

Truth Enola

"Stakes Is High"

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(feat. De La Soul & Mos Def)

Trugoy:

(Vibes... Vibrations...)

Yeah... Check the vibe y'all vibe y'all...

(Vibes... Vibrations...)

Dirty rotten tooth

Select from the sound booth

Collect grammer

Like panhandlers

On skid row

My John Doe'll

Build a vision where thought can go walking

Without the Devil hawking

Stakes Is High like weed smoke

We need folk

To shed the truth

To the wide youth

Truth Enola:

Enola got soul

To hell with role models, teachers and guardians

With rock-hard erections, and seven incisions

Raw intercourse with mother nature

She likes to bang to the left

Teach all women and children only the best

Stakes is Higher than the highest mountain

Mos Def

Mos Def:

This is the 21st century, poor shit ain't quaint

The Zulu Apaches got battle cries and war paint

I do with some care cause I is who they ain't

That ain't strokin' my sack, it's just a black ink fat

Boy, ain't no keeping me back. Yes, Mos Def is the handle

Try to test and get supressed like a government scandle

Exhibit is exquisit and a level degrees

Flying high in the sky with the Supa Emcees

Posdnuos:

Yo! I write rhymes like I come from New York City

Rollin' with commitees, making your whole life shitty

Shutting down your rap group, and you best to believe
Brothers become permanent niggas when they soul is
a track

And ain't no niggas like the one I know
Cause what I know is them niggas gotta go
Make me feel I need to by a fo-fo
(Bloop Bloop) Sending them express to hell though

Mos Def:

Classic material like Run DMC. At least,
four out of five, every Jeep owner agrees
That it's them damn high Stakes
that make you pump yo' brakes (vibes)
pump yo' brakes (vibes)
pump yo' brakes (vibes, vibes)

Haha...

(Vibrations...)

Get with the vigggy-vibe ya'll...

Posdnuos:

Stakes is High...

You know them Stakes is High, when we dealing with
the

(Vibes... Vibrations...)

Stakes is High...

Man them Stakes is High...

Truth Enola:

Doctor, I'mma make those house calls and exercise
those

Some people getting burned, playing their toes close
Fumble-eye sky tumble-ing down, stay humble-eye
Sidle up and ride. Beware, who you idolize
Religious hypocrits who give away elbow in the face
I'm Enola, system solar, Plug One, solely mine

Posdnuos:

We went from picking noses to pockets, directly to jail
Now we think we better ourselves trying to be calm
When you're puffing that (hay!) in the middle of the
barn

Stopping thoughts, so you can stretch a mind into yarn
Funeral lawns are drunk from kids pouring out liquor
Respecting life, by met up with a little quicker

And we let the body rock the party
until the party rocks the body

Cause a scuffle broke loose due to too much juice and
gin

run in the minds of opposing men

Trugoy:

Aiyo, my mens is going to have to learn when to say
when

and when to ask why, you accept the [?]

cause you dwelling in a sty

Can't face it man to man, son, I see it in your eye

Conseal it, why try? Display it, when you relay it
You're just a lie.

(Vibes... Vibrations...)

Posdnuos:

There was a lovely lady who's intent I thought I had on
Rosa Parks
But her ex came to town and took back her heart
And she left me standing silly in the dark with a mic
Caught up in expressions
and learning lessons of depression
Sometimes it seems I can't connect with female beings
To my little Aya-Mo when she having them dreams
And her facial gleams are sweet, but soon to switch to
bitter
cause when she reaches sixteen she'll be considered a
piece of meat
Not a treat but a trick to sex in showers
People kick last days, we in the last hours
Minutes and seconds, I reckon it won't be long
til recorded ways of striving will be dead and gone
But this loss coming through despite who try to see me
These brothers are too hard, sisters are too easy
Sleazy...

Mos Def:

Trying to please me with that sex appeal
When you're livin' in the ghetto man you got to deal
Brothers scatter from the function when they spot the
steel
Weapons get concealed, when there's plots to kill
The on all up in the party cause this rock is real
Niggas ain't stoppin' to think so they ain't gon' stop the
violence
Music too loud to hear, so Doug E. Fresh say "Silence!"
Through the projects, they terminate and expect
violence

I rather take it easy, keep it breezy like the Attic

Truth Enola:

Revi-revolutionize
We keep it complex, so don't offend
Nine times out of ten, men and women pretend
And mobilize devil eyes
Fight beside [?], you are the type
For everything in life has a price
Love black berry molasses
So smart you're stupid
Hard heads create soft asses

Trugoy:

So like molasses...

That's how you move, and how we prove with that
Come with the full-pack, to keep it native
like tongues, we brung the lickin' for all your earth

spittins
Can't write without that excite
But when you come down, you're shit is dumbfound
Sounded weak like mundane, someday
You figure one day, you'll play the roles of masterpiece
Until then cease
And I'm out like reece
(Vibes...)
To get some Reese's Pieces
Peace
(Vibrations...)
Check the...
(Vibes... Vibrations...)
(Vibes... Vibrations...)

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