

De La Soul

"Sh. Fe. Mc's"

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We are here to tell the world just who we are
Shocking female (MC's), shocking female (MC's)
(Repeat 2x)

Verse 1: Phife

No need for, introductions, cause I know you know my
name and
Knocking MC's out the frame and, putting them suckers
to shame and
I live for hip-hop, so I have no time for fun and games
and
So just come and peep the unique styles we are
displaying
The beat's just ridiculous, the lyrics articulate
Feels good, as if a girl just touched her (tits)
Sucker MC's, I'm killing 'em, I'm so sick of seeing 'em
Silly (shit) when they rhyme, like that red rugby shirt
worn by Gilligan
Plus the hat, they (shit) is wack
When you see me coming take ten steps back
I make usage of the pronouns, adjectives, verbs
My granny says "You always had a way with words"
And that's because my word is bond, lyrics are laws
Sucker MC's look at me like I'm friggin' eye sore

Verse 2: Posdnuos

Heere comes a brother hiping others on the style they
lack
I've always rhymed abstract, I even know the brother
named Abstract
I am the earner of the soul in mine
Forget the physical cause the physical will die with time
I'm shaped to vibrate in definite proportions
Of the kids who need the fix (Just listen to the mix)
I just imagine constant non-stop for the rubbishing
Like (niggas) use the Clinton loops as if they owned the
publishing
Ducks be bleeding from illegal feeding on my verb
I bring the Mardi Gras to your face
I outwit vipers in my rhyme cipher

I can easily lick them cause they're victims of the
subconscious race
Tossing periods in front of false reps?
It's not the 187 when the 360 slept
You swallow the cake from the plate of elevate
Or you might get sparked by the crew who got the
weight
So recessitating rap like the hicks do with Presley
It's the kid who peed the jeans in Orleans off of Nesley
Just be MC number nine, if you let me rhyme nine times
infinitely I will
climb
I let my Walkman from Sony play cassettes from Raboni
Which guarantees to put me on the narrow road
Ayo, that's it from me, Plug 3, and Ali explode!

Verse 3: Q-Tip

When I rhyme, the effect just ripples
You sound sick, I hope your cells get sickles
You formulate into real stiff (shit)
Then I bet that it cut the chit chit
Cause the Ab will, be sharper than a Ginsu
Cutter or your bum (ass) head for the gutter

This is not a game and we ain't looking for the fame
That ain't the aim, we came to rip the jam out the frame
My inter-reaction with paper is amazing
So needless to say mad trails are left blazing
A whole lot of bull(shit) rhymes start to get play
But I'm here to say real rhymes to pay
I'm the type of brother that writes until my knuckles get
nary
And through the domepiece, the rhymes will carry
Then transported to my throat then the quotes hit the
air
As I stand dipped with the wares
Rhymes get slot times, move back from the jack
It's the verbal constructor, some MC's is wack
I make a girl do the bogle, doo doo brown and all
Make (niggas) jump up, drink Don, and have a ball
I aimate the unlively with the verbal combat
The Abstract, never the wack
Motivator of the many like Moses
Moving through, bringing games into the dummies that
pose us
That means you the sub relator of the sub culture
Like a vulture I swoop down on crowns, cause
confusion all around
Mental burdens I bring to MC's who sing
They sad songs, money, the dough's not long

Mine on the other hand is lent me tight
The Abstract gets real, real, real

Verse 4: Dove

Real down to Earth I hit the Long Island Rail
You never see me tango with the horn and the tail
I got the kid for your mind I design it like sender
Smoking made hope from my neighbors, and the
50/50 luck takes the "S" off my chest
Cause the "S" on my chest makes a mess
Settling for Superman, stupid man, put on your glasses
Now your (ass) be slow guessing like molasass
Continue the menu, next on the platter
Hey where that (bitch) at? (He's right here boy!)
I gotta see what I got and who I'm getting it with
This ain't no nickle dime game that I'm peddling with
Mikie Rose said "Stop riding, it be dividing
Taking me out how I be vibing"
Packing hard like pistol but my pops got the crystal
Told me if I ever need it just *whistle*
Respects to Griff Dog for the razor
Much respects to Joe but for the favor
It's about a million brothers trying to make it in this
world
I'm glad I got a baby girl

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