

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, 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 on
Hot times, runnin' thru ya city
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Hot times, runnin' thru ya city
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We got hot times, runnin' thru ya city
Yo, 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' down
And 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' down
And 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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