

De La Soul "What the Fuck #3"

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[Dove] Aight, back to the "What the {*BLEEP*}" portion of the tape Umm, this song right here we recorded... in the middle of "De La is Dead" and "3 Feet High and Rising" Think Pos called it "De La Slow" Enjoy it, you're only gonna hear it here Aight, peace

.-= "De La Slow" =-.

. . .

It's in This is a "De La Slow," type groove Al's on the board He's tired as hell Prince Paul is out sleep But it's still "De La Slow" Got a WRMS radio station, that's "De La Slow" We got a donut shop, that's "De La Slow" We got props, that's "De La Slow" And I gotta kick this rhyme, that's "De La Slow"

Preacherman rocks that nobody can So don't get mad if you don't understand Tracks hold dirt yet no infections Heads won't swell cause we close a flow grip Known as the madface through my teens Never felt blue so I still wore jeans The mighy mic cord plays the Plug One's sword Invert if you don't want a hurt from a cut There's nowhere to go from the saint to the hoe They might passed the bread so I have a lot of dough So the love is the rule like my man Lenny Kravitz But girls wanna play me with the "Oh she gotta have it" Naughty nutrition is served like these And with the donuts we pass the peas Makin much dollars, grippin much jeans Keep it undercover like a yellow submarine

[Dove] Bogus, how bogus can I {*farting noise*}

.-= inserted track ends =-.

"What the, what the {*BLEEP*} was THAT!" Yeah {*toilet bowl noise*} Kinda feel, good flushin that old, De La doo doo Let's move on to some new {shit}

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