

Afro Connections At A Hi 5 (In The Eyes Of...)

De La Soul

Connection A, click, what?
My dick, chick
I smack a fish if you thinks
My connection ain't thick, dick
Headed like a punk whip
I travel miles with a rhythmic lip
I rock an Afro
In '83, gee, yo
And spray the sheen so I get a Soul Glow
I play the corner tough
And me and Mase pull puffs on a blunt Givin' high-five is what I want
So I puff a blunt, I don't front
I get spliffed, get a stiff
Then I go hump a stunt
Like a pimp pro
(Nah, man, a super ho)
That's cool cause I'm still an Afro bro
Yeah, I'm live for my life is hectic
Every hour, every minute, every second
I keep a level head and stay down to earth
Cause I've been an Afro since birth Yeah
Now I hold my crotch cause I'm top-notch
I run amok Sasquatch, and I like to eat live crab
I've got five beepers, you scab
But you can find me directly on the Ave
(You niggas cheat me, well who's that!)
My breath never smells wack
I eat the watermelon Tic-Tac
Before I kiss myself I always jump back
(Yo, gee, this track is stack)
(And you know that) I do three flips
When a punk flip on my duke lifts
But I flex more strength when I'm asleep
On the other side with his main tapes
Make her dry her face, buy her gold earlocks
But I may, she flocks round me like a donut
She got sprinkles but I bite my way out
More brothers come about, try to scheme slick
But the Native Tongue's thick

Lick 'em real good, like a real hood should
But the fly tape let the car speakers shake
I ran a cop down, I smile a frown with a but
Show gold teeth, cause I ain't a vegetarian
Not scared of beef, sport a feather like Chief
Got a scribble pad, you can get these gonads
Cause I'm big-willed, blow off like a seal
Cause connection with the Afro is realI be the gift of gab, but be a bro with a diss
Because it's tough to bluff a cab
No wonder Melle Mel is 'Rrrr-RAH!'
I play of tape of the son of La-di-da
My cousin Rilo sells blow, a G a day
Keeps his kids hooray, a size nine and half
I kicks my tricks, is to live for Island
I mug a mug vic, but I's cool, I self
With the quickness I bust the true slang
Show no pit to those who don't understandThe Maseo got tailed with the big bail
I busted loose but now the blue goose is on my tail
I seen the ghetto go lower than it is
(He don't care, cause his nigga's selling crack to the kids)
My jeans are brand new, with twelve more
In the closet with my silk, and below
My 45 pack thick, draw quick
If a nigga starts some shibidibidit
My crib is uptown, downtown, L.I
And another crib in Queens
I munch some cornbread, Boar's Head
My favorite pork chops and
A plate of collar greens
I chill with Shymel, Akeem, Jaheed
And the Rastafarians'll be the crown in
And the Poppa
But the connections are still a high-five(Let's get busy)

Songwriters

DAVID JOLICOEUR, KELVIN MERCER, PAUL HUSTON, PAUL E. HUSTON, VINCENT

MASONPublished by

Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>