

## De La Soul

### "Voodoo Circus"

Visit "[Voodoo Circus](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Dave]

Kick up the dust like "Another One Bites the"  
It ain't the Queen version, see you heard 'em back on  
Bentley Road  
with the show council - whattup Divine - the bell rang  
It ain't no champagne fall, we dump the taste through  
the crack  
for the folks under the floor, on tour {\*beatboxing\*}  
Ever since I was a "Fat" bastard  
But now I travel a little light in my skin  
It ain't all that cute, I still tuck a little in  
Like {?} body sting 'em Ray sting 'em, Ray sting 'em  
("Sting 'em Ray!")  
I blind box, niggaz hit 'em when I hear 'em  
It stays six here to bake you rap crumbcakes  
So scrumptious with cholesterol  
Lube out your squeak, your selection is weak  
This combination is like Halle and Beyonce (BAD!)  
But smooth like Ponce DeLeon  
Explorin this Dave West bounce that we on  
On on on on on on on...

("Here's a very curious thing, a verse that'll fit any  
song")

[Pos]

We all do what we gotta do  
When no love in the heart of a city  
No love in the heart of a crew, so most break up  
Others stay together, cause there's not enough money  
to leave  
They tryin to get the cake up, frost it out a little  
in eight days and wake up, exercise demons  
Leave you in a state screamin, "Come back De La,  
come back~!"  
Sorta how Prince did to Nikki  
No need for that, here to give it to you quickly  
Cause some of y'all lookin kinda sickly  
Eatin that bullshit rap (word) split ya asshole  
then let all the whack shit fall out  
Then come grab another pouch and sprinkle us in

(sprinkle it)  
Until you stay twinklin, roll your ass up  
No I won't pass up a toke, for all the shit De La wrote  
So smell us all on your clothes  
Try to wash us out, we ain't comin out, that's how it  
goes  
Winner of the pro see- FUCK ALL AWARDS ("Fuck all  
y'all!")

[Dave]  
Yeah, and wipe your face pa  
Your bone swat on speak tongues that ain't near ya  
I knew Cayman since we met on the Island  
Kodak kid (CLICK) kept it all candid  
An apple a day, we have FUN dip  
I knew one dip, after school special delivery  
She kept up on asses like Nancy Drew  
We did a dance or two, until my girlfriend showed up

[Bitchy Girl]  
(Nigga I know you ain't disrespectin me who is this  
bitch?)  
(Why is this bitch all in your face? Why is this bitch ALL,  
IN, YOUR, FACE)  
(Yeah whatever nigga just dancin, I am not the  
numerical uno)  
(So you got one night out and wanna act like a little  
monkey?)  
(I know IT'S HARD OUT HERE FOR A CHIMP~!)

[Pos]  
Can I get a Soul Clap?  
It's the summertime 1969 nigga, born durin the  
Woodstock  
Many men do wish they could rock  
But all they do is inject the value of shock  
But KABOOM, I blow up the spot, the scene  
The little ones, the teens, them elders, the peers  
They don't run in fear, they gravitate  
to the way I navigate know-how inside your ear  
(Never) fabricate vo-cals inside your ear  
And let's make it clear, I'm Plug ("one for the trouble")  
Wonder Why ("for the time")  
Workmatic, pullin them dimes  
who like to get on their knees and {\*WHISTLE BLOWS\*}  
and {\*WHISTLE BLOWS\*} and {\*WHISTLE BLOWS\*}  
and {\*WHISTLE BLOWS\*}  
and {\*WHISTLE BLOWS\*} and {\*WHISTLE BLOWS\*}  
and {\*WHISTLE BLOWS\*}  
SHA-NA-NAHHHH!

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

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.