

# Down Syndrome

De La Soul

I be that mind blessin blessin these lessons we've ignited  
Want to bring it to my face man you're cordially invited  
cause I've cited, you posess no science in your thinking  
So I'm gonna (never) you're blinking!

Fingers be pointin, and leakin falsifyin the stink  
You think I'm pink I bl-l-link with them shades of thought and think  
(and in this corner be the hush) so play on William Rhodes  
Cause at the sound of the bell my circle square controls  
And all MC's best sweat, we bringin buckets of heat

So don't fret kid I let you lick the love I secrete, yo  
Even my foes give me bravos, and that shows  
total domination in this rhyme complication

Yeah the skill is a cinch I rock the womb with a mic  
and in the days of the nickel and breast, I knew de yes yes y'allin  
was the callin, clearly not for the gat  
For combat, I bring a bag of my rhymes for the SAT

I'm Plug One-of-a-kind, for you people's delight  
And for you sucker MC's, step to your knees  
Ain't no second thoughts and all your thoughts are from Orion  
I can tell that you a devil by them rhymes you're designin  
Your play doggin tactics can't fuck with my facets  
Just because you talk all that glock shit don't mean you can rock shit!  
Your identities on freeze  
Just a form of protozoa tryin to cross them seas

See high horse riders gettin shot by the sheriff  
Cause nobody's safe for crimes  
And even all you skirts need to checkin in your upstairs attic  
Cause Mase is smackin hoes if hoes is startin static

Now it ain't all good when your jam goes wood  
So as a deterrant, I use mental current  
Got them brothers shook, peep the look comin out of the face  
Cause they all catch a bruise from the hits we make

Your fame and cars should be listed as magnets  
Legends never die but they can get shot and killed  
Ain't nuttin glitter when you're battlin MC's  
you once imitated in a mirror so to down syndrome you kneel

The same status I heard, the same nothin  
My ears fears the faulty locks tryin to lock down the stops  
but I earn more than your Menudo or your Boyz II Men  
While down syndrome keeps you immune to frequencies I send  
Fresher than a sniff off havin them J in fifth  
I identify with your rhythm  
but I exist for more than just a Benz, so mends  
I'm cuttin off my friends to keep a smile calicum iron grain

Let me tell you a little something about Soul (tell em son)  
I be a piece of the East coast, so give a toast to  
Plug Wonder why back in the day who soaked his words in jigga  
So when I ran a phrase in June you didn't catch it til December

I'm a member of them kids from the inner city  
Giving you kitties audible treats, you be aching for making  
more money than a pagan holiday  
Not from the PJ's, yet I still got something to say

Say what man? You gritty like a diamond grenade  
For the cameo spot you tries to fool Parade  
You acrobats flip the star gazin map, for alla that  
you'll be the first to place, and ran it all to a waste  
And all the style that you bring (gotta make decks bend)  
You gotta rip it from the start (when the beats come in!!!)