

Snoopies (with David Byrne)

De La Soul

In a hundred years from now
We will not recognize this place
The dollar store is filled with love
The parking lot is full of grace
Now, judges put their snoopies on
With glorious and true restraint
A child is gonna rule them all
Said the prophets of the human race
Hey now, can you picture yourself
Hey now, in the physical sense
Hey now, a subcutaneous thing
Hey now, like a mother and father
Pan Am trips, circa 76, the Ritz
Papa hit the belt, to pick up at the JFK
I judge nothing, I let her know, AFK
I'm off the front porch and the front screen
Two shocks on my back, the wise look mean
They told me slow down, baby, but I'm a lummoX
The 8-ball said, Dave, you in the wrong lot
Move like sloth, cut cloth with new scissors
You thinking too big, I call Nell Carter
Somebody give me a break, cut ya toe up
You put both hands up, I put four up
Can't teach a fast dog how to stand still
Mano e mano it's the hand to hand still
Somebody give me a break, the clutch went out
Tags slap hands, I'm about to man out
Can't teach 'em at the morgue how to stand still
See y'all tomorrow for the man to man
Ma-ma-ma-man to man
Now that was all so long ago
See the babies, they are running wild
If you get too close, they run away
So tonight we better stay inside
So whenever things don't go my way
I simply put my snoopies on
I'll share them with you, I don't mind
Let me be your microphone
Hey now, can you picture yourself
Hey now, in the physical sense
Hey now, a subcutaneous thing

Hey now, like a mama and papa Will I ever get tired of this
Will I ever get turned around
Will I ever get over you
Give me a break now, the clutch went out
Will I ever go back again
Will I ever get used to me
Will I ever be smart enough
How do I know if I'm totally clean? It's the elastic youth, coming to size up your plastic troop
Keep a pot of caution, boil it in the hot
I wonder why, so why not
Move like a used car and you get used up wherever you are
So they say me and my crew get it new all day
Couple of shots of calamity
But don't mess with the gram to be sniffed
Too messy for the ego, when you come crashing
There ain't no airbag to dash in and catch ya
She goes down and I look down
She looks up, I don't know what to say
Yo, do that shit, yo, do that shit
But she already done done it anyway
But yo, do understand under the man
Lies another line set of value, open a shape
So when I'm speeding too fast, it don't match the brake
(Car braking hard)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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