

# Chanel No. Fever

## De La Soul

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Hah, yeah, take you on a temperature rise  
Take you back to the fever  
Take us back to the fever, y'all please, y'all please  
It's in the back y'all, it's on the wall y'all  
It's in your head but it's not the fever  
It's in the back y'all, it's on the wall y'all  
It's in your head but it's not the fever  
Now with the B-I double L bill  
We bill the par territories placing flags on terrains  
Now I said it was yours so snatch the world back from Wayne  
We did, universally sparked the lid  
Now these ladies love how we live  
Got 'em caught, shit, you already know looking so fly  
That the dog that played spiderweb you're up aliasing here  
Sucker cats don't try to steer near this  
Wish you could bring it this way  
Compliments of Wonder Y and my nigga David J  
So the do, re, mi, fa, sol, la  
Many reach to devour the stage, put the guts out the venue  
Ah, shut up in your face no need to continue  
I've been there, done that, received it, won that  
Yo stunned that, that's how you like To Sun frozed  
Keep my shit in harvest like Farmer John grows crops  
Hops, you'll need the whole ceiling to tops  
I saw the empire, set your liquid to fire  
Bim blam set a flame to your fanny  
Davis the surname like Davis the Sammy  
A Grammy, my concern is to earn for a little age  
Next time, next rhyme, next phase  
It's in the back y'all, it's on the wall y'all  
It's in your head but it's not the fever  
It's in the back y'all, it's on the wall y'all  
It's in your head but it's not the fever  
Now put your hand on your hip  
(Now put your hand on your hip)  
And let your backbone slip  
(And let your backbone slide)  
Now put your hand up on your hip  
(Now put your hand up on your hip)  
And let your backbone slip for the fever  
Hey, ladies and gents reintroducing to you

Shootin' shit like hot asses at the sip of bean stew  
Super fat come the visitor zoo  
Peace to my homewood niggas and my man Tofu, I fell in love I'm through evil that man do  
Get some ass on the side so my love can shine through  
Pull a cigar with crew, lean back and let it soak  
Your holdin' on to my twelve dollar smoke man It was Mase who laced the beat from up out the Earth  
Leaving brothers hypnotized like Ootney Fonsworth  
But I'm hip but no tized than that, clap to the break of dawn  
Dada, wonder why it's hotter than hot Why not knee, my Steve got niggas on the dick  
They want to join the click  
I hope that ass get a record deal so they can feel what I feel  
To overstand that ring ring, how you do is real You must be from Italy 'cause all you do is roam  
Microphone to microphone, lookin' for home  
I write a poem to make the publicists flock the prone cop  
China on stage so I don't need a spotlight Should be tight like Tupperware, supperware, drawers of socks  
Sippin' on gray pot yo scratch the pork chops  
'Cause nothin' here drops  
We're goin' up, up, up It's in the back y'all, it's on the wall y'all  
It's in your head but it's not the fever  
It's in the back y'all, it's on the wall y'all  
It's in your head but it's not the fever It's in the back y'all, it's on the wall y'all  
It's in your head but it's not the fever  
It's in the back y'all, it's on the wall y'all  
It's in your head but it's not the fever It's the fever

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