

# Sh. Fe. Mc's

## De La Soul

We are here to tell the world just who we are  
Shocking female (MC's), shocking female (MC's) (Repeat 2x)

### Verse 1: Phife

No need for, introductions, cause I know you know my name and  
Knocking MC's out the frame and, putting them suckers to shame and  
I live for hip-hop, so I have no time for fun and games and  
So just come and peep the unique styles we are displaying  
The beat's just ridiculous, the lyrics articulate  
Feels good, as if a girl just touched her (tits)  
Sucker MC's, I'm killing 'em, I'm so sick of seeing 'em  
Silly (shit) when they rhyme, like that red rugby shirt worn by Gilligan  
Plus the hat, they (shit) is wack  
When you see me coming take ten steps back  
I make usage of the pronouns, adjectives, verbs  
My granny says "You always had a way with words"  
And that's because my word is bond, lyrics are laws  
Sucker MC's look at me like I'm friggin' eye sore

### Verse 2: Posdnuos

Heere comes a brother hiping others on the style they lack  
I've always rhymed abstract, I even know the brother named Abstract  
I am the earner of the soul in mine  
Forget the physical cause the physical will die with time  
I'm shaped to vibrate in definite proportions  
Of the kids who need the fix (Just listen to the mix)  
I just imagine constant non-stop for the rubbishing  
Like (niggas) use the Clinton loops as if they owned the publishing  
Ducks be bleeding from illegal feeding on my verb  
I bring the Mardi Gras to your face  
I outwit vipers in my rhyme cipher  
I can easily lick them cause they're victims of the subconscious race  
Tossing periods in front of false reps?  
It's not the 187 when the 360 slept  
You swallow the cake from the plate of elevate  
Or you might get sparked by the crew who got the weight  
So recessitating rap like the hicks do with Presley  
It's the kid who peed the jeans in Orleans off of Nesley  
Just be MC number nine, if you let me rhyme nine times infinitely I will  
climb  
I let my Walkman from Sony play cassettes from Raboni

Which guarantees to put me on the narrow road  
Ayo, that's it from me, Plug 3, and Ali explode!

Verse 3: Q-Tip

When I rhyme, the effect just ripples  
You sound sick, I hope your cells get sickles  
You formulate into real stiff (shit)  
Then I bet that it cut the chit chit

Cause the Ab will, be sharper than a Ginsu  
Cutter or your bum (ass) head for the gutter  
This is not a game and we ain't looking for the fame  
That ain't the aim, we came to rip the jam out the frame  
My inter-reaction with paper is amazing  
So needless to say mad trails are left blazing  
A whole lot of bull(shit) rhymes start to get play  
But I'm here to say real rhymes to pay  
I'm the type of brother that writes until my knuckles get nary  
And through the domepiece, the rhymes will carry  
Then transported to my throat then the quotes hit the air  
As I stand dipped with the wares  
Rhymes get slot times, move back from the jack  
It's the verbal constructor, some MC's is wack  
I make a girl do the bogle, doo doo brown and all  
Make (niggas) jump up, drink Don, and have a ball  
I aanimate the unlively with the verbal combat  
The Abstract, never the wack  
Motivator of the many like Moses  
Moving through, bringing games into the dummies that pose us  
That means you the sub relator of the sub culture  
Like a vulture I swoop down on crowns, cause confusion all around  
Mental burdens I bring to MC's who sing  
They sad songs, money, the dough's not long  
Mine on the other hand is lent me tight  
The Abstract gets real, real, real

Verse 4: Dove

Real down to Earth I hit the Long Island Rail  
You never see me tango with the horn and the tail  
I got the kid for your mind I design it like sender  
Smoking made hope from my neighbors, and the  
50/50 luck takes the "S" off my chest  
Cause the "S" on my chest makes a mess  
Settling for Superman, stupid man, put on your glasses  
Now your (ass) be slow guessing like molasass  
Continue the menu, next on the platter  
Hey where that (bitch) at? (He's right here boy!)

I gotta see what I got and who I'm getting it with  
This ain't no nickle dime game that I'm peddling with  
Mikie Rose said "Stop riding, it be dividing  
Taking me out how I be vibing"  
Packing hard like pistol but my pops got the crystal  
Told me if I ever need it just \*whistle\*  
Respects to Griff Dog for the razor  
Much respects to Joe but for the favor  
It's about a million brothers trying to make it in this world  
I'm glad I got a baby girl

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