

# He Comes

De La Soul

A few short words, and whaddya know?  
Oh, whaddya know? He comes  
Down, like water, fresh out the clouds clown  
Drown you like terrible weather  
Nobody does it better than I, so approved by Carly Simon  
Most rappers is real hard, but still hardly rhymin'  
To all, rise and shine, give God the glory  
I already give a percent of mine to Bert and Cory  
And still got bills and employees to pay  
So excuse me Lord, we'll settle up towards the end of my days  
My ways of control is hard to swallow  
Known to lead, but some would rather see me follow behind  
Sorry to disappoint, but dis joint's mine  
Display your indie but say no  
More or I'll blind you like spit did to Remo  
To the dirt and edit the clip and lost Kano  
My mens wear problems like Timbs  
See it all in they face, ask Mase, he got wars to win  
Scores to settle, crews to crush  
You rush right in to see him do it with a smile  
It's Long Isle y'all, longevity sustainin' my celebrity status  
From AM to PM, you see him on file y'all  
I was told to step righteous, so when it's done  
Everyone will say I stepped right  
And whether through religion, or stopped by the cop  
shinin' his flash in my face, I'm bound to see the light  
A few short words, and whaddya know?  
Oh, whaddya know? He comes  
Aiyyo, I'm up against these walls, here's my back stiff straight up  
Dazzle and razzlin' broads like I'm little Juan Magic  
Magnetically handle mics, they don't drop  
Top drama every time these commas don't drop  
Pop spots like lint on your shirt, the net worth  
To shoot the rock homey in many courts of ball  
Four couldn't do it, so we bring all six  
I circumcise the track, you just a dick  
Overlapped and hooded  
Skin repeated like Stutterin' John  
I repeat like yesterday, it don't stop  
George of this poor life pop, put to Scarlet  
In a place she believes, much better than your lies  
She say she lookin' better in my eyes, bullshit  
Same crock she done ran to duck, crammin' to fuck  
I put the pudding on her like Bill Cosby  
I tried to speak my piece in court but Judge Mills paused me  
Bifocusedly die hopeless sometimes  
Yo cry your poker face, you oughta try it one time  
When God is an non pos', you stand to download  
Demanded like slaves on trial, we want free  
Man cock aim ready, it's time you MC  
So you rappers bust bee-bee guns, graffiti runs  
Through my veins since cable with the wired remote  
Woodgrainin' like you wired his float  
C'mon, Pretty Toney and De La Soul  
We was rhymin through the frozen street since 8 years old  
Take us back to eighty-eight, you couldn't catch our flow  
A group of kids so original, you heard?

C'mon, Pretty Toney and De La Soul  
We was rhymin through the frozen street since 8 years old  
Take us back to eighty-eight, you couldn't catch our flow  
A group of kids so original  
Tony 'Tana with big hammers for bad manners who got 'em  
We kiss cannons for Scragelous crew, and his whack dancers  
Bitin' is forbidden pah, pay that tax  
And don't you ever look at us funny, boy, we'll bring rap back  
And that'll hurt you like Superman, chased by a group of men  
With dyna-mics, real hip-hop'll do you in  
For you like Loo Goo Kim, or Moo Loo Inn  
Hula hoop all bitches crew full with brand new Keds  
Cutmaster kill 'em, make sure we cut classics  
Buck bastards in broad day and tuck caskets  
Next to Uday and Qusay, how can the group shoot the PA  
And just lay whooptay, whooptay?  
Use the ruse, sport beads and snatch a dude's toupee  
Since tunin' into T-La Rock'n AJ  
Ghostface gats is freshed squeezed like a glass of OJ  
Girls you can go cruising' in my OJ  
A few short words, and whaddya know?  
Oh, whaddya know? He comes