

# Afro Connections At A Hi 5 (I

## De La Soul

Connection A, click, what?  
My dick, chick  
I smack a fish if you thinks  
My connection ain't thick, dick  
Headed like a punk whip  
I travel miles with a rhythmic lip  
I rock an Afro  
In '83, gee, yo  
And spray the sheen so I get a Soul Glow  
I play the corner tough  
And me and Mase pull puffs on a blunt Givin' high-five is what I want  
So I puff a blunt, I don't front  
I get spliffed, get a stiff  
Then I go hump a stunt  
Like a pimp pro  
(Nah, man, a super ho)  
That's cool cause I'm still an Afro bro  
Yeah, I'm live for my life is hectic  
Every hour, every minute, every second  
I keep a level head and stay down to earth  
Cause I've been an Afro since birth Yeah  
Now I hold my crotch cause I'm top-notch  
I run amok Sasquatch, and I like to eat live crab  
I've got five beepers, you scab  
But you can find me directly on the Ave  
(You niggas cheat me, well who's that!)  
My breath never smells wack  
I eat the watermelon Tic-Tac  
Before I kiss myself I always jump back  
(Yo, gee, this track is stack)  
(And you know that) I do three flips  
When a punk flip on my duke lifts  
But I flex more strength when I'm asleep  
On the other side with his main tapes  
Make her dry her face, buy her gold earlocks  
But I may, she flocks round me like a donut  
She got sprinkles but I bite my way out  
More brothers come about, try to scheme slick  
But the Native Tongue's thick

Lick 'em real good, like a real hood should  
But the fly tape let the car speakers shake  
I ran a cop down, I smile a frown with a but  
Show gold teeth, cause I ain't a vegetarian  
Not scared of beef, sport a feather like Chief  
Got a scribble pad, you can get these gonads  
Cause I'm big-willed, blow off like a seal  
Cause connection with the Afro is realI be the gift of gab, but be a bro with a diss  
Because it's tough to bluff a cab  
No wonder Melle Mel is 'Rrrr-RAH!'  
I play of tape of the son of La-di-da  
My cousin Rilo sells blow, a G a day  
Keeps his kids hooray, a size nine and half  
I kicks my tricks, is to live for Island  
I mug a mug vic, but I's cool, I self  
With the quickness I bust the true slang  
Show no pit to those who don't understandThe Maseo got tailed with the big bail  
I busted loose but now the blue goose is on my tail  
I seen the ghetto go lower than it is  
(He don't care, cause his nigga's selling crack to the kids)  
My jeans are brand new, with twelve more  
In the closet with my silk, and below  
My 45 pack thick, draw quick  
If a nigga starts some shibidibidit  
My crib is uptown, downtown, L.I  
And another crib in Queens  
I munch some cornbread, Boar's Head  
My favorite pork chops and  
A plate of collar greens  
I chill with Shymel, Akeem, Jaheed  
And the Rastafarians'll be the crown in  
And the Poppa  
But the connections are still a high-five(Let's get busy)

Songwriters

DAVID JOLICOEUR, KELVIN MERCER, PAUL HUSTON, PAUL E. HUSTON, VINCENT

MASONPublished by

Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>