

De La Soul "Wonce Again Long Island"

Visit "[Wonce Again Long Island](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Wonce again, my friends, Long Island
Long Island, Long Island
Long Island, wonce again Long Island
Long Island, Long Island
Wonce again, wonce again Long Island

What the hell do you wanna be when you grow up?
I wanna be a supa emcee
Well you're already that, so let me step up to bat
Attack a hit to go beyond this age of rap counterfeits

Out of the Heavens, August 1, 7, 69
Born I, wonder why with the thoughts to rhyme
'Til there was no longer thoughts to dream
When an unpolished demo led to limos at the age of
eighteen

Accompanied by the screams, Plug One
Shot up with fame like Novacaine, it made me numb
So numb I wouldn't been able to feel
Niggaz diggin' in my pockets for my currency reels

But still I make girls' brown eyes blue at will
Until my ass was no longer mass appeal
Oh shit, I guess that was all the fame I was allotted
Wait a minute, new video, like a leopard, I'm spotted

Up in a night club chillin' with Kamaal an' Phife
I be that farmer cultivatin', ownin' acres of mics
An' I likes to make it known Strong Island stylin'
For a while, so do that dance

Are you rockin' the spot? Yes, I be
Showin' others they do not? Yes, I be
Havin' then towed from the lot? Yes, I be
That's my job as a supa emcee, I'm from Long Isle

Mobile, make it worth your while
If the jam needs motion, I'm the one to dial
Goin' beyond ninety watts? Yes, I be
Well are you rockin' it? Yes, yes, I be rockin' it

I can stress the makin' of loot to feed the fam
While the voices impersonate the true who I am
Buzzin' in my ear, oh, you one of those wannabes
Always buzzin' in my ear you down with supa emcees

Steppin' to me with your pleas that you gots, butter
rhymes
Man, the only thing butter 'bout you is your spine
Mad yellow, you can't rock the Mardi Gras, my mellow
'Cause my stealth show more than knowledge of self

I got knowledge of you, to know you a whack em-crew
You mean whack emcee, nah, a whack em-crew
See you a crew of whack niggaz
You should have never tried to test
These words that I, man, with the I to fest

While you sayin' one thing, really meanin' the next
You're just a contra-dick, your mind's been tampered
with
Like some holy books, but looks to the sky
'Cause wonder Why's here to save the day

Are you rockin' the spot? Yes, I be
Showin' others they do not? Yes, I be
Havin' them towed from the lot? Yes, I be
'Cause ultimately, I'm lettin' all MCs know

That what's the name of this crew?
De La, De La
Well alright an' what be the dish we servin'?
We servin' posda, Posdanos help the next get loose

Like an alcohol scenario, rap be on the rocks
Authenticity's that missin' fee to pay to join the flock of
MC
These niggaz stand lower than knees
Dramatized in they eyes as the ones to please

When rap kids apply violent pressure to father
Brother an' son for fun to say they inflict pain
R n' B niggaz lie to mother, sister an' daughter
To have sex disguised as lovin' in the rain

Their words are more hallow than October 31st
What's worse, hate to see the females switch to sexual
mentality
It doesn't match with they given anatomy
Man, they rather be hoes like that male emcee

Who walk around like they got nuts

An' use the tits an' ass like a crutch
Man, the underground's about not bein' exposed
So you better take you naked ass an' put on some
clothes

Yo, this be goin' out to them kids from East Smash
Amityville, to all my people out in Wyandanch,
Bayshore
C.I.'s in the place, Brentwood, Hempstead
All my brothers out in Roosevelt, Freeport Uniondale to
Long Beach
To them girls out in Huntington, Long Island prevail

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

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