

# CBGBS

## De La Soul

Beach boy bonanza, sun rise, get up  
Surfin' on the curb from inception of a set up  
Planet of black granite, halos above it  
The autopsy can't top me, beloved  
Dissect survival, passed on the whisper  
Placed on the mother crew shouting, now it's the  
Boys who shot joy inside the violent  
Hell from New York with a mars inside it  
From the bottom of the deck, who got squashed  
They call us the a little coke cheese, let's get the engine, baby  
I reverend like Run, the squint in the sun  
I bet you bottom dollar I get louder in the barn  
A PH balance son I walk the phenom  
Like typo, might go, dope in the stacks  
Crooked counterfeits, we keep it straight cash  
Crooked counterfeits, keep it straight cash  
Crooked counterfeits, keep it straight cash  
Crooked counterfeits, straight cash  
Cash  
Cash You're a peanut with a cashew

### Songwriters

JOHN DAVID CHEGWIDDEN, JOSHUA MATTHEW LOPEZ, DAVID J. JOLICOEUR, VINCENT L.  
MASON, KELVIN MERCER, DAVID NATHANIEL WEST, DAVID PATRICK PALMER, ETHAN  
PHILLIPS, MATTHEW REYNOLDS DEMERRITT, JORDAN KATZ, ALAN MARK LIGHTNER

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