

De La Soul Feat. Redman "Ooooh"

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Party people, your dreams have now been fulfilled
Get your ass up and let's get ill, that's right y'all
We more than rough, we callin' your bluff
And when it comes to rhymes
(Brick city)

Yo, don't scandalize mine
I spent too much time
Straight talk with the catch to etch my line walk
Never fetchin' for crime, halt, who goes there?

Yo, it's the squeeze of five fingers
Puffin' Smokey the bear
Shinin' black like Darth Vader caps
They on stare

While we rockin' it, I'll rock in it
(Rock in it)
Like the little ball inside the spray can
Providing three coats
For both child, woman and man

God bless the God, lay these streets wall to wall
It go, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh
Yo, you got popped like a flick by that rivalry click
It went, ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh

It ain't my fault your ass is on the asphalt
Got your chin touched by my fam
Who thought you brought harm, you see
I'm iced out like a glass of tea

Better yet, oatmeal cookies
Y'all just rookies to me
Slidin' up and down the court
But I don't think you can D

Why try? Maseo be gettin' high
Since Luke was Luke Skywalker
Man, my topic of talk is sheddin' shame
All over your game like them shorties who claim

That Afrocentric lovin' is the past drug
A life filled with (unverified) that's what thugs love
Snatch you fast, wrap that ass in the rug of your choice
While it muffles your voice

Now when I'm swimmin' through the joint, I put the funk
on hold
'Cause if you don't, you'll see the bubbles come up
We run up a tab and gladly add a little extra for miss
Flashy faces with bigger lips for that ass to kiss

Most crews are post current while we're forever
Direct beats that's contagious, loved by all ages
Graduated from the you and I versity
Of hard hitters, for real

I got niggas in the streets that'll blast your ass for the
shine
And get, oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh
Yo, if you a fat chick gettin' your fuck on tonight
Then go, oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh

Yo, put your hands opposite to the ground if you're
lovin' our sound
Go, oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh
Yo and to my broke niggaz on the corner holdin' me
down
Go, oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh

Yo, I swear Tommy gonna get it, he done did me wrong
I had plans to buy more land, plant corn
Bust kernels on heat, work hard like wetbacks
Set backs is gonna get my ass to be hostile

Rockwilder the beat, top dollar defeat
Big moneys make the big decisions
Keep hip hop alive, it's just an intermission
Back to the second half of the feature flick
Dick stacks and fuck rap

I had a name for makin' paper since paper mache
Now, my dollar coins join pounds of yen for play
While you broke niggaz reach drunk much quicker
You don't make enough bread to soak up all your liquor

Went from God to God damn
Damn God, you're killin' it
Should incorporate it, invest half a mil' in it
Rap cats talk with no will in it

Soundin' like they virtual, this joint'll hurt you, yo

Twas the night before Christmas and my crib got
robbed
(Shh, shh, shh, shh)
They did a job

Took all my goodies out from under the tree
Except the CD's
Of shiny suit rappers and flossin' M C's
Who fail at takin' it to rhyme degrees

Man, you know, no wack poems get no play in our
homes
You need to not get nappy with me
Or else we gon' relax your mind
Let your conscious be free

Yo, where my Wall Street niggaz, if ya up in the stands
Go, oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh
To my women that'll throw they hands against they
punk ass man
Go, oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh

Yo, if you never been shot or stabbed
Brick city, go, oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh
Yo, I gotta catch a cab back to the lab so I can smoke
Oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh

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