

De La Soul's Plug 1 & Plug 2 Present "Must B the Music"

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It's called must be the music
I do boom bap, don't do cool rap
Don't mind a little radio on my coon wrap
We do it for the love, yeah, the love of money
Use it to pay for food so don't go hung'y.
Do trips to the Caribbean, do skiin'.
Don't mind me, cause do it so free!
Want the good life, don't delay
Why put off tomorrow what I can do today!
Oh yo, been there, done that murder
Gun rap, pay dues don't pay checks, so run that
High hopes don't sleep, don't do cheap seats
Up front, on stage, where's the fuck that
Blizzed in diamonds, see me shining,
Dudes do they best to scratch the grinding
Better like who done it, so ya'll who won it
Don't believe the hype you simple Simon

Chorus:

Must be the music
Got me in a trance, making me high
Must be the music
No escaping this, don't even try!
Must be the music
Got me in a trance, making me high
Must be the music
No escaping this, don't even try!
It's them do's and don'ts
They're movin' the most
It's them do's and don'ts
They're movin' the most
OK do's, you love 'em
Tell 'em, hug 'em,
Make 'em high on life without having to drug 'em
Don't dare ignore them, lie 'em, bore 'em
holler at their sister, mom or cousin!
Do the dishes, but don't break the china
Don't make faces, especially not behind 'em

Wine, champagne, tickle her with bubbles
If she say do it, do that shit on the double!
Break up, make up, don't hold no grudges
Make sure you tell her if I her makeup smudges

Compliment her hairdo, fuck it more champagne
You need to do it before you get the girl campaign
Wife her, life her, exchange the I do's
Anniversary, don't let her remind you
Chorus
I don't carry no firearms
I don't carry that security,
The guns for hire arms
What I will do is admire my own
If it ain't my concern I leave it alone
(Unless)
It's a fly girl then I do the right thing, make it a night
thing
(And do the do)
And if she don't refrain from the choo-choo train
We'll let it all hang, and she do the crew
(all aboard)
I do alot of things that don't make sense
What I don't do is ride the fence
Hence, the reason for the season
of the haters that jump on stage and get bathed in
tomatoes
Do to the mic that we use to clash in
In comparison to us of the MC's trash
Don't got the skills don't pursue it
It ain't nobody else's fault
So don't do it
Freeze!
(when the music come back sing the chorus, please)

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