

# No

## De La Soul

Now let's get right on down to the skit  
A baby is brought into a world of pits  
And if it could've talked that soon  
    In the delivery room  
It would've asked the nurse for a hit  
    The reason for this?  
    The mother is a jerk  
    Excuse me, Junkie  
Which brought the work of the old  
    Into a new light  
    What a way  
    But this what a way  
    Has been a way of today  
    Anyway  
Push couldn't shove me to understand a path to a base head  
    Consumer should erase it in the first wave  
    But second wave forms believers  
And believers will walk to it then even talk to it and say  
    (You got the body now you want my soul)  
Nah, can't have none of that, tell 'em what to say Mase  
    Say No Go  
    Nah, no my brother  
    No my sister  
    Try to get hip to this  
    Word, word to the mother  
I'll tell the truth so bear my witness  
    Fly like birds of a feather  
    Drugs are like Pleather  
    You don't wanna wear it  
No need to ask that question, just don't mention  
    You know what the answer is  
    Now I never fancied Nancy  
But the statement she made held a plate of weight  
    I even stressed it to Wade  
    Did he take any heed?  
Nah, the boy was hooked, you could've phrased the word "Base"  
    And the kid just shook  
In his fashion class once an A now an F  
    The rock rules him now

The only designs left  
Were once clothes made for Oshkosh  
Has converted to nothing but stonewash  
Now hopping in a barrel is a barrel of fun  
But don't hop in if you want to be down, son  
'Cause that could mean down and out as an action  
What does it lead to?  
Dum-da-dum-dum

People say what have I done for all my years  
My tears show my hard-earned work  
I heard shoving is worse than pushing  
But I'd rather know a shover than a pusher  
'Cause a pusher's a jerk  
Say No Go

Believe it or not the plot forms a fee more than charity  
But the course doesn't coincide with the ride of insanity  
Is it a chant that slants the soul to fill for it?  
I know it's the border that flaunts the order to kill for it  
Standing, scheming on a young one  
Taking his time, eight-ball for a cool pool player  
Racked it all, tried to break, miscued  
Got beat by the boy in blue  
Next day you're out by the spot once more  
Looking hard for a crack in the hole  
I ask what's the fix for the ill stuff  
Word to the Dero  
The answer should have been no  
Run me a score from the Funky Four Plus One More  
(It's the joint!)  
Rewind that back  
This is the age for a new stage of fiend  
Watch how the junkies scream  
It's the crack  
Plain is plain it should explain it from the start  
Behind the ideals of cranking up the heart  
Now the base claim's shot over every part  
Say No Go  
Don't Even Think About it  
Say No Go  
Say No Go