Area

De La Soul

I can just remember the number
I just, the number

For me to patrol
Just another area
That shows I got soul
Just another area
For me to patrol
Just another area
That shows I got soul
I got soul, you see, I'm swimming in the De La
I'm in my hood man, my manhood worries ya
I'm known for sampling of soul food
Off the old school plates
When I met up with my niggas from the 718
One the Jungle Bro, the other Questers from Queens
Yet I had the matrix of the 516 in my jeans
So I sided with my funk to bring my second on call
For me and the Sheep, our mission's on the beach of 804
(You're runnin' on an empty tank)
But still get paid in full
(And get the girls)
Man, I'm packing gravitational pull
Bring the instamatic avalanche, my code intervenes
I'm out to scout the areas that remains to be seen
(What?)
Well, many, many digits had me seeking in my Wizard
Man, who's ringing up my area
(Oh)
Oh, I used to shoe it to the bridge but that's gone
Like the 718's out of Vietnam
Sniffin' skypagers had me drugged
(Man, I knew a psycho)
703's on my love bug
I made mates with the brothers up in 215
Crazy buddhas in my mind
My Chattanooga champs had me late for the camp
And my 202 keeps me marvellous
I guess Mars was my hideaway

But if the stars for a getaway
Since I'm capable I conjure up a walk in this way
I slip a syllable for Aspen and a Chester souffle
I be the 919 seeker, 'cuz ain't off logic
So when I'm with my crew I always have a place to sit
Due to this a brother tries to play
(Yeah, like one in 514)
Yo, some kid tried to flip on
They instigated a brawl
(So we set our knuckles on stun and made them all fall)
Then I just laughed
(Ha ha ha ha ha ha)
(We whooped that ass)
And put the feelings aside, I know who I am
I cast the grain by the pound

I make sounds with the horn
When I colour the corn, caught the fit
And sit the two when honey slung the tip
Well, I'm taking my funds to the 301's
While I'm playing my flute in the rear kibbut
My man from the 908's, he don't like it like that
So I pipes till the sunshine hikes
A kettle of the master plan makes a Malibu idol
(God forgive me)
Well, it's a hook
The third to the 0 to the 5 had to feel the vibe
When the 516 played convicts
The man Maseo is here to put the habit along
And with your help I'm gonna speak about your area code
Is it 908?
(No)
Is it 212?
(Hell, no)
Speakin' on 404?
(No)
What about 516?
(I dunno)
And what is it?
(Not tellin' ya)
And what is it?
(Not tellin' ya)
And what is it?
(Not tellin' ya)
And what is it?

(Not tellin' ya)
(Huh? What?)
Just another area for me to patrol
I got status 'cuz I'm baddest with the paint
Giving upside down frowns to London wood 703
Her moms didn't like it, I had to let be
For the fact I lays bricks
'Cuz my semen ends with the letter T
My seed is hard to submerge
I play the tack in the wall if my rear's not watched
'Cuz some knuckle might just head for the urge
But I got Prince Paul in the Area
(Oh, it's like that now)
I got Hot Dog in the Area
(Heh heh heh)
I got the Violators in the area
(Aaah)
I's got the Violators in the area
(Aaah)
It don't matter where you hide, I clear up the fall
Cop the fuck outta here, you fake-ass fraud
Clear my area
I'm going home now, I have been up all night
I been up all night, it's still Friday to me
Come on now, hey, Ellory, I'm going home
Bob to the Bob, D-dang, D-dang diggy-diggy

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