

## Live @ The Dugout '87

De La Soul

"Good morning gentlemen. In the absence of your responsibilities to Sanctuary Records and Tommy Boy Music, you've been left with free reign to conduct business as you see fit. Your mission, if you so choose, is to continue to do what you do best - hip-hop. This tape will self-destruct in five seconds."

Making cash steady's on everybody's mind  
DJ's spinnin our songs now decline  
Rap is fast, but rap ain't cool  
Hot enough to burn, yet I roll with a firm  
that'll put that fire out, lower your temps  
Smack you with a banana, lil' chimp!  
I'm known to run laps around your BMI and ASCAP  
Put me on a tour bus, cover whole map  
Leave my organs in tact when I die  
But please donate every rhyme that I've fried  
and baked, to them no skill rappers on the make  
Who say the same shit, come in the same fit  
And I'm wonderful while I'm most wild  
Most call me Wonder Why for years  
Got hip-hop like quarts of blood  
that's the lifeflow to the very verse  
Everybody say HOOOOO, for your ears

Ah yes yes y'all (yes y'all) yes y'all (yes y'all)  
Rock a foreign spot cause the God's so STRESSED  
Brand new shoes (shoes) a brand new name (name)  
Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle ka-BAM!  
B-boy stance I got the buckle on my belt  
East coast reppin with the buckle on they belt  
Forty-deuce flicks we had them fuckers on our belt  
I'ma stay b-boy 'til this whole shit buckle  
Rock'n'roll, round here we (Rocksteady)  
EMC's need to (BE) MC's  
Lyrically inclined does not mean jack  
if you cannot comprehend that ol' boom bap  
That backyard scrap, like BVD's  
Taylord's double[?], and pinstripe Lees  
That ba-ditty-ba-boom shit on hold  
Now it's SoundScan spins, and who went GOLLLLLLLD!  
Fuck all they want platinum  
But how's that good when you lyrically wood?

Yeah, mic check one two  
Yo it's feedback y'all, feedback, one two  
YEAH, party ain't over y'all  
We just tryin to fix the technical difficulties  
Crazy feedback

Way out in Long Island, yeah  
Aiiyyo yo, turn down the music  
Yo ummm, James Morris  
James Morris, your mother is outside  
You, you have to go home (your mommy's outside)  
I mean damn B, guess you gotta home, bye bye!  
Herbie Hancock, heh heh  
Yo yo, don't turn on the light man!

Don't turn the light, turn off the light man  
We 'bout to get it back on, yo DJ  
DJ turn that back on man  
Line up with the mic, let's do it