

# Thru Ya City

## De La Soul

We talkin' 'bout  
Hot times, runnin' thru ya city  
If you miss it now, it'll sho' be a pity  
We got hot times, runnin' thru ya city I ain't no thug son, my name is Plug Won  
I drop a certified gem for him and her  
Knockin' on your radio like the Crash Crew  
Ask whoever you want, I'm managin' the funk on the paper Outside of that we pull capers for days  
Ridin' throughout the maze of street while we blaze the beat  
Watchin' the sweet things wiggle they butt  
To Plug Three on the cut, movin' on ya whatEver ya got, we gon' get, bringin' our point to ya position  
Rippin' stages with my thought coalition  
Carryin' on, eradicate all your stress mode  
Just another episode through these area codes, we bankin' on Hot times, runnin' thru ya city  
If you miss it now, it'll sho' be a pity  
We got hot times, runnin' thru ya city It's the hotness, talked about but never seen  
Like the Loch-Ness 'til ya cop this, drop it inside your vein  
And like a train, we be runnin' throughout your legs and arms  
You're high off our talent and charm Check the caliber, this be a smash  
Like some food on stage for Gallagher  
Wear ya bib 'cause it's messy  
Niggaz schemin' on my girl as if my name was Jesse  
Watch your manners, now let me pass it off to Dave Banner Yo, I set travels like Karen LaRue  
Small talkin' in the big city, it's all about gettin' the coins  
Everywhere I go I touch a tenderloin  
They sportin' a dot com Viet marker bomb On your metro, Marta order iron horse  
Yo take the cross and meet a nigga at the butcher  
I'm cuttin' your girl, we on a world tour  
Supplyin' your bloodstream with nothin' but the pure uncut, in ya Hot times, runnin' thru ya city  
If you miss it now, it'll sho' be a pity  
We got hot times, runnin' thru ya city Freak, freak, freak, freak the funk, the funk, the funk, the funk  
Funk freak, the freak, the freak, the freak, the freak  
Freak, freak the funk, freak, freak the funk We ain't walkin' on a yellow brick road  
These streets stay red and bloody kid  
Case study your code, so you can easily pass  
I stash a little love when I'm on the visitation If you crossin' my line, nigga do the same  
I'm guaranteed to run through and prove the game  
Ain't bigger than the pieces in it  
You see the pieces in it had me stuck travelin' one side of map Clappin' hands with rap cats who ain't deserve  
dap

Long hauls and livin' out a suitcase man  
Chickenheads and gangs of fruitcakes man  
Ain't nuttin' better than explorin' the outskirts  
Especially when she ain't got no pantyhose on and it's onHot times, runnin' thru ya city  
If you miss it now, it'll sho' be a pity  
We got hot times, runnin' thru ya cityHot times, runnin' thru ya city  
If you miss it now, it'll sho' be a pity  
We got hot times, runnin' thru ya cityYo, it's like, the Mercenary gettin' down  
And we got, Dave Banner gettin' down  
And we got, Maseo gettin' down  
And of course, my nigga Eno gettin' downAnd we got, Jay Dee gettin' down  
And of course, the Slum V gettin' down  
And we got my man Khrist gettin' down  
And we got, Com Sense gettin' downAnd we got, N.D. gettin' down  
You know Troy Hightower gettin' down  
And we got, C. Smith gettin' down  
And my nigga, Dave West gettin' down

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