

# In the Woods

De La Soul

(Say party over here, party over here)  
(Say party over there, party over there)  
(Say party over here, party over here)  
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(Say party over here, party over here)  
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Hey yo you feel that shit (yeah it feels good)  
Well it's that thumpin shit (well I'm soakin too)  
I'll introduce the split (I'll be the go)  
I'll be the get  
Fixin with the ins for the outs we set  
Hey shortie (yeah mister)  
Make no mistake  
I challenge the bang for a bigger rhyme bouquet  
(you be buggin)  
Well i bugs like roaches on rugs  
Speaker of the bone like the speaks in my loans  
Give me the night baby and I'll be good in the woods  
Ya freakin my mind ya freakin my mind  
I told the maceo bout the days that go (he know)  
I know he know cuz he's out to get the gold  
The Chattanooga cruisin' with the malibu shit  
The bigger of the isa (cuz he is the shit)  
I'm like hickory (dickory niggas)  
I make you feel lost like high school history  
Creator of the rhymin dominoes  
Watchin drop it's the joint see  
So hit me with the zsa zsa (indeed darling)  
The coolest fool be the coolest fool  
I know the watch be in the air but i kick a new bucket  
Sippin it wit shortie so check the way we cuff it  
It's that indonesia funk up in your trunk  
Makin' ya bob bob makin' ya bob  
Makin' ya bob bob makin' ya bob  
Makin' ya bob bob makin' ya bob

It's that funky shit (in the woods)  
That be beyond understandin (in the woods)  
Yo we do it with the soul (in the woods)  
Timber (in the woods)

Punch that O for operator baby its a love solid  
I been stylin abstract since loose leafs was the shit  
Catch me breathin on planes where the gangstas outdated  
Fuck being hard posdnous is complicated  
As my pants play the sagatogah I can order sniffs of  
Frequencies frequencies cuz I freak mc's with the rhythm rock live  
(man I'd rather point a pistol at ya head and try to burst it)  
No jive in the matter so niggas start runnin  
Yo that native shit is dead so the stickabush is comin  
(stickabush) it's comin (stickabush) it's here  
Fuck the five count it only takes three to bring it near  
So let me move ya won better as the salad is tossed  
And get a taste of the mase that you thought was lost

I'm cautious wit my looks (in the woods)  
Pickin them nines in my hair (in the woods)  
Sniffin for the beats like litter (in the woods)  
The plugs just can't be found (in the woods)

Can I come off like the rest of em I think I should  
Could I of course one verse now ya lost it  
Found it realizing I came off it sounds mean  
But pal there's a new kid on the scene  
I got much soul on the down low tip  
Lay back smooth one drink I'll be trippin  
Never don't you dare consider me a fly gal  
Pal I got props on a different tip  
I recall back i go for mines I get the goods  
Wouldn't you know forgot my compass I got lost in the woods  
Found my way and I was out i pronounce every letter  
And if I had the chance I'd do it better  
I heard a holler down the way and now I'm out for the time being  
Ya wanna be in but you can't see what I'm seein  
Time and time my friend I stay gettin it on  
And now they playin my song again

I got feminine style (in the woods)  
I'm not tryin to be sexy (in the woods)  
And no you can't knock the boots (in the woods)  
A lot of things be happenin (in the woods)