

## Truth Enola "Stakes Is High (Remix)"

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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 suppressed 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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