

## De La Soul

### "Rock co.kane flow"

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[Posdonus]

Up in them five-star tellies and two mic rhymes  
be them average MC's of the times  
Unlike them, we craft gems  
So systematically inclined to pen lines  
without sayin a producer's name, all over the track  
Yeah I said it! What you need to do is get back  
to reading credits, we them medics  
alphabetically stuck on that english  
And knock it out before we pour  
that sure shot more rock co.kane flow

[MF Doom]

From the top of the key, the 3 Villain  
Been on in the game as long as you can wheelie your  
Schwinn  
Turn the corner spinnin, bust that ass and get up  
Dust off the mask, whoever laugh give him 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 hourglass is still slow  
Flow from Hellborn to Free Power like Wilco  
And still owe bills, pay dues forever  
Slay huge when it comes to who's more cleverer  
Use to wore a leather goose ski with a fur collar  
Hand charged a fee for loose leaf words for dollar  
Ya heard? Holla - broad or dude, we leave food  
Eat your team for sure, the streets sure seem rude  
For fam like the Partridges, pardon me 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 Bowe cuts  
is swoll like penile flicks, give 'em 20  
The danger in his eyes'll let you know he's a brawler  
Bring your tallest champs like that much taller  
Ten pounds heavier, one step ahead of it  
Vocab, stamina, style's all irrelevant  
Camps and cliques, units, squad crews and clans

Even your tongues'll fuck around and leave your mouth

[MF 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  
Your rhymes ain't worth the weight of they cheap  
necklace  
String 'em up, bring 'em up under whack 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 soup on your fools, his Impulse  
like Yugo

[Posdonus]

You go lights, camera, action with no makeup  
We De La to the death, or at least until we break up  
Here's a couple of nice guys who finished first  
So nice try, but the prize is ours dispersed  
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 to hop for no one, s'what I dig bout  
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 plays or to raise the bar  
Yet it's raised anyway, it's so amazing, are  
the three L.I. brothers from a other way of thinkin  
Hey your lady's winkin, I think you need to control that  
aura  
or I can hold her

[Dave]

The elements are airborne, I smell the success  
(Yo let's cookie cut the 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 (ahh) so refreshing  
I think I'll pop these verse like first dates to birthdates  
September 2-1, 1-9, 6-8  
Too old, should I? Too bad, too late

