Declaration

De La Soul

Yo, this girl called me, heard the De La
Said I'm back in style y'know?
You need to stop
I declare that only live niggaz rap this year
Jam's off the meter yo, this shit is hot, there's always one
Amateurs get hung with they own gold chains
I declare that only live niggaz rap this year
The average MC sells terror
We nail terror up against the wall for target practice
Not one of your top five MCs
But I see clearly with ease you lack this
Coast to coast, we pop up on your scene like toast
Playin' host to your regiment
Who rally to boast but now boast no more
They got floored by the sight of my ledger print
I came specifically to fracture yo' ability
To grandstand anywhere next to me
This is the year when the true better man
Keeps the cheddar an' writes to his destiny
Timeless episodes of talent got me nominated
By the ones who hated me on spittin' tighter
Salute these 'Supa Emcees' for bein' clever
An' never use the weed as a ghost writer
I declare that only live niggaz rap this year
Jam's off the meter yo, this shh is hot
Run a rapper through a maze like a experiment, yeah, word up
I declare that only live niggaz rap this year
Contrary to popular truth, these youth are runnin' scared
So in one stare they gettin' strapped
Cash rules nuttin' from below the belt
The dick choose to melt, ask where them dollars at?
Musta been bitten by a rabbit, actin' silly like that
Your pop culture need a diaper change
I'm snatchin' the mic like I'm lootin'
With a whole lot of shootin'
While you're keepin' out of sniper range
Your aim's to please, my aim's to freeze
You dead center in your tracks with your hands high
Ain't no tricks, we set it to 'Fire' like Hendrix

All the hard rocks at liquor spots
All over the scene, makin' it messy
So we make a clean getaway to a better day
Can't say the same for them cats who left the game
'Cause they couldn't claim the better pay
This ain't no masquerade
So the mass parade of people need to stop frontin'
There's truly a few makin' them hits
While us, we got our mitts closed
'Cause you on the field buntin'
Make it to third bass but never reach home
The word is your whereabouts is unknown
While we're that point of view that you never really knew
With the stitch to keep the cut sewn
I declare that only live niggaz rap this year
Jam's off the meter yo, this shit is hot
Rock a bye, baby, on the tree top
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock, rock

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