

# 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 Skywalk  
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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