

Stone Age

De La Soul

I'll beatboxAh mic test one two
Aww man I check it better
Ah whatcha mean BizMarkie? Whatcha mean BizMark?
I hit the rhyme with the mayonnaise that's what I mean
Ah whatcha mean BizMarkie? Whatcha mean BizMark?
Man I got beats up my sleeve like you wouldn't BELIEVE!
Whatcha mean BizMarkie? Whatcha mean BizMark?Ah with my "ah one two" I substitute about a loop
So let me serve with the slope, with the Plug of two scoops!Mr. Miyag' never did dip for Dove
Bootleggers my legs and, grit about a hug
And who gets the Motts, I knots by the chance
I rain-dance I rain-dance
But steppin just a bit I don't need another shadow
Makes makes, is gonna be the new man's motto
Don't increase the bull, because my pulley is broken
And my belly is full
It's a second I reckon on the bone and the ball
Makin London bridges fall, so check it
I bring a point to the joints that we change and chop
But we could bring it back to the beatbox!I'm Posdonus Plug Wonder plotter
Serenade her cause I gotta record
When in the womb I was naked now I
Chill with latex cause of how I, enter
The black wood without a splinter, provin
I had the chills what helps in movin, asses
Saw the light cause I got glasses, so we
Sip the cappuccino slowlyI'sah makes the big money!
I drive bigCars, serve the bubble like a bar tender
When in flight like a sender, lace
Sticks of dynamite on bass, headLace the shoe until he deadRun! Cause the cop is gonna come
This my Plug styleSo they can kiss my, grits
Hold my balls without a mitt grab
The mouthpiece to talk the dag nabit
I keeps goin like that rabbit, ricochet a dame I need a Snicker,
Satisfy the Norman to the Gladys, Knight
My glasses help me see the light, so we
Sip the cappuccino slowIn life, it's what you see is usually whatcha
Get, won't take a Drag-without-a-Net, no
To put the rhythm in the, bone
Marrow, laid the pipe to please Cari-lou

I don't know!
If it's true
That's a fumble
Well catch a fever from the jungle
Chocolate, nubian girls flock to it, sweets
And if I can't sample beats, get the
Beatbox equipped with the, dirt
BizMark and Doug E. works, fine
Mase work the wheel I tangle lines, hark
The light is thirsty in the dark
So weIt's like I saw it in the river but my M wasn't fixed
Super heavy like a Chevy pump a Maseo mix
I had some screams in my pockets, and played it kinda hush
And did the outs (got to check out, the avenue)
I peeped the Zoah on the gimme gimme, plus we hit the plat'
Then the amps was on samp's, the villains got fat
The Natives weren't the neighbor then to, nigga please
It's a hustle for a joint when your settlement G's
But we still be on the wax because it acts like that
We still be on the moves because it moves like that
So there ain't no reason to don't stop
'Cause we can bring it back to the beatbox!"Yo who, I don't know who was on the mic man
This thing smell awful here man"

Songwriters

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