

# Thru Ya City

De La Soul

Ohhh ohh, ohh OHH ohh ohh  
Ohhh ohh, ohh OHH ohh ohh, ohh  
we talkin bout

Hot times, runnin thru ya city  
If you miss it now it'll sho' be a pity  
We got - hot times, runnin thru ya city..  
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

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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

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

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Freak freak freak freak the funk the funk the funk the funk  
funk freak the freak the freak the freak the freak the freak  
Freak freak the funk freak freak the funk

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

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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 y'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..