Much More (Obsidian Blue Remix)

De La Soul

"And what we have is much more than they can see"No doubt, y'all care anymore, about this hip-hop man?
I mean, how far will you punk motherfuckers go
For 15 seconds of fame?
Microwave popcorn-ass niggaz
Yeah, we give you much more, longevity baby
Aiyyo DaveYo! It's been instilled in me since infinite y'all
Usin' these minutes like I value the call
Put your money in the bank, and hold rank
Over friends who ain't got leadership skillsI got the sheep in my eyes so I can't sleep
We like the, land and laid, the brand old way
Grand operate the scandal way, L.I. sheist
I play the Xbox instead of fuckin' with dice
I hate losin' to those who walk away with my dough
'Cause I dozed, Tracy broke me
And now she want to see the resident provokin' me
To pop wheelies on my bicycle, watch her eyes twinkleOne house, two houses, third house
House rules so house take bank, watch Dave bank
Banner had 'em on the hawk since Atlanta extravaganza
Gamma ray rap I make the Hulk snap
Jump back like James Brown, hey now
When the liquor over we smokin' the hay now
Delegatin' numero dos, I holla out the sound of los
And keep the Island close to me[Chorus:]
Much more is what we got in store
Just believe me
Much more than they can see
Is how it'll always be, believe me (gotta believe)I got verb skills, babies and bills, brothers who smoke krills
And still tryin' to get himself together from it
Knowin' he can't quite run it like me
I'm on the cutting edge of what's alleged to be, hot
And when you rock, it's just impersonations of me
The rightest MC, MP with the V in the middleI belittle your plan, courtesy, of NY dirty see my man
My base of fans are made up of many; with kids allergic
To belts lettin' they mind melt from drinkin' the Henny
And them straight and narrow types who be waitin' to hear
Them drums say the revolution is near - are you listening?
Are your eardrums open for christening?We got God Body MC's with these tools
While some others play God, they just God damn fools with it
I don't cuff mics, I rough mics up rough and rugged

Get the girls to love it
Still and all five-oh came to my mic check
Tellin' me I left lacerations around my mic's neck
Domestically disputed and you just might get
The undisputed underdog servin' y'all threat[Chorus: Repeat 4X]

Songwriters
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