

Oooh

De La Soul

Party people, your dreams have now been fulfilled
Get your ass up and let's get ill, that's right y'all
We more than rough, we callin' your bluff
And when it comes to rhymes
(Brick city)Yo, don't scandalize mine
I spent too much time
Straight talk with the catch to etch my line walk
Never fetchin' for crime, halt, who goes there?Yo, it's the squeeze of five fingers
Puffin' Smokey the bear
Shinin' black like Darth Vader caps
They on stareWhile we rockin' it, I'll rock in it
(Rock in it)
Like the little ball inside the spray can
Providing three coats
For both child, woman and manGod bless the God, lay these streets wall to wall
It go, oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh
Yo, you got popped like a flick by that rivalry click
It went, oooh, oooh, oooh, ooohIt ain't my fault your ass is on the asphalt
Got your chin touched by my fam
Who thought you brought harm, you see
I'm iced out like a glass of teaBetter yet, oatmeal cookies
Y'all just rookies to me
Slidin' up and down the court
But I don't think you can DWhy try? Maseo be gettin' high
Since Luke was Luke Skywalker
Man, my topic of talk is sheddin' shame
All over your game like them shorties who claimThat Afrocentric lovin' is the past drug
A life filled with (unverified) that's what thugs love
Snatch you fast, wrap that ass in the rug of your choice
While it muffles your voiceNow when I'm swimmin' through the joint, I put the funk on hold
'Cause if you don't, you'll see the bubbles come up
We run up a tab and gladly add a little extra for miss
Flashy faces with bigger lips for that ass to kissMost crews are post current while we're forever
Direct beats that's contagious, loved by all ages
Graduated from the you and I versity
Of hard hitters, for realI got niggas in the streets that'll blast your ass for the shine
And get, oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh
Yo, if you a fat chick gettin' your fuck on tonight
Then go, oooh, oooh, oooh, ooohYo, put your hands opposite to the ground if you're lovin' our sound

Go, oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh
Yo and to my broke niggaz on the corner holdin' me down
Go, oooh, oooh, oooh, ooohYo, I swear Tommy gonna get it, he done did me wrong
I had plans to buy more land, plant corn
Bust kernels on heat, work hard like wetbacks
Set backs is gonna get my ass to be hostileRockwilder the beat, top dollar defeat
Big moneys make the big decisions
Keep hip hop alive, it's just an intermission
Back to the second half of the feature flick
Dick stacks and fuck rapI had a name for makin' paper since paper mache
Now, my dollar coins join pounds of yen for play
While you broke niggaz reach drunk much quicker
You don't make enough bread to soak up all your liquorWent from God to God damn
Damn God, you're killin' it
Should incorporate it, invest half a mil' in it
Rap cats talk with no will in itSoundin' like they virtual, this joint'll hurt you, yo
Twas the night before Christmas and my crib got robbed
(Shh, shh, shh, shh)
They did a jobTook all my goodies out from under the tree
Except the CD's
Of shiny suit rappers and flossin' M C's
Who fail at takin' it to rhyme degreesMan, you know, no wack poems get no play in our homes
You need to not get nappy with me
Or else we gon' relax your mind
Let your conscious be freeYo, where my Wall Street niggaz, if ya up in the stands
Go, oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh
To my women that'll throw they hands against they punk ass man
Go, oooh, oooh, oooh, ooohYo, if you never been shot or stabbed
Brick city, go, oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh
Yo, I gotta catch a cab back to the lab so I can smoke
Oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh

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