

# Intro (stakes Is High)

## De La Soul

(when I  
(first heard)  
(criminal)  
(minded)  
(I was in...)  
(damn, where was i? )  
(...seventh grade)  
(battlin' this other emcee)  
(smokin' a blunt and drinkin' a 40 down lower east side with my niggas)  
(I have no idea where I was, it was so long ago)  
(I was on my way to a family reunion in a car on the long island  
Expressway when I heard it)  
(roosevelt projects)  
(I was in...)  
(I was outside of church when I was really little and I was doing the  
Wop with this girl)  
(red alert played one of the songs on the radio)  
(it was so long ago)  
(yo merce, what's up, this is hanson, man, I want you to peep that out.  
Yo, kid... I was at this party, this hype  
Party when I heard  
Krs' criminal minded. I'll call you back, peace.)  
(all right!)  
(all right!)  
(all right!)  
(all right!)  
Pos:  
Channeling, in sync so my what brings that testament  
To cover twelve inches of funk  
Flip like as if I was the dalek himself  
Specialising in cleansing like the it's of  
Elephants, dove hits bibles out the park, man  
Don't wven try to toss bleach, I'm too dark and  
Major more soul than james' "escapism"  
De la soul is here to stay like racism  
Patrick know and i'mma put the pillow off the bed  
  
As I lurk up on your thoughts while phones on your head  
Riff a tech pro, flex sue, running you the links

Scout weather, pouring rain outta duck's survive links  
And if one winks for pink slips, the slips are short  
Dull-minded as sperm, to give out for the souls I report  
I sport too fly for the forty-ounce drinker  
I sport too fly for a forty-ounce thinker  
A fresh linen scent so sniffer on the two-inch  
A talker of the berg without weed influence  
So stick to you naughty by natures and your kane  
'cause graffiti that I based upn the wax is insane

Dove:

Grand groove, I wish I had the flavor bid  
Give me six bottles of beer, I take the seventh one free  
I got the chandelier, kick, constructed by my man  
Little elf, big four gets the zootie for the self  
Long island living, what, twelve o'clock dawn  
Jiggy-not see me so I trip straight to your porches  
Mr partymaker puts the boogers in your bottle  
Straw it and drink, what bees gotta be's  
'cause I snort the crazy-crazies  
Man, I kick the franken-style, dig the bolts in my neck  
Wreck, ship, boat, rock  
Heavy metal grooves ain't the infinite  
Here I hips to the hops  
I'm looking for the words in the faces of a prince  
That brother been down ever since soaked cheese  
And motor go smiling  
Hey, how ya doin'  
Now, meet in front of big lou's fighting  
Hey, y'all reminisce, six streets, little miles  
Straight to my avenue  
(aaaah... aaaggh)  
Six streets, went miles straight to my avenue  
I'm headed for the bigger e, for the bitter oe, not me  
Here's my malibu, child, here's my malibu  
Buckshot honeys, dig a gun and go aaaahhhhh...

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