

My Writes

De La Soul

Yo, who hold guns and rock ice bigger than life
Got bitches throwin' they drawers on stage, that ain't me
I raise kids, push whips, piss an MC
Love money like I love my moms Love my nigga Com Sense
When he bang dents all up in they wallets
Wall to wall bullshit, I got hardwood floors
Set sail for tour ever since eighty-nine
So y'all are fuckin' the same hoes who used to be mine And I've been waitin' three summers to rhyme alongside
my people
Rico, De La, inject you with the lethal
Dose of hop hippin' if you thought CaTash was slippin'
Then put that drink down, you drunk off what you sippin'
CaTash put the dip in dip dive socialize
Fuck around with me and next you'll find yo' crib burglarized Yo, you better recognize and try to analyze this
Hand over fist, how can a man act like a bitch?
Change and switch, snitch on his crew
Yo, get rid of the niggaz before the same thing happen to you And they'll leave your ass sticky like glue
Blood leakin' out, girls freakin' out
Motherfuckin' cops tweakin' out
Got you on your knees like a freak Jugglin' deez nuts smugglin' these cuts from S.C.
You best believe there's no web or weave a net
We done swallowed 40 bottles of threat Yo, what you know about my writes?
What you know about what's weak, what's tight?
And what you know about an off night?
What you know about niggaz frontin' for the light? And what you know about them gun fights?
Got a nigga duckin' while them girls show fright
And what you know about my writes?
Ah, what you know about my writes? Yeah, yeah, look, I'm Samson without Delilah, the soul survivor
The drunk driver that rolls straight, take the whole cake
Chop it up with the family, wash it down with alcohol
My celly's a Desert Eagle for all the fuckin' shots I call My niggaz gotta ball, never settle for less
Heavy metal, heavy on yo' chest like two breasts
Step into my office 'cause it's time for you to roll somethin'
One false move, and we gon' beat you like you stole somethin' Yo these styles I kick should be called Bic raps
Drawin' the pussy out the nigga after my prize, 'cause I won it
They stomach what I throw, they know I'm right for they diet
They librarian flow keeps the party real quiet The love I lost outweighs the rhymes I gain
But the fact that I spit 'em makes me cherish the name
So pass the mic so I can put in my share

I rip it from home to L.A. with connectin' flights to rip it elsewhere
Drinkin' up Black and Tan in the back of a
van

I learned as a young man, long trip, piss in a can
Gettin' a house for two grand, now you got your own land
Let your mind expand, everyday have a plan
Ro-Gram is rare earth, swingin' Black Tarzan
You got to live with the cards dealt in yo' hand
Stay young like Peter Pan, like Sly, take a Stand
And go, 'Uptown Saturday Night' like Geechie Dan
I keep it dirty like under the bed
Dirty like Uncle Red, aiyyo, well hella poo-poo
Dirty brown Liquid flow thicker than the Yoo-hoo
Dirt you dishin' out, chef tellin' it all
Face down in the dirt, doin' my dirty work

Expert, tryin' to regulate my network
Head jerk, spice it with rice, stiff with it
If they ask who cut the grits I'ma say E-Swift did it
Yo, what you know about my writes?
What you know about what's weak, what's tight?
And what you know about an off night?

What you know about niggaz frontin' for the light?
And what you know about them gun fights?
Got a nigga duckin' while them girls show fright
And what you know about my writes?

Ah, what you know about my writes?
And I've been known to get it on, past the break of the dawn
Tash'll punch you in your grill and leave 'Potholes in Yo' Lawn'

You makin' diss songs? Spit that rhyme my way
I can shut y'all niggaz down like the Y-2-KI did a tour in ninety-four with De La Soul and Tribe
We on the same vibe, 'cause real niggaz coincide
The situation is drastic

But see songs like these is why this album goin' classic
This is for the DJ, bring it back one time
I drop bombs like when my moms told me to rhyme
I'm old school like my dad is

So add this, to your collect', Plug Won, who the baddest?
Aiyyo, we theme park status, upstage these niggaz like
Gladys

Them little Pips, they done tripped the wire
Blamin' they legs, while I'm claimin' these tunes
In this we'll stay down like seats found in sorority bathrooms
Yeah, we flat out classic, separate the real from the
plastic

And I ain't gotta say no names
Play no games, hit the switches, crack the frame
Show no shame or fuck it all up, take the blame
Brand name fresh out the box type hustle
Manpower success is mind over muscle
Grind til the wheels fall off, accept the loss

I never been soft, whatever the cost, addicted to floss
Nailed to the cross it's time to return
My only concern is makin' sure that Hollywood burn
Hollywood burn, burn to the ground

Trick-ass niggaz is all up in the game and don't deserve to be down
Four bottle rap, twist the cap and kick back
De La, Xzibit and Tha Liks came to get that
And what you know about us droppin' ya

And leavin' you with half a face like the Phantom of the Opera? And what you know about my writes?
What you know about what's weak, what's tight?
And what you know about an off night?
What you know about niggaz frontin' for the light? And what you know about them gun fights?
Got a nigga duckin' while them girls show fright
And what you know about my writes?
Ah, what you know about my writes?
Ah, what you know about my writes?
Ah, what you know about my writes? You got the right to shut the fuck up

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