Wonce Again Long Island

De La Soul

[Pos Plug Wonder Why] (What the hell do you want to be when you grow up?) I want to be a supa emcee (Well you're already that) so let me step up to bat Attack a hit to go beyond this age of rap counterfeits Out of the heavens August one seven sixty nine Born I wonder why with the thoughts to rhyme Til there was no longer thoughts to dream When an unpolished demo led to limos at the age of eighteen Accompanied by the screams, Plug One Shot up with fame like novacaine it made me numb So numb I wouldn't been able to feel Niggaz diggin in my pockets for my currency reels But still, I make girls brown eyes blue at will (until) My ass was no longer mass appeal Oh shit, I guess that was all the fame I was alloted Wait a minite, new video, like a leopard I'm spotted In a night club chillin with Kamaal and Phife I be that farmer cultivating owning acres of mics And I likes to make it known Strong Island stylin For a while, so do that dance (Are you rockin the spot?) Yes I be (Showin others they do not?) Yes I be (Havin then towed from the lot?) Yes I be That's my job as a supa emcee, I'm from Long Isle Mobile, make it worth your while If the jam needs motion I'm the one to dial (Goin beyond ninety watts) Yes I be (Well are you rockin it?) Yes, yes I be (rockin it!) I can stress the makin of loot to feed the fam While the voices impersonate the true who I am Buzzin in my ear, oh you one of those wannabees Always buzzin in my ear you down with supa emcees Steppin to me with your pleas that you gots, butter rhymes Man the only thing butter bout you is your spine Mad yellow, you can't rock the Mardi Gras, my mellow Cause my stealth show more than knowledge of self I got knowlegde of you, to know you a wack em-crew (You mean wack emcee) Nah, a wack em-crew, see you a crew of wack

Niggaz

You should have never tried to test

These words that I Man, with the eye/I to Fest

While you sayin one thing really meaning the next

You're just a contra-DICK, your mind's been tampered WITHLike some holy boooks, but looks to the sky

Cause Wonder Why's here to save the day

(Are you rockin the spot?) Yes I be

(showin others they do not?) Yes I be

(Havin then towed from the lot) Yes I be

Cause ultimately, I'm lettin all MC's know that

What's the name of this crew? (De La, De La)

Well alright, and what be the dish we servin?

(We servin pos-da!) Posdanos help the next get loose

Like an alcohol scenario rap be on the rocks

Authenticity that missin fee to pay to join the flock of MCThese niggaz stand lower than knees

Dramatized in they eyes as the ones to please

When rap kids apply violent pressure to father, brother and son

For fun to say they inflict pain

R&B niggaz lie to mother, sister, and daughter

To have sex disguised as lovin in the rain

Their words are more hallow than October 31st

What's worse, hate to see the females

Switch to sexual mentality, it doesn't match with they given anatomy

Man they rather be hoes like that male emcee

Who walk around like they got nuts

And use the tits and ass like a crutch

Man the underground's about not bein exposed

So you better take you naked ass and put on some clothes

Man this be goin out to the kids from east smash (long island)

Amityville (long island)

To all my people out in whinedance, bayshore (long island)

C.I.'s in the place (long island)

Brinkwood, hempstead, all my (long island)

Brothers out in roosevelt, freeport (long island)

Uniondale to long beach (long island)

To them girls out in huntington (long island)

Long island for real (long island)

Songwriters

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