Squat!

De La Soul

Turn that shit off man, what's wrong with you man?
You know we got a party man, get the other record
(Here we go)
(Let it go)
Just one more time, from 'Stix N Stonz'
It's the M I K E, ohh, to the D
I'm comin' exquisite and V.I.P.
Tryin' to spread some love like roots on a tree
Stayin' true to this vision in the Y2G
Two G's got 'em scratchin' it like the fleas
And Ad Rock got it locked like a crooked cop
Now, it's Ad Rock, y'all remember me
The guy ya bit ya style from off the TV
I score Mmmma-Zah-Ayy's all day
My essays are felt worldwide
We like four planets on the mic
Aligned arrays retired all in the days
Game, too blam for these lames
(Baby, baby)
When I was nine, I played with slime
Got rhymes ga-lot, got rhymes ga-limes
I got a million like rhymes leavin' ya stung
I got my own crew called the nasal tongue
Yo take a few of these b-boys and call me in the mornin'
(Okay)
Keep it on the crusty eye, bagel with some butterflies
Spit gritty like we in MCA's voice box
Y'all bull and my ox don't fit the mix
(Disc jock)
It be some classic material kid
(Disc jock)
Got the calm cats blowin' their lid
(Disc jock)
You get plush off the rack
And buy plenty or more we got em by the stack
(Disc jock)
Got us walkin' all over the world
For all the fly fellas and all the fly girls
(Disc jock)

You can't get enough when we servin' this
Come on Squat, come on Squat
Come on Squat, come on Squat
Come on Squat, come on Squat
Come on Squat, come on Squat
Now we'd like to introduce to you, Ad Rock
Ad Rock in the house you don't stop
It's the B E A S T I E B O Y S with the most finesse
Don't mean to be crude, don't mean to be crass
But listen Guiliani you can kiss my ass
(What?)
You heard my word, now Dove you play the preacher
Get on the mic if you love all the creatures
Well yeah, I got these fishes swimmin' 'round my baracuda
Back in '82 I used to ride a street scooter
Called 'em cuter than pigtails, sales you keep 'em level
And smack you with a shovel and break your lifestyle
(Oww)
Firm on the mic since my days of a child
Got a 'License Too Ill' to flash to police
The only beast I huddles with the Beastie Boys
Bringin' 'Noise' like P.E. to your TV
Aiyyo, this beat's barefoot and knock-kneed
Stripped to the rhyme
And every line made from scratch
Attached like stripes to shell-toes
Thin spools that hold the herb
Mike what's the word?
(Word)
It's like the ooh-la-la, ooh-ooh-la-la
Rhymin' over old breaks like the Mardis Gras
Party people cross and bump they go, ooh, and they, ahh
And Mike D and Ad Rock down with the De La
(Disc jock)
Get the people dancin for real
(Disc jock')
Theater holdin' mass appeal
(Jock)
(Disc jock)
You can't get enough still
So here's another dose for you to feel
Put ya body in it
Come on Squat, come on Squat
Come on Squat, come on Squat
Come on Squat, come on Squat

Come on Squat, come on Squat
I'm feelin' good, damn good but also confused
This stuff from hip-hop that's bein' misused
It's desirin', acquirin', tryin' to be like Iverson
If it means backstabbin' and also conspirin'
Now, the people in the front, you do the bump, bump
The people in the back, they're not the whack, whack
The people in the middle, come on and wiggle, wiggle
And the people on the side, we can all take a ride
In my VW I done swung an ep' or two
The rear in my hatchback y'all know I scratched that
Here to haystack, keep it rosy in the Rolls
Skiddin' out to place my vote at the polls for Ad Rock
Well, I'm the the toe tapper, yes the hand clapper
From the middle school like the educated rapper
I'm known as an occupational MC
You think I lose sleep if you sleep on me?
It's the rock solid, pilot, here to fly
(Rock)
Reachin' elevations too far for the eye
(Eye)
Miraculous beats over breaks in these packages
Seen and all the types
(All over the globe)
Who thinks our joints is aight, here's a swab for ya ear
(To clean out ya lobe)
And listen to a few views
From two crews spittin' for the art of it
We ain't takin' over but damn sure takin' part of it
Started it ever since we minced meat
You Sloppy Joe's went and took a bit of the corn dog
Stay there, I'ma play there
('Cuz they pay there)
In the big old Santa Claus bag got discs and now we out
Signin' off, signin' off, our work is done
So come on party people
Have, have, have fun
(Have, have)
(Let it go)
Just one more time, from 'Stix N Stonz'

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