

## Area

De La Soul

(I can just remember the number...)  
Just another area  
For me to patrol  
Just another area  
That shows I got soul  
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Just another area  
That shows I got soul  
I got soul you see, I'm swimming in the De La  
I'm in my hood man, my manhood worries ya  
I'm known for sampling of soul food  
Off the old school plates  
When I met up with my niggas from the 718  
One the Jungle Bro, the other Questers from Queens  
Yet I had the matrix of the 516 in my jeans  
Still I sided with my funk to bring my second on call  
For me and the Sheep, our mission's on the beach of 804  
(You're runnin' on an empty tank)  
But still get paid in full  
(And get the girls)  
Man, I'm packing gravitational pull  
Bring the instamatic avalanche, my code intervenes  
I'm out to scout the areas that remains to be seen  
(What?)

Well, many many digits had me seeking in my Wizard  
Man, who's ringing up my area (ooh) oh!  
I used to shoe it to the bridge but that's gone  
Like the 718's out of Vietnam  
Sniffin' skypagers had me drugged  
(Man I knew a psycho)  
703's on my love bug  
I made mates with the brothers up in 215  
Crazy buddhas in my mind  
My Chattanooga champ had me late for the camp  
And my 202 keeps me marvellous  
I guess Mars was my hideaway  
But if the stars for a getaway...

Since I'm capable I conjure up a walk in this way  
I slip a syllable for Aspen and a Chester souffle  
I be the 919 seeker, 'cause ain't off logic  
So when I'm with my crew I always have a place to sit  
Due to this, a brother tries to play me  
(Yeah, like one in 514)  
Yo, some kid tried to flip on me  
They instigated a brawl  
(So we set our knuckles on stun and made them all fall)  
Then I just laughed  
(Ha ha ha ha ha ha)  
(We whooped that ass)  
And put the feelings aside, I know who I am  
I cast the grain by the pound  
I make sounds with the horn  
When I colour the corn, caught the fit  
And sit the two when honey slung the tip

Well I'm taking my finds to the 301's  
And Im playing my flute in the rear kibbut  
My man from the 908's, he don't like it like that  
So I pipes till the sunshine hikes  
A kettle of our master plan makes a Malibu idol  
(God forgive me) Well, it's a hook  
The third to the 0 to the 5 had top feel the vibe  
When the 516 played convicts

The man Maseo is here to put the habit along  
And what you have, I'm 'bout to speak about your area code  
Is it 918? (No)  
Is it 212? (No)  
Speakin' on 404? (Hell no)  
What about 516? (I dunno)  
What is it? (Not tellin' ya)  
What is it? (Not tellin' ya)  
What is it? (Not tellin' ya)  
What is it? (Not tellin' ya)  
(Huh? What?)

Just another area for me to patrol  
I got status 'cause I'm baddest with the paint  
Giving upside down frowns to London wood 703  
Her moms didn't like it, I had to let be  
For the fact I lays bricks  
'Cause my semen ends with the letter T  
My seed is hard to submerge  
I play the tack in the wall if my rear's not watched  
'Cause some knuckle might just head for the urge  
But I got Prince Paul in the Area  
(Oh, it's like that now)  
I got Hot Dog in the Area  
(Heh heh heh)  
I got the Violators in the area  
(Aaah)  
I's got the Violators in the area  
(Aaah)  
It don't matter where you hide, I clear up the fall  
Cop the fuck outta here, you fake-ass fraud  
Clear my area

(I'm going home now, I have been up all night.)  
(I been up all night, it's still Friday to me.)  
(Come on now. Hey, Ellory, I'm going home!)  
(Bob to the bob, d-dang, d-dang diggy-diggy)