

De La Soul "Pease Porridge"

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SCHEMING PUNK PINOCCHIOS: (Bobby Simmons and Prince Paul)
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
Came out with "Plug One, Plug Two" then "Potholes", yo,
Then they fell of with the brothers, yes they did man, yo, they were
Straight up pop, man, I'm telling you, forget them faggots.
- Yo check it out, though, WRMS is throwin' a party at the club,
Though, man, yo I bet you they'll be there!
- Yeah! All right, so let the brothers show up, man, let them brothers
Show up and get cold jacked when the leaders run up on them!
(Background:)
(Pease porridge in the pot)
(Pease porridge in the pot)
(Pease porridge in the pot)
(Nine days old)
POS:
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 acting 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 realise the Native Tongue
Is rollin' strong and we're startin' in the megamix
GOSSIP GLADIATORS: (Lashawna and Jenette)

- Yo, Miss Thing!

- Yo Merisa, what's up?

- You heard what happened at the Donut Hill the other night? - Yo I

Was there and those De La kids was fighting, 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 something 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, throwing chairs, and they didn't care

Who they was hitting, you think they wasn't?

- Yeah. I know, I thought it was supposed to be about peace signs,

Things like that, you know...

MASE:

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)

GRANDMA MASE: (Squirrel)

Mase, this is the ninth day I've reheated this porridge.

You know it

Keeps me peacefully, no?

MASE:

Yeah, but my tolerance level has now peaked

And now it's time for some heads to get flown

DOVE:

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

I kick, I kick, I 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)

POS:

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 annoying pups

Throw on the Touching Fingers serenade

So we can throw our lemonade

In their face and kick their little butts

FIGHT COMMENTATORS: (Squirrel and Mikey Roads)

- And off, and Mase is the first to throw a punch and he
connects

Lovely to the ribcage. Wouldn't you say so Squirrel?

- Indeed, indeed, I would say he showed a lot of
formulate

Combination, but look at the hoodlum trying to escape.

- Yeah, it seems that that particular hoodlum showed
great form in

Trying to escape, but he, ah, just got his ass busted.

(Background:)

(Touching fingers, touch, touch)

(One at a time, touch together)

DOVE:

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
THE FROG: (Lisle Leete)
Here in Frogland, we always eat our Porridge, 'cause it
keeps us frogs
Real peaceful like.
JABIB: (Jarobi)
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.
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