

I.C. Y'All

De La Soul

Yeah!

[Busta Rhymes]

Ha ha ha-hah ha-hah ha, ha-hah ha-hah ha

Ha ha Flipmode why'all, whatchu talkin bout?

De La why'all, whatchu talkin bout?

Whatchu talkin bout?[Dove]

Yo, you gettin stomped by the marching band

Keep 'em shook like spray cans (it's so hot)

It's so hot it'll make your face tan (ooh!)

Ace ban rap, the place the wasteland Bit why'all in my mouth, but you taste bland

I feel fake niggaz and mince these snake niggaz

that hiss but won't bite - false alarm

And if it don't +Rockwild+ we fin' to drop a bomb (Word up) +Strong+ grip on a mic like we +Stretch Arm+

I BEEN shine, you been warned and been torn

Get smacked for the B.S. you been on

Storm bad weather/whether or not you stay scorned For ten years I've baked shit like hot potato

Rhymes still drippin like stu-be's, you groupies

need to show I.D. before the bust down

Touched down the God put 7 to your Zippo and drop it on you heavy like a hippo

(Now you heard that?)[Chorus]

To all my dogs all the way in the back, ready to black

I.C. why'all (see why'all) I.C. why'all

Ladies get down shake yo' ASS around, I hope you know that

I.C. why'all (see why'all) I.C. why'all

To all my soldiers on the corner I.C. why'all (see why'all)

Women doin what they want to I.C. why'all

To them people gettin pulled over I.C. why'all (see why'all)

I.C. why'all (see why'all) wouldn't want to be why'all [Pos]

It's the one and only effect, that you catch from a cassette

Straight wig out the world and girls we straight dig out ya back with letters spellin' out my name

All over your marquee, cause the spark is me

Currently we can be seen across your screen

Stayin' wide-eyed 'cause you niggaz tryin' to scheme Welcome to the spot - I'm slaying with it

Chop it up and fit it inside your quart of rice

You speak ghetto falsetto on the mic device

Tryin' to give me third degree, you just a third of me Couldn't be the shit if you were a turd of me

A man tight with my funds, crush like Ricky D

who quoted Vance Wright - no one can serve us!

My squad advance heights quite superb Just kick off your shoes - jump on the jock

It's been a long time comin' this you NEED to cop![Chorus][Busta Rhymes]

It goes one (one) two (two) three (three) four (four)

Bounce so much I ricochet up off the floor (floor)

So raw shit the most raw you ever saw

Quarter after four, niggaz quick to bust the back doorBaby - open your blouse while I joust another nigga's spouse

Quick Jamaican dick style all in they house

I practice to be the all access, you see the fact is

my mouth dirty, so follow while I display the slacknessYo, you see my slang talk straight from the slums

When I was young, moms put soap on my tongue, and yo-yo

Forever we gettin' this CHEDDAR with the quickness

While I cast the spell on these bitches, you can be my eyewitnessShort fuse, nowadays Langston Hughes

We gettin' money with whoever - even the Jews

The way we finagle and gain it must be all in my shoes

Fuck a nigga up with De La like (?) can amuse[Chorus]

Songwriters

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