

## De La Soul "Plug Tunin'"

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Mase:

Yo pos and dove, stand clear to be plugged up into line  
one and two  
So y'all can flaunt the new style of speak

(and good luck to both of you)

Plug one, plug two, plug one, plug two  
Plug one, plug two, plug one

Pos:

Answering any other service,  
Perogative praised positively I'm acquitted  
Enemies publicly shame my utility  
After the battle they admit that I'm with it  
Simply soothe, will move vinyl like glue  
Transistors are never more shown with like  
When vocal flow brings it all down in ruin  
Due to a clue of a naughty noise called  
Plug tunin'

(hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmhhh)  
(mmm-hmm, yeah)

Flowing in file with a new style  
Barrels are cleaned and loaded for salute  
Chanters with the choice standing steady like my  
mouth  
This paragraph preacher is now introduced  
Drums are heard sounding off on each and every  
person  
Vocal confetti is blown at top stage  
Roses and violets aren't proper for throwing  
When showing appreciation, why? this is a daisy age  
Hands won't sweat 'cause there's no threat  
Mic will stay dry while pitchin' so loose  
Rhymes aren't fables but stable to be on time  
'cause they're marketed and labeled sticker 'posdnuos'  
This pitch will fit with every consumer  
Microphone loosed in cycles, start blooming  
Profit and cost should never be lost  
All due to a clue of a naughty noise called

Plug tunin'

(hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmmm)  
(mmm-hmm, yeah)

Plug one, plug two, plug one, plug two  
Plug one, plug two, plug one, plug two

Dove:

Dazed at the sight of a method  
Dying at the death of a neverending verse  
Gasping and swallowing every last letter  
Vocalised liquid holds the quench of your thirst  
Reasons for the rhythm is for causes unknown  
Different individuals are dazzled with the showbiz  
Auditions are gathered but the soul would just rather  
Hold a count at three and in the end leave it as it is  
Flow to the sway of my do-re-mi  
Leaving are fixed lunatics who will hawk  
Words are sent to the vents of humans  
Then converted to a phrase called talk  
Musical notes will send a new motto  
Every last poem is recited at noon  
Focus is set, let your polaroids click  
As they capture the essence of a naughty noise called  
Plug tunin'

(hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmmm)  
(mmm-hmm, yeah)

Vocal in doubt is an uplift  
And real is the answer that I answer with  
Dying yet live, what you must realise  
That the tune that I present is surely not a gift  
Different in style is definite  
And style which I flaunt is sure legit  
Now set aside, I say I hold pride  
In performing this melodic misfit  
So swing 'cause this pitcher is pitching  
In sense jd dove is now saying  
All sing along to his favorite song  
While the pocket transistors are playing  
But least but not last I'm frightened  
For the words that I reply hold doom  
Life of the check can be stopped by accident  
When you're tripping the wire of the plug tune

(hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmmm)  
(mmm-hmm, yeah)

(no-one that I know can live my life for me)  
(are you ready for this? )

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