

# Come On Down

## Medusa Stone

{Look man! You're botherin' me G  
I got shit to do right now, aight?  
This is for De La Soul, you know what I'm sayin'?  
Word up I got shit to do you test tube baby}  
Check one two, check one two  
De La Soul, is now back on the map  
Long Island, is now back on the map  
Good rap music, is now back on the map  
Yo check one two, this is the voice of yours truly the Flava Flav  
And I just want y'all to know, we ain't goin' nowhere  
Old school is here to stay boy  
On the outskirts, of what works  
Live those who go for broke, and merk to get merked  
Live by the sword and die by the semi  
Not part of my ways, but stays right in my  
N Y mentality for me, to be the best  
The current, the ones who weren't  
Pressed, to confess lies over hot joints  
To sell to all who wanna hear some  
(Young Guns these days got fireproof eardrums)  
They don't give a shit who's hot  
Just long as you're not, pussy and be the would-be king  
But once crowned, the same wanna pull you down  
(And what makes the world go 'round)  
And I be the world renowned wonder why  
Wonderin' why you can't stand me?  
Is it because I'm the main Jackson?  
And y'all just Titos and Randys? Yes it is  
Bless the kid who hold his own head and expect to last  
At the same time, I want respect and cash  
And a few paragraphs in them books  
Tellin' you how us native tongues made hits with no hooks  
Rapped in every prefixes, gave birth to rap remixes back in '88  
No disrespect to Diddy, just settin' it straight  
Instead of zig-zaggin', got a degree in raggin'  
My daughter says I'm a teen, 'cause like a teen  
My pants always saggin' and I walk with a bop  
The sex part of my time, I walked from my pop  
No longer on timey and was never on loud

But cooked rhymes that make the chefs of Wu proud  
I'm top cloud to rain on your show  
And still anything goes when it comes to hoes because

Music  
(C'mon)  
New York  
(C'mon)  
Detroit  
(C'mon)  
C'mon down  
Miami  
(C'mon)  
L A  
(C'mon)  
Vegas  
(C'mon)  
C'mon down  
Boston  
(C'mon)  
Tucson  
(C'mon)  
Long Island  
(C'mon)  
C'mon down  
V A  
(C'mon)  
Portland  
(C'mon)  
Chi-town  
(C'mon)  
C'mon down

Make you shake like, sunshine, naked shoe was once mine  
Had bottom inner drawers and used to hit it from the mids  
Fix your playground player or  
Some kids'll come stomp in your sandbox  
Swollen hands cocked back  
No knives, no drama, no guns  
No disrespectin' your seed of Ma Dukes  
I puke rhyme and you laugh, take a sniff  
Of these fricaseed raps on Carribean riffs  
See last night's change was today's doe money  
No time for your freestyles so roll money  
No more whack albums with two joints  
No more ballplayin' rappers who shoot ya two points  
(No more G, 'cause I'm sick of your hip-hop!)

Your flows bore like seashores with no bitches  
Switchhittin' niggaz will receive no pitches  
No diamonds on the field, just keep the game real  
Simple, see the God flows healthy  
Wealth in the mind is like money in the bank  
Exchange cash like thoughts in conversation  
Thank you for your purchases, we doe out  
And roll out the Kool-Aid, come and crop to see us pimp strut  
Ain't really pimpin', I'm tryin' to catch the bus  
The Krush Groove ain't got shit on Cold Crush  
We dolly dolly babies 'cause we shootin' cats  
'Back to the future' rap with Doc Brown shotgunnin' it  
And pantyhose your whole style and start runnin' it  
You dudes fiddle while we stay on the cello  
The mush in your room son, we stay portobello  
Can't settle for the same picket white fence  
I got dreams of barbed wire in front of factories pa  
Still push the truck with the factories pa  
I'm bound to wreck the whip and turn insurance out, make 'em shout

D C

(C'mon)

Oakland

(C'mon)

U K

(C'mon)

C'mon down

New Orleans

(C'mon)

Little Rock

(C'mon)

Baltimore

(C'mon)

C'mon down

Memphis

(C'mon)

Utah

(C'mon)

Jersey

(C'mon)

C'mon down

Atlanta

(C'mon)

Brooklyn

(C'mon)

Philly

(C'mon)  
C'mon down  
Yeah that's right! Flava Flav, with De La Soul  
Act bold, and we knock you straight up in the hole  
You know what I'm sayin' six feet deep  
That's the way that we keep, rollin'  
You know what I'm sayin' operation tech sensation in the nation  
Ready to take it to Penn station, you know what I'm sayin'  
Yeah, ah ha ha ha  
Long Island one is, that's where we is man  
De la soul, you done it again  
De la soul, you done it again  
De la soul, you done it again  
Flava Flav, de la soul, you done it again  
{Persue my strategy , when it comes down to my work ethic  
I mean it's simple, just be the best, you know what I'm sayin'?  
To be the best, the first, the only one in the game  
That's is gonna do it for years and years man  
It's like, you know, how you gonna say  
That I went out at the top of the game?  
The top of the game niggas, is the one that's producing  
Through out their career}

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