I.c. Y'all

De La Soul

Yeah, flip mode, y'all, whatchu talkin' 'bout?
De La' y'all, whatchu talkin' 'bout?
Whatchu talkin' 'bout?
Yo, you gettin' stomped by the marching band
Keep 'em shook like spray cans
It's so hot, it'll make your face tan
Ace ban rap, the place the wasteland
Bit y'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
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 or not you stay scorned
For ten years I've baked shit like hot potato
Rhymes still drippin' like stu-b'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?
To all my dogs all the way in the back, ready to black
I.C. y'all, see y'all, I.C. y'all
Ladies get down, shake yo' ass around, I hope you know that
I.C. y'all, see y'all, I.C. y'all, see y'all
To all my soldiers on the corner, I.C. y'all, see y'all
Women doin' what they wanna, I.C. y'all
To them people gettin' pulled over
I.C. y'all, see y'all, I.C. y'all, see y'all
Wouldn't wanna be y'all, be y'all
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
To all my dogs all the way in the back, ready to black
I.C. y'all, see y'all, I.C. y'all
Ladies get down, shake yo' ass around, I hope you know that
I.C. y'all, see y'all, I.C. y'all, see y'all
To all my soldiers on the corner, I.C. y'all, see y'all
Women doin' what they wanna, I.C. y'all
To them people gettin' pulled over
I.C. y'all, see y'all, I.C. y'all, see y'all
Wouldn't wanna be y'all, be y'all
It goes one, two, three, four
Bounce so much, I ricochet up off the floor
So, raw shit the most raw you ever saw
Quarter after four, niggaz quick to bust the back door
Baby, 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 slackness
Yo, you see my slang talk straight from the slums
When I was young, mom's 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 eyewitness
Short 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 [Incomprehensible] amuse
To all my dogs all the way in the back, ready to black
I.C. y'all, see y'all, I.C. y'all
Ladies get down, shake yo' ass around, I hope you know that
I.C. y'all, see y'all, I.C. y'all, see y'all
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Wouldn't wanna be y'all, be y'all

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