they did man,
yo, they were
(Pease porridge in the pot)
Straight up pop, man, I'm telling you, forget them
faggots
(Nine days old)

Yo check it out, though, WRMS is throwin' a party at the
club
(Pease porridge in the pot)
Though, man, yo I bet you they'll be there
(Pease porridge in the pot)

Yeah, all right, so let the brothers show up, man, let
them brothers
(Pease porridge in the pot)
Show up and get cold jacked when the leaders run up
on them
(Nine days old)

My name, my name, my name is the Pasta
Now I like, I like I like to plug the real thing
So loose, so loose, so loose with the tap dance

The funk, the funk, funky, funky stuff I bring

My tribe, my tribe, my tribe is known as Native Tongues
Consists, consists, consists of Jungle, Quest and others
Get played, get played, played a lot on radio
And also and also and also by some foul brothers

The pease, the pease the pease porridge never failed
It kept, it kept us calm, our stylin' merry
But late but lately loonies actin' real bold
Can't sip in luxury, my apple cranberry

Girls watch and watch and watch I dance the big tut
Our home, our home our homeboys has to plan tricks
Don't real, don't real, don't realize the Native Tongue
Is rollin' strong and we're startin' in the mega mix

Yo, Miss Thing, yo Merissa, what's up?
You heard what happened at the Donut Hill the other
night?
Yo I was there and those De La kids was fightin'
Yo they was wildin', word man?

Word, the whole thing happened in front of my face,
yo, they was on
The dance floor, right, some kid stepped up to
Them and said somethin' about hippies, then punks
And the chubby one, Plug Three?

Yeah, Plug Three, yeah I know him
All right, Plug Three, all right, he walked up to this kid,
hit him
Real quick, think he didn't when he did and then them
Other kids the Jungle Brothers and Quest and, um,
what's the other

Ones, the other ones? The Violators
The Violators, right, right, throwin' chairs and they
didn't care
Who they was hittin', you think they wasn't?
Yeah, I know, I thought it was supposed to be about
peace signs
Things like that, you know

Question, and that's if only I can ask this question
Can I? Yes you can
Why do people think just because we speak peace
We can't blow no joints? I-I-I don't know

Mase, this is the ninth day I've reheated this porridge
You know it keeps me peacefully, no?

Yeah but my tolerance level has now peaked
And now it's time for some heads to get flown

We bring, we bring, we bring, we bring the peace of
course

But pack a nine inside, inside my De La drawers
A picture, picture, picture, picture painted pink
Could turn to red, to red, to red in blooded quick

But in a single file my Native Tongue is calm
I rather, rather pass a brother palm to palm
We kick, we kick, we kick a verse of unity
And shack and shackle steps to the beat, beat

I click, I click the TV to the Simpsons
And sip the porridge deep into my system
So mel, so mellow mode is my day mode
Inside the studio or on a road

The Swing, the Swingalow is the now step
It's murder if you bet 'cause you're life's jep
To praise, to praise the Soul is on a down drag
It's false, because I'll spray you with the Black Flag

Pease porridge in the pot
Pease porridge in the pot
Pease porridge in the pot
Nine days old

Pease porridge in the pot
Pease porridge in the pot
Pease porridge in the pot
Nine days old

Can't stand, can't stand, can't stand the pop music
Brother, brother, brothers pop a lot of pow
Don't watch, don't watch, don't watch a lot of basketball
Don't und, don't understand the act of being fouled

Hey D, hey D, hey DJ set the record up
It's time, it's time, it's time to tame the annoyin' pups
Throw on the Touchin' Fingers serenade
So we can throw our lemonade in their face and kick
their little butts

And off and Mase is the first to throw a punch and he
connects
(Touching fingers, touch, touch)
Lovely to the ribcage, wouldn't you say so Squirrel?
(One at a time, touch together)

Indeed, indeed, I would say he showed a lot of
formulate
(Touching fingers, touch, touch)
Combination but look at the hoodlum tryin' to escape
(One at a time, touch together)

Yeah, it seems that that particular hoodlum showed
great form in
(Touching fingers, touch, touch)
Trying to escape but he, ah, just got his ass busted
(One at a time, touch together)

People wanna get ragged with the reruns
Me not, me not, me not scared to trudge a bit
They can't, they can't, they can't get close to none
I tap, I tap, I tap a dance war skit

The por, the por, the Porridge got crazy cold
We won't, we won't eat until the heads are flown
Take advantage to a cool one's peaceful ways
But when but when we fly that head all the people say

Here in Frogland, we always eat our Porridge
'Cause it keeps us frogs real peaceful like
In my land, my people adore Porridge
And I don't understand why De La Soul is so violent

And we are so peaceful, we sit by the camp fire
And listen to our rituals and they are so violent
I don't understand, I don't understand

Pease porridge in the pot
Pease porridge in the pot
Pease porridge in the pot
Nine days old

Pease porridge in the pot
Pease porridge in the pot
Pease porridge in the pot
Nine days old

Pease porridge in the pot

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