View

De La Soul

Yo, we 'bout to get it, get it, get it, get it
Get it, get it, get on down, down, down, down
Yo, we 'bout to get it, get it, get it, get it
Get it, get it, get on down, down, down, down, yo
We run it hot when we over the drums
To the top 'cause the bottom we're from
We got the drop on your weekend crew
'Cause you're full-time talkin' while we peepin' your view
Rahubat, you know my name
I run my humbleness with fame
God-body, nuttin' plain
While you claimin' shepherd that you heard this
You heard this on day first
Watch my man, he'll make it worse
Ain't no new click, we still Native
Clothes knit, stitched tight, related
That's the way we handle it
Pin us up or mantle it
We on fire, you candle lit
Daydreamin' on a rack
Get bought worn and brought back
We sport rhyme, thought real tight
To gain sizes much bigger
Life life well, get mail filled with
Checks from sales we deliver
Spend a little, make a little
I want it big like white boy wallets
Credit delivered, Fed-Excellent
To my dot com, we on the web like Charlotte's
Hornet, back her up, she too much on it
Your plastic ass'll get swiped
Past the limit, see you the type to get yo' cosmetics
Smeared on pillows all night
We run it hot when we over the drums
To the top 'cause the bottom we're from
We got the drop on your weekend crew
'Cause you're full-time talkin' while we peepin' your view
While we peepin' your view, while we peepin' your view
We got they eyes on lock

Let them flock to your with while I spit after you
Look ma, I'm still rhymin'
Baby boy still providin'
Breakin' bread in four states
Makin' these struggles get gone
Private eyes, I see y'all spyin'
You watch while I clock
Fertilize my brain data
Makin' accounts grow green like the front lawns
Yo, I may be old school
But I'm not no old fool
Heard out your mouth words flee
'Bout "These niggaz ain't nice"
You just barbershop talkin'
While we round the world walkin'
B, you ain't D.M.C.
You slip and fall on my ice
No lyin', straight shinin'
I give you supper from my upper diamond
You got limbs, so climb in
Yo, soak up what you find in
We too pure for you to try
You sniffin' maybes and ifs
And if "if" was a spliff
Man we'd all be high, high, high
But it's not, so sober up
You flashin' out like you paparaz
You'll need to take a liver shot
To feel the heat on how we runnin' it, yo
We run it hot when we over the drums
To the top 'cause the bottom we're from
We got the drop on your weekend crew
'Cause you're full-time talkin' while we peepin' your view
We run it hot when we over the drums
To the top 'cause the bottom we're from
We got the drop on your weekend crew
'Cause you're full time talkin' while we, while we
While we lettin' you know I'm in a
Certified rhyme meadow for days
If you ask Mercenary 'bout this shit, it pays
Hitting Willie Mays style out the park
Mastering in this Art that's Official
Your ears absorb this like tears on a tissue
'Cause my thoughts are dollar bill crisp
Distinct like E-Double's lisp

L.I. alumni, wonder why I got it
Got it? Get a piece
Got product that you all should own and not lease
Some say drummers play synonymous with ill
With wordplay that keep us all paid like a bill
We're the parent company
You the sub in my D-I-vision
You don't know how

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