

Oodles of O's

De La Soul

Oodles and oodles of O's, you know
You get 'em from my sister
You get 'em from my bro
All I is is man, and once an embryo
Am I solid gold? I don't cast a glow
Yes, I guess it's reflex some have no control
I'd rather let a laughter and tally, off I go
Canoeing up the river or out into the O
You just know me not so not play the role
Some are lovey-Dovey, ah you crazies know
Some shake your hand but (this is called the show)
I was John Doe, now I'm Mr. Jolicoeur
Pissed with the witness, and now I adore
O's got the world cause O's was on tour
Girls gave the O's, and guys, oh for sure
Were they arose, well nobody knows
What do they mean, well here's how it goes
Oh shoot's got the O's when you hold the dough
You know who you are but they didn't know
And now with respect they flex like a pro
You're first another nigga but now an Afro
Oodles and oodles of O's and
Oodles and oodles and oodles of O's you know
Oodles and oodles of O's and
Oodles and oodles and oodles of O's you know
Oodles and oodles of O's and
Oodles and oodles and oodles of O's you know
Last of the fast Plug pipers at the door
In your eye burning like rubbing alcohol
Native is the Tongue that speaks the Guacomo
Kinfolk will play this in stere-ere-o
Chanters play the part of a herd at a show
Pos prints the peace on his jeans or Girbauds
But let the herd know if beef they wanna throw
Lunches of punches is what I bestow
Oodles of O's it has my hoes in mic checks
O's take the shape of medallions and specs
Don't forget the O's that let the air in my nose
Breathe in the fresh as the stale hit the road
Girls ask for flicks and I'll block the pores
Eat the Al Greens, won't sniff the Kurt Blows
Mase got something to say and it goes

(Maseo is rocking on the radio)Now I think we're talking 'bout the oodles of O's you know

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I think we're talking 'bout the oodles of O'sHoods like to play macho, you know

Guns going "Bo!", people hit the floor

Don't have a piece but an arrow and bow

Target it firm cause I'm head Comancho

Charging barricades like a raging rhino

The donuts come big and some in jumbo

The landlord is finished but before I go

I'll give a shout out to Quest and my fellow Jungle BrosKnocked by the dock of the bay by the shore

Swimming in the rhythm of the hi-de-hi-de-ho

Punk Pinocchios gotta go, gotta go

(What's the reason?) to be cheerful

Season is breeze, time to pimp promote

Nuts can no flow if the shade is in the dough

On with me hat, d-d-duh-duh-doh

Dreadlock is heading out the door y'allWe're selling O's, y'all

We're selling O's and O's

We're selling O's at the corner store y'all

We're selling O's, y'all

We're selling oodles and oodles and oodles

And oodles of O's, y'all

Songwriters

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