

No (feat. Butta Verses & Yummy Bingham)

De La Soul

[Yummy]

I never can say goodbye
No no n-no I, never can say goodbye
I, I don't know the rest[Posdonus]
We those pros, we never procrastinate (ah)
Them guardians they shouldn't let you get past the gate
Watch out dog, the watchdog's showing his teeth
(Guess you bit too much shit) they biting your beat
While I speak from experience, hunger and hurt
And a little bit of hate from niggas doing me dirt
I just wash it all out with Tide and show love
to those who ride with me while I'm putting in work[Butta Verses]
Full-timing it, 8:30 to 6, the graveyard shift
The three months before the benefits hit
But my position went temp' to perm'
I sat and listened like an intern watching who applied get fired
Now I'm sitting in the break room, they gotta make room (make room)
My paper stacks, put staples through 'em
So I can keep my money together
Some die-hard fans just don't want it like, "Put Pos back on it"[Posdonus]
I'm back on it, that's why you never disappointed
We give you what we live through for real (for real)
Don't own a crown but I'm royalty
And trying to see the royalty checks about a half a mil'
Whether off or on the chart, my cuts grips your heart
(You know we got you open) like your gut splits apart
I never pass the buck, my shoulder holds the weights
So don't beef when we don't pass collection plates[Butta Verses]
I don't give money, I don't support the needy
Schooled in America, taught to be greedy
And everything ought to be, easy
But I never could say goodbye to my friends who get high
I wonder why, I'm rocking with that guy, it's serious
Still make him cry when the satire's hilarious
Cold for your areas, flows come in various shapes and sizes
so hot that you despise it[Chorus: Dove (Yummy)]
Never last up to bat (no no no no)
These skills we don't lack (no no no no)
We never fall and pray (no no n-no no)

Make all the ladies say (oh oh baby)
You can't knock the hustle not at all (no no no no)
Can't be budged by your muscle (no no no no)
Never riding on E (no no n-no no)
It's De La and Butta V (drive you crazy)[Posdonus]
Yo, if you are what you eat; some of you
cats heads between your girl's legs a lot cause y'all act too sweet
(Go brush your teeth!) Then after that
Put in a little more practice on your rhyming attack
What you write's not the least bit hot
Maybe cause your wrist is so cold from all that ice you cop
Hate to hate a player but you know what?
I still smother ya like cheese and rocking leaves freshly cut[Butta Verses]
And we the steak and potatoes and De La's the greatest
And ladies be on the floor thanking the Lord that He made us
I'm telling you, I swoop her like a pelican do
You saying look at that pelican fly, you spitting gelatin rhymes
They shaky as shit, ugly in the mold you fit
We the square peg on the round hole, sound's soulful
Your imitation flavor is tofu
It's true we make our bed all day, and we are[Posdonus]
the world of rap! Take you back
in the days of all four hundred ways that people lack
It's that (what) authentic, big-nosed mic music
Four to five survive all night to it
I'm trying to keep up with my Jones' and Thomas'
'til I'm broke like them New Year's Eve promises
And that's alright, I just penned another sixteen
to fill my bank account with the mixed greens[Butta Verses]
Moms want 5's and 10's
The girls I got is 9's and 10's, VH1 "Behind The Pens"
You anticipate greatness from elder statesmen
I ch-ch-ch-ah, like Biz Mark' or Jason
I bust one shot just to start the racing
The tortoise and the hare, which one there is chasing?
Slow and steady, we already Andretti
Get ticket take parades, waves and confetti and Never last up to bat (no no no no)
These skills we don't lack (no no no no)
We never fall and pray (no no n-no no)
Make all the ladies say (oh oh baby)
You can't knock the hustle (no no no no)
Can't be budged by your muscle (no no no no)
Never riding on E (no no n-no no)
It's De La and Butta V (drive you crazy)[Posdonus]
Come on y'all[Repeat: x4]

If the Soul keeps rocking, the streets will keep rocking
If the streets keep rocking, the Soul will keep rocking
If the streets stop rocking, the Soul will keep rocking
If the Soul keeps rocking, the streets will keep rocking

Songwriters

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