

De La Soul

"The Work"

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[Intro: First Serve]

Yeah, (yeah man) Yeah!

(Aight let's do it man, c'mon) One two and ah

Can I kick it? Well ah, yes you can

Can I kick a hole in the speaker and then jet?

Well of course you can! First Serve's the best yet

Can I kick a hole in the speaker and then jet?

My nigga yes you can, First Serve's the best kept!

[Pop]

I play the intro, middle, ending back to the intro

Reborn to bring NEW beginnings

How many lives, have you ran through?

I think I'm on number five, came back strivin

for the same thing, the GAME thing

Microphone remain king, yeah my need

they say it's in the blood, and in my thoughts as well

Since the days of the, ways of the walk

through the park in the BX, me and D got next

Verbal push-ups, titles, concepts, beats

Yo D, it's time to eat!

[Deen]

..And with this gravy

Make fritters out of these tater sacks, you quarterbacks

ought to back it up two yards, we bought it back

That old chord mic's the prototype

connect it like Siamese deep in the work

Sweat a Hi-C packet a day, now sip on that

[Chorus]

("Let me be") At the front of the line

("It was plain to see") Cause it's our time

("It's over now") in bright lights surrounded by skirts

("You had me found, you shot me down")

Pop Life & Deen Whitter, we puttin in work!

Work! Work! (Work!) Work! (Work!) Work! (Work!)

Work! Work! (Work!) Work! (Work!) Work! (Work!)

Work! (Yeah!) Work (Yeah!) Work! (Yeah!!) Work!

(Yeah!!)

Work! (Yeah!!) Work! (Yeah!!) Work (Yeah!!) Work!
(Yeah!!)
WORK WORK WORK!

[Deen (Pop)]

Can't a monkey stop us in this bar game
The guitar lickin the far lane
Yo I got crazy visions! (Nigga, put 'em on paper!)
The contracts, contacts puffin haze per page
and Almanac of ideas for five years
Book stick it in that "I so solemnly swear" joint
Economy scare point (Yo, studio costs is for horses!)
Nigga we can play the mule and get Pro Tools
and show fools the A-game, set up in the crib and live

[Pop (Deen)]

Word! Man, but yo..
I'm on that song ass first, I'm on the last verse
Finish line 24 but I got 20 more things I gotta do
like, make the name up for the crew
Might call it Witter Pop! (Naw, nigga that's wack)
Yeah you right, yo did you find a studio?
(Yeah I came across two you know the one Ken-doo talk
about?)
The other one's called Odyssey)
Oh yeah yeah, let's take it there man
I heard it's more private, B

[Chorus]

("Let me be") At the front of this shit
("It was plain to see") We the number one pick
("It's over now") in bright lights surrounded by skirts
("You had me found, you shot me down")
Pop Life & Deen Whitter, we puttin in work!
Work! (Yeah!) Work! (Yeah!) Work! (Put it in!) Work!
(Yeah!)
Work! (Yeah!) Work (Yeah!!) Work! (Yeah!!!) Work!
(Yeah!!!!)
Work! (Yeah~!) Work! (Yeah'!) Work! (Yeah!!) Work!
(YEAH!!)
WORK WORK WORK!

[Deen:] Aiiyo, we spent many years

[Pop:] brushin the plaque off the teeth

[Deen:] It's time to switch gears

[Pop:] and place the plaques underneath the roof

[Deen:] The gold ones

[Pop:] was platinum plus much better

[both:] The right contract bring the right con-CHEDDAR

[Deen:] And we ain't cons

[Pop]
So just like Etta (At Last)
We have to blast through, anybody ask you
Who works harder? You say First Serve
Try to say different, say you got some nerve!

[Deen]
See you got some herbs that gon' hate
The Band-Aid is for dem boys! Nikita La Femme boys!

[Deen & Pop]
The key to the city is ours
The broads, the house, the cars
The sky's the limit, the stars
Shalamars in it, there it is!

[Deen]
But what took you so long?
The energy's a tall glass of milk, the secret's best kept
in the basement, potential amazement
Until we hit the surface of the pavement, PEACE!

[Chorus]
("Let me be") At the front of the line
("It was plain to see") Cause it's our time
("It's over now") in bright lights surrounded by skirts
("You had me found, you shot me down")
Pop Life & Deen Whitter, we puttin in work!
Work! (Work!) Work! (Work!) Work! (Work!) Work!
(Yeah!)
Work! (Get it in!) Work! (Yeah!) Work! (Yeah!) Work!
(Yeah!)
Work! (Work!) Work (Work!) Work! (Work!) Work!
(Work!)
Work! (Work!!) Work (Work!!) Work (Work!!) Work!
(Work!!)
WORK WORK WORK!

[Outro: Pop]
We got the work alright
Ken-Doo put a plan together, got us organized
Studio time, little shows here and there, AND means!
But, things weren't happenin overnight now..
Shit, days became weeks, weeks into months
And months? Months turned into doubt
[sigh] What we gon' do now?

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