

# Declaration

De La Soul

Yo, this girl called me..  
Hi pos! heard your shit, back in style baby!  
.. heard the de la, said Im back in style yknow?  
Heh..

You-you-you.. you need to stop  
I declare that only live niggaz rap this year -> prodigy  
Jams off the meter yo, this {shit} is hot -> p. smith  
Theres always one.. (one!)  
Amateurs get hung with they own gold chains -> rebel ins  
There it is!!  
I declare that only live niggaz rap this year -> prodigy

The average mc sells terror  
We nail terror up against the wall for target practice  
Not one of your top five mcs  
But I see clearly with ease you lack this  
Coast to coast, we pop up on your scene like toast  
Playin host to your regiment  
Who rally to boast, but now boast no more  
They got floored by the sight of my ledger print  
I came specifically, to fracture yo ability  
To grandstand anywhere next to me  
This is the year, when the true better man  
Keeps the cheddar and writes to his destiny (word!)  
Timeless episodes of talent got me nominated  
By the ones who hated me on spittin tighter  
Salute these supa emcees for bein clever;  
And never use the weed as a ghost writer

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Jams off the meter yo, this {shit} is hot -> p. smith  
Run a rapper through a maze like a experiment -> malik b  
Yeah, word up!  
I declare that only live niggaz rap this year -> prodigy

Contrary to popular truth, these youth are runnin scared  
So in one stare they gettin strapped  
Cash rules nuttin from below the belt  
The dick choose to melt asses where them dollars at?  
(where them dollars at? ) musta been bitten by a rabbit  
Actin silly like that; your pop culture need a diaper change  
Im snatchin the mic, like Im lootin  
With a whole lot of shootin while youre keepin out of sniper range  
Your aims to please, my aims to freeze  
You dead center in your tracks with your hands high  
Aint no tricks, we set it to fire like hendrix  
All the hard rocks at liquor spots  
All over the scene, makin it messy  
So we make a clean getaway to a better day  
Cant say the same, for them cats who left the game  
Cause they couldnt claim the better pay  
This aint no masquerade  
So the mass parade of people need to stop frontin  
Theres truly a few makin them hits  
While us, we got our mitts closed cause you on the field buntin  
Make it to third base, but never reach home

The word is, your whereabouts is unknown  
While were that point of view, that you never really knew  
With the stitch to keep the cut sewn (de la!)

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..

Rock a bye baby!! on the tree top!!  
When the wind blows!! the cradle will rock!!  
Rock!! ro..