Patti Dooke

De La Soul

Why do we have to cross over?
Why are niggas always crossing over somethin'?
And what's the matter?
They accept our music as long
As they can't see our faces?
One, two, one, two, you got it
Runnin' through the trenches, what?
Runnin' through the trenches, what?
Runnin' through the trenches
It's the Patti Dooke, it's the Patti what?
Runnin' through the trenches, oh
Runnin' through the trenches, it's the Patti's Dooke
Runnin' through the trenches, what?
Runnin' through the trenches, what?
Runnin' through the trenches
It's the Patti Dooke, it's the Patti what?
Runnin' through the trenches, oh
Runnin' through the trenches, it's the Patti's Dooke
Just the other day I got a starter kit
An M is a terrible thing to waste
Caught the face from the backs of the border of the mind state
I play control to a fraud
Nah, it ain't happenin', nada to make it even
Robbin' and theivin' is one who infiltrates with a Colgate frown
And all remember my nasal for I sniff frequencies
Well, it started in the year of '78
But it's '93 or should I say '94?
For my style is much more
I said, "Come in", come in
Come on, come out into my reservoir
As I macks a man, your bastard style has just been stuck
By a sticker with a 'Frigerator Lickin"
What if, how's about, why would?
Never thought that the napalm would bust the jeans
Mash it up, the one with the beard
Mega mustache the beat, hide it
Deep under sheets, cover this hint
Hostin' all threats but watch out Mr. Jarbage
Jimmy and the Jet, standin' on the pier

I'm known as the farmer
Cultivatin' mate without mendin', bendin'
Compromising any of my styles to gain a smile
Listen while you hear it, there's no pink in my slip
I reckon that the rhythm and the blues and the rap got me red
While the boys from Tommy plant bridge crossin' to a larger community
Yet they're soon to see I have a brother named Luck
A nigga named Dres
A groupie named Cassandra caught bobbin' on the head
Of a baby named Chris, I missed a kid who caught wreck when sayin'
Afrika and I when Sammy B's on the set
Runnin' through the trenches, what?
Runnin' through the trenches, what?
Runnin' through the trenches
It's the Patti Dooke, it's the Patti what?
Runnin' through the trenches, oh
Runnin' through the trenches, it's the Patti's Dooke
Prevention against sucka M.C.'s
Prevention against sucka M.C.'s
Prevention against sucka M.C.'s
And now, prevention against sucka M.C.'s
We decided to change the cover a little bit
Because we see the big picture
Negroes and white folks buyin' this album
Negroes and white folks buyin' this album
Everybody's gonna know who this group is
We just felt that the picture wasn't as important
As it was that we succeed in crossing over
Cross over ain't nuthin' but a double cross
Once you lose our audience
We never gon' get them back
He may even try to change our sound
Let no man put asunder
Severin' the groups I never blunder
Cashin' all the checks on the mic
I might cherry to the bush, brand Plug Wonder
Funk to the fame against hoods
Bridges saggin' to woods down under
They can't be raised with the feminine praise
In conjunction with no chocolate in the mix
White boy, Roy, cannot feel it
But the first to try and steal it
Dilute it, pollute it, kill it
I see him infiltratin' to the masses
And when the leechin' I'ma shoot 'em all in they asses

Runnin' through the trenches, what?
Runnin' through the trenches, yeah
Runnin' through the trenches
It's the Patti Dooke, it's the Patti what?
Runnin' through the trenches, oh
Runnin' through the trenches, it's the Patti's Dooke
It might blow up but it won't go pop
It might blow up but it won't go pop
It might blow up but it won't go pop
It might blow up but it won't go pop
It might blow up but it won't go pop
It might blow up but it won't go pop
It might blow up but it won't go pop
It might blow up but it won't go pop
I shed light and not skin, I ain't from Europe
Afro connects at the root of the retina of the third
Mums the word when ya blind, baby, blind to the fact
Don't rest the Compton so I don't own a gat
But respect is clear crystal 'cause Millie got a pistol
And she's down with me, wild, of most wild
Born child to the old school legitimate soul
Talker of the many paragraphs ago
Walker of the plenty broken calves ago
Phantom of the phrase, black in many ways
'Cause I see her runnin' through the trenches
Comin' into rent my style
I'm not the one to fuck with
I'm lockin' you out
I'm just not the one to fuck wit so check it
Y'all, y'all know who I am, listen up, son
Peace to my man, Premier
And y'all better guard your trenches
'Cause we runnin' through 'em
Do it, fluid, mess up my mind
Do it, fluid, mess up my mind
Do it, fluid, mess up my mind
Do it, fluid, mess up my mind
Do it, fluid, mess up my mind
Tell me somethin'?
How come they never cross over to us?
I never seen five niggas on Elvis Presley album cover

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