

Thru Ya City (Feat. D.V. Alias Khryst)

De La Soul

Ohhh ohh, ohh OHH ohh ohh
Ohhh ohh, ohh OHH ohh ohh, ohh
we talkin bout[D.V. Alias Khrist]
Hot times, runnin through ya city
If you miss it now it'll sho' be a pity
We got - hot times, runnin through ya city.. { *echoes* }[Pos]
I ain't no thug son, my name is Plug Won
I drop a certified gem, for him and her
Knockin on your radio, like the Crash Crew
ask whoever you want - I'm managin the funk on the paper
Outside of that we pull capers for days
Ridin throughout the maze of street, while we blaze the beat
Watchin the sweet things wiggle they butt
to Plug Three, on the cut, movin on ya what-
-ever ya got, we gon' get, bringin our point, to ya position
Rippin stages with my thought coalition
Carryin on, eradicate all your stress mode
Just another episode through these area codes
We bankin on[D.V. Alias Khrist]
Hot times, runnin through ya city
If you miss it now it'll sho' be a pity
We got - hot times, runnin through ya city.. { *echoes* }
Hmmm..[Pos]
It's the hot-ness, talked about but never seen
like the Loch-Ness, til ya cop this; drop it inside your vein,
and like a train, we be runnin throughout your legs and arms
You're high off our talent and charm
Check the caliber - this be a smash
like some food on stage for Gallagher
Wear ya bib, cause it's messy
Niggaz schemin on my +Girl+ as if my name was +Jesse+
Watch your manners! Now let me pass it off to Dave Banner[Dove]
Yo, I set travels like Karen LaRue
Small talkin in the big city, it's all about gettin the coins
Everywhere I go I touch a tenderloin
They sportin a dot com Viet marker bomb
on your metro - MARTA order iron horse
Yo take the cross and meet a nigga at the butcher
I'm cuttin your girl - we on a world tour

Supplyin your bloodstream with nothin but the pure uncut, in ya[D.V. Alias Khrist]

Hot times, runnin through ya city

If you miss it now it'll sho' be a pity

We got - hot times, runnin through ya city.. mmmm..Freak freak freak the funk the funk the funk the funk
funk freak the funk the funk the funk the funk the funk

Freak freak the funk freak freak the funk[Dove]

We ain't walkin on a yellow brick road

These streets stay red and bloody kid

Study your code, so you can easily pass

I stash a little love when I'm on the visitation

If you crossin my lane, nigga do the same

I guaranteed to run through and prove the game

ain't bigger than the pieces in it

You see the pieces in it had me stuck travellin one side of map

Clappin hands with rap cats who ain't deserve dap

Long hauls and livin out a suitcase man

Chickenheads and gangs of fruitcakes man

Ain't nuttin better than explorin the outskirts

especially when she ain't got no pantyhose on, and it's on[D.V. Alias Khrist]

Hot times, runnin through ya city

If you miss it now it'll sho' be a pity

We got - hot times, runnin through ya city.. {*echoes*}

Mmmm..

Hot times, runnin through ya city

If you miss it now it'll sho' be a pity

We got - hot times, runnin through ya city.. {*echoes*}

Mmhmmhmmmmhmmmmmm..[Pos + Dove going 'Ohhh ohh, ohh OHH ohh ohh' every 2 lines]

Yo - it's like, the Mercenary gettin down

And we got, Dave Banner gettin down

And we got, Maseo gettin down

And of course, my nigga Eno gettin down

And we got, Jay Dee gettin down (say word why'all)

And of course, the Slum V gettin down

And we got my man Khrist gettin down

And we got, Com Sense gettin down

And we got, N.D. gettin down

You know Troy Hightower gettin down

And we got, C. Smith gettin down

And my nigga, Dave West gettin down..

Songwriters

Boone, Steve / Sebastian, John / Sebastian, Mark / Jolicoeur, David / Mason, Vincent / Mercer, Kelvin /

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