

## De La Soul "Verbal Clap"

Visit "[Verbal Clap](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

You out there? Louder  
Well clap your hands to what he's doing  
On tempo jack

NYC gave you the ball, so how you gonna hate us?  
We creators of them East Coast stars  
If you ask me I'll tell you there's no comp  
But I'm still humble, even though I will crumble halls  
Some call 'em songs, I call 'em words from me  
That take long to cook  
So some feel free in sayin' that we don't hunger for  
beats

Not that we not hungry, just picky in what we eat  
Keep food off the mind and keep weight off the body  
All you gotta do is keep my name out your mouth  
And stop frownin' like you hostile  
You know that it's a booger rubbin' up against your  
nostril  
Nigga how you figure you can play this rap game  
without the backbone?  
It's Maseo, Dave, wonder why, givin' what you lack  
Holmes

Aiyyo prepare yo'self for the neutron, bitch  
This is eighty-six, let that neo-rap go  
We present these flares to put fire to your ears  
To lay smoke like rusty exhaust pipes  
We run mics, let Sean run the marathon  
Yo raise that money son, we raisin' these kids  
Get claps when curtains close, stage left  
Up your stamina baby, bring some breath, S A T book  
smart, part ese

Loc' in like tone, street niggaz get grown  
Acquire more couth before you get poofed  
Or get some shells sent over to your mic booth  
Excuse, my delivery but when peace don't work  
See this piece gon' work, cock aim and shoot  
It's the constitutional right to bear arms  
Arms and bare hands on mics, make fans unite  
Woodstock and white folks involved, black man get on

yo' job

Well clap your hands to what he's doing  
On tempo jack

Let's go beat for beat, and rhymes for rhymes  
(Put all the things aside)  
Just bring your beats, and bring your rhymes  
(Put all the things aside)  
Let's go beat for beat, and rhymes for rhymes  
(Put all the things aside)  
Just bring your beats, and bring your rhymes  
(Put all the things aside)

The heavyweight L.I. brother with no date, of expiration  
On this fate on the mic, them birthday keep comin'  
I'm hated on by niggaz I love most  
So what threat could you possibly pose when I'm on  
your coast?  
So raise your guns or your glasses  
Either way there'll be a toast in the air  
Markin' the return of bare minimums, you need to learn  
Get your verbs right when you down to clap

See that gun powder caliber rap'll tip hats like  
gentlemen do  
Smash tenements and skyscrapers  
Bow-tie papers stacked high  
Pay the resident tax or get your street swept  
Front row, backstage or the cheap seats  
I dodge ricochets like ram trucks, you slow poke to pull  
it  
And I suppose you wanna top the billboard chart  
Man I toast these rhymes and then pop like pop-tarts

Let's go beat for beat, and rhymes for rhymes  
(Put all the things aside)  
Just bring your beats, and bring your rhymes  
(Put all the things aside)  
Let's go beat for beat, and rhymes for rhymes  
(Put all the things aside)  
Just bring your beats, and bring your rhymes  
(Put all the things aside)

Well clap your hands to what he's doing

Visit [De La Soul](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.