

En Focus

De La Soul

Biofeedback
Ya go beats, meats, son sheep
I can't cook but being a cook
I'm servin' much to eat
I got multiple stabs of jazzy
Sassafrassy as I caught the fame of soul
Years after mama had me tell ya gladly
I plugged for the Tunin'
Which cause eyes to zoom in
Which put your person into focus
No longer Kelvin Mercer but the Posdnuos
Plug One, yo, I found fun in the scribblin' of speak
On a naked white sheet
Most recognized by my dark brown self
Yo, you found some wealth?
More in my mind than in my pocket
But I's got every Girbaud that ever sagged
I met some hoes, met some girls
Did a tour that took me all around the world
Did a tour that took me all around the world
I hit the shines but I'm shoooin' it now
Remember when the floor might have had a spine
Well, it's all bent over
The DayGlo nigga gets the red door mat
It's a roller coaster when your shit's burnt toast
Now Mr. Club owner knows your jam
When your jam is tha jam
And there's a tab at the bar, my mindstate's great
No thanks I don't drink, I sip the bobo
Then I kettle it quick
I felt the heave in the jeave
Tap it in the basement
Diggin' my own understanding quick
Let me get the single out
Think Mr. Radio say the starlight
Is the same star bright
I'm thinkin' how a nine and a blunt is a switch
But turn out the lights and some will go bitch
It was one MC after one MC

Play the lamp post do the blow wit dynamite

Well, it's okay and it's alright

'Cause our birthday cake's external light

It'll all get graphic

People made of plastic

Look at the shine wit my 50 watt eye

But when I got the eye patch, I hit the latch

I fame it to a name from Denver up to Maine

And lovin' deluxe, she won't catch me in no tux

Nah, man I won't honor the style

Curious, curious, curious, curious

Curious, curious, curious, curious

Funny, funny how time flies

When you have some light on the face

'Cause the focus is the fickle

'Stead of fusin', I'm a use it

To the utilize the trickle caught the rush

But I play hush, while Andres Titus is the grabbin'

As a fan will put the hearts to mush

Lush Dalea would hear the public beat

The same way for Titus when he Blacked the Sheep

But as the Knee went Deep, too deeper off the charts

The album faded to black, that's when the amnesia starts

Curious, curious, curious

Curious, curious, curious

Hey boy, I watch that star man, shit's all in

Should I shot it or begin

I saw bootleggas no shinin'

I saw Big 4 go get shinin'

A typical flick was the moment

When the man said

"Ain't you?" Yeah, I is I'm

Hush your mouth fallin' in cog

Caught the light being True dog

A fist of funk and I pocket that screen

In the scene or in between

Gimme but a little bit of the starlight

I mail my ass to the darkness

I dig it, I dug it, I dig it, I dug it

I wiz it, I was it, I wiz it, I was it

Oh, Lord let me switch it off

Because ya find some'll do it all, for the light

Stop jivin'

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