

De La Soul "Rock Co. Cane Flow"

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[Pos]

Up in them five star tellies sayin two mic rhymes
Be them average emcees of the times.
Unlike them, we craft gems.
So systematically inclined to pen lines
Without sayin' a producers name
All over the track.
Yeah I said it! What 'cha need ta do, is get back
To reading credits. (We the Medics)
Alphabetically stuck on that A grade shit, now
Quit now, before we pour that sure shot
Pure rock co kane flow

[Doom]

From the top of the key for three, Villain
Been on in the game as long as he could wheelie a
Schwinn,
Turn the corner spinnin, bust that ass and get up,
Dust off the mask whoever laugh, give em a head up.
He got jumped, it pumped his adrenaline,
He said it made him tougher than a bump of raw
medicine.
To write all night long, the hour glass is still slow
Flow from hellborn to free power like LILCO
And still owe bills, pay dues forever.
Slay you's when it comes to who's more cleverer.
Used to wore a leather goose V with the fur collar
And charged a fee for loose leaf, words per dollar
Ya heard holla. Broad or dude, we need food,
Eat your teams for sure, the streets sure seem rude.
For fam like the partridges, pardon him for the mix up
Battle for your Atari cartridges or put your kicks up, it's
a stick up.

[Dave]

Now put your blix up.
These Riddick Bo cuts is swoll like penile flicks
So give em twenty.
The danger in his eyes'll let you know he's a brawler;
Bring ya tallest champs, like that much taller
Ten pounds heavier, one step ahead of it.
Vocab stamina, styles all irreverent.
Camps and clicks, units, squad crews and clans
Even ya tongues'll fuck around and lose ya maw

[Doom]

Doom brung that bum...there goes that news van again.
Act like you knew like Toucan Sam an em';
He eat rappers like part of a complete breakfast,
They rhymes ain't worth the weight of they cheap
necklace.

String em up, ring em up, under wack junk snack
And get that out your hand punk, jump and get your
dunk smacked

Foul. We all know the rules bro,
You slow, you blow the Super
You fools, his own boss like Hugo

[Pos]

You go lights, camera, action wit no make-up.
We De La til the death or at least until we break up.
Here's a couple a nice guys who finish first
So nice try but the prize is ours, disperse.
They say the good die young so I added some
Bad ass to my flavor to prolong my life over the drum.
Everyone, cools off from bein' hot
It's about if you can handle bein' cold or not.
And we was told ta hop on no ones dick by Prince Paul
We stayed original ever since y'all.
First to do a lot of things in the game
But the last to say it.

No need to place it on a scale to weigh it.
And don't do it for the praise or to raise the bar,
Yeah this raised anyways so amazin' are
The three LI brothers from the other way thinkin'.
Hey ya' ladies winkin'
I think ya' need to control that
Or I have to hold that.

[Dave]

The elements are airborne I smell the success.
Yo let's cookie cut this shit and get the gingerbread
man . . .
Sacrifice mics and push drugs to these rappers;
Puff ponies til I turn blue in the lips.
Sippin' broads like 7-Up (ahhh)
So refreshing.
I finger pop these verses like first dates. The birth
dates
September 2-1, 1-9-6-8
Too old to rhyme, too bad too late.

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