

Whoodeeni

De La Soul

Your music means everything to you
Bullet bring the gun, why pull it?
Shoot words to see who's full of it
We from the same place, land of the game face
Pluck signs on the jackets
Get props, yo, like a Prop Joe packet
It's illegal
How those kids can come from out of the slums to live so regal
Lose it all on a prayer to the evil
Before the loss we earn for the cause
Toast to the life life though my liver won't endorse
Currently in time and my enzymes
Are in sync to digest the brink of armageddon
The veterans over the mattress, we lay with the actress
For social media to swallow us
Watch them rap peers who don't reply back
Cause they think we gon' snatch up their Twitter followers
That's some female type foolery
And your females like glue to it
She know it, the scent of a poet
Police buy restraint to cover all the angles
A opera of operations
See one got all you in your crew confident with courage
We'll be there jumping your square record
You be like "check it, they stress the shit in rectangles, damn"
Whodeeni Born institutionalized
My homie from N.O., finest crib with a roof on the side
FEMA asking for a address, but ain't no mailbox
Nothing left to do out here but to sell rocks
Now they got cellphones inside of the cell blocks
And my cousin on parole cause he sold Glocks
My cousin is so stuck
Told you we have more soul than James Brown
Wearing a gold watch that obviously don't work
Used to go home and rob niggas for homework
See if the chrome work
Might call your girl to see if my phone work
I'm a hood star and the trophy is a gold vert
Mouth full of gold teeth
Niggas might end up obsolete if I'm four deep
Real nigga for ale bed full of new sheets

Bedroom floor filled up with the loose leaf
 This is a war zone, me and a two-piece
 Put another head on and make it a new piece
 She be like "ooh wee", I be like "ooh wee"
 I love myself so much I'm a groupie
 Everybody know my verses is pookie
 Had 'em all strung out like it's a drug house
 When I'm in the booth I'm MJ with his tongue out
 When I'm in the booth I'm Kanye with a gun out
 Running your mom house
 Then I'mma leave sideways and burn out
 All natural, I hope you get the perm out
 I've been straightening that shit
 New niggas came and tired to hate on that shit
 I'mma use it now, I ain't waiting on shitWhodeeniBig drawers, where the big drawers at?
 I got a case of the little head, controlling the big head thinking
 Played Honest Abe in the back of a Lincoln
 Chopped down a cherry, American Pie varied
 Next day she was on my Snapchat sexting
 Got a bunny hopping a quick ten seconds
 Dear Lord, forgive a nigga, I've been down with out
 Had the frog legs, now I'mma knock this piggie out
 Now Dave like to cuddle, but Dave don't play that
 Like Dave had the ring, listen, Dave ain't say that
 Courtships, door steps, didn't ask if it's one of my broads
 Keep your feet off the grass size eleven the gas
 Mash that potato 'till we lay in the grass
 She mellow like it's a picnic
 If she the mermaid give her the fish stick
 First class flight, shoot her out to the district
 Wait, cancel the stallion, hold your horses
 Kickstart your life and cut your losses
 Look how we did 'em, ma, your boy still got it
 I quit drinking, I quit the narcotics
 Life's a bitch, but she seeing a therapist
 This hip hop done dilly to cameras, huh
 We got stoops and vander robes to sit on
 Big coins Vivian Mears to bid on
 But we cautious
 Never undermine the hate and turn the spell on your evil forces
 But this ain't the cha-cha two-step
 Been a rider ever since the Schwinn gooseneck
 The buck stops here, there ain't no who's nextWhodeeni

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