

# Dinninit

De La Soul

Now, where the ladies at?  
"Yo, we're chillin' over here"  
And all the fellas?  
"Takin over this year"  
I heard the party's round here, right?  
"You know that's right"  
Dinninit, yo, hey, hey, hey  
Now, where the ladies at?  
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And all the fellas, the fellas?  
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It's so real when we come through  
Sunshine be on my sidewalk when i come through  
Schoolly d like family reunions  
Midday may, it's all lovin'  
Take a walk down to d dot c  
The war's tuggin'  
And ain't no druggin'  
My credit's a gain  
While you searchin for some trick  
To put the shit in her name  
I be spendin on wall street  
And buyin' boardwalk  
Dodging problems of the world  
Drawn out in white chalk  
Peace, mr. war  
I'm seein' all dimensions  
But unlike your eye extensions  
My vision don't blur  
'What' 'when' and 'word's  
Where the gossip occur  
Heard i'm sexin' sade  
And i bought her a fur  
Battin' eyes at toni braxton  
And i bought her a fur  
Now i'm hittin' whitney houston  
Oh, she bought me a fur?  
Far-fetched like glass teks  
And kiddie rolex  
Soon comin'  
But now it's time to kick the fun in  
Now, where the ladies at?  
"Yo, we're chillin' over here"  
And all the fellas?  
"Takin over this year"  
I heard the party's round here, right?  
"You know that's right"  
Dinninit, yo, hey, hey, hey  
I'm pourin out these rhymes  
For them kids who ain't here

Stakes is high  
But we gonna try to have fun this year  
Before there were guns  
There was native tongues on these plains  
But others on  
Without them being pawns in this game  
'Cause a pawn in this game  
Is left with no game to play  
So, um, you best ta check  
And hear what we got to say  
Now if you came to party  
Just let it be known  
Now if you came to fight  
You might get that head flown  
By the one and only  
Maseo plug third  
J.D. dove plays the wall  
As kenny cal spurts words  
And a number  
To a crew of dope girls from the woods  
And not dope meaning weed  
But dope meaning (good)  
Like them west coast kids  
Who be throwin' up signs  
I hate a buster  
Unless his name is busta rhymes  
So check the way my mind moves  
Over times and grooves  
Got some money to blow  
Wonder why wanna know  
Where the ladies at?  
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And all the fellas, the fellas?  
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