Set The Mood

De La Soul

Now check it (sup?)
Let me set the mood here aight? (yeah aight cool)
We gonna, set it off with in-dee-dee, dee-dee-dee, -deed
(yeah that's right) you know
La-la-la-la-ladies first and all that
(that's right ladies first)
So peep it - you see this girl
Who been poppin mad shit about you
So I want you to get into it a little bit
I want you to cru-cru-cru-crush that ? ?
[indeed]I was sittin on my lunchbreak, grittin my teeth
It's the last day of the week, man what a relief
My arms are sore as hell, I felt rigid and stiff
So I turned around and I rolled this big fat spliff
That's when I seen her, steppin out a rented yellow beemer
This local ghetto fame rap cat her name was tina
She was braggin she was goin on tour
The same shit she was screamin since the year before
Ever since the de la soul video, she seen me on the tv
Heard that she was holdin a grudge and tryin to see me
Workin underground circuits and mad cyphers of people
When she asked who was ill, all she got was indeed
She wanna battle (what?) and it wasn't hard to tell
All that I was thinkin bout was tryin to smoke my l
I had four hours left and I was tired as hell
Plus it was 12:55 almost time for the bell
She had an ill screwface mug, frontin like she know joe
Gangsta bitch profile, boppin like allegro
Forty-below timbos, fatigues saggin
Pullin all her money out her pocket while she's braggin
On her gold fronts with her name on it
Her ice finger roll hand g-low while she claim fame on it
I peeped the stee' - then I crushed her with ease
Just for interruptin me while I was rollin my trees
Aight? (whoo!)
That shit was bla-bla-bla, bla-blaze! (word)
Now we gon' se-se-set, se-set this one up
For my man mercenary (aight aight yo let's do this)

(whassup?) yo, I don't want you to make it like

A story or nuttin (aight)
I just want-want, want want-want
Want you to come on some straight rhy-rhy-rhyme
Rhy-rhy, rhy-rhme shit - rip a nigga in his ass!
And let him know how we do it, y-y-y'know?
[pos]Now maseo puff cheeba, while rich sniff lines
David j push the whip while candy cal pull dimes
And me right behind, with the shorty gettin her math
To do the savion routine and just, tap that ass
Still the one who kill wackness, man I left them niggaz crippled
Had em all soft to hard back to soft like a nipple
My +art is official+ while you're art-ificial
Break you down to your very last participle
Let me enlighten you, cause your third eye's on dim
Me gettin taken out is rare like a smile from rakim
See I'm remarkable, you're just bull
Last name shit, y'all niggaz need to quit
Open your mitt, and catch this
I autograph every word you bit
? ? testify then? ? take your picture
Got an infinity of non-rhymes to hit ya
While your whole clan is blam
Understand that you must be smokin pounds of weed out of a pipe
And mistook your munchies, for bein hungry for the mic
And now you have to deal with these cats who's truly right
Like estates with a pit on the lawn bark at the gates
Put the whole entire plate in your face
Make the point like who's that on that joint? it's me
I'm in everything you see like ? ? , yo I'm in demand
I'm in the club man I'm in your hand
Bein bought, I'm even in the thought from your girl
The only thing you're in is in acting
Your world'll be smashed
Run against the won and you'll be last
Like that call for alcohol, depletin your cash
That's how you supposed to get in somebody ass
Y'knowhatmsayin? know-know-know, know-know, know-know dat!
Hahahahahaha
{*ghost weed skit 2 follows*}

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