

Long Island Degrees

De La Soul

It's strong island for real, where the critters run wild
the prefix is 516, the top of the dial
through the L.I. Sound, to the villa down under
and across the globe I heard a lot of folks wonderin'
so when's it coming 'cause the stakes is high see big money that waves
don't put the pen to my page
and ain't nothin' wrong with standing still and relaxing
and spendin' some of that cash that Uncle Sam is gonna tax
a New York demeanor is sit back in the beamer
with nothing to lose but some gas and some minutes
ignorin' the gazers 'cause some stars don't get petty
and that trash you talk is just New Years confetti
it's like that y'all, but that's all 'bout to change
like some of my own, people tend to act strange
i'm making a scene, and it's served with it's capabilities
so set it at an island's degrees

It's strong island for real, the diagnosis is supreme
the prefix is 516, where microphones fiend
the voices that got the gift, 'cause the world is on their shoulders
makein' plans to switch from little rock to money boulders
the real proceed
my girl stands deep from nubians actin' like Columbians sellin' keys
characters have the tendency to con themselves
to think the East Coast is only New York and Philadelph
you know the way we blow, your shit is played like pork
and as for what we be bringin' you, we live and direct from New York
I oughta say my fam causes commercs.
steppin' to me fool will get you punched out like a curse
it's like that y'all, let it all consume
like them brothas who smoke, 'till they high like the moon
soon to a town near you be them super emcees
settin' them Long Island degrees

I hit the L.I.R.R. for big dreamers out east
and get your bank roll split
bangin' dents out your systems
sellin' points to get the uppercut like Sonny Liston
but eyes closed episodes
bring you back to zeroes
the same herp playin' like he Casablanca
blind to it, but I'm a grind him up a cup of Sanka
servin' dimes loves on tennis courts and sorts
laid back like grown folks sippin' tea for sport

I be sweepin' up the room with my lyrical broom
while others rhymes smell like plastic like some lunch room utensil
the official color for this planet is green
which grows in pockets of them people willing to scheme
an't no expose, these facts are from the mouth
profilin' through Island with that wind from down south
at last, be the world broad cast from the crew who gave you 3's
magic on an island degrees

it's strong island for real where the critters smoke fritters
night time excites time for the heavy hitters
gang on hers 'cause in the mean time mine is home on date

fluffin' pillows impatiently waitin' ain't no debatin'
'Bout to settle, check the level stakes is high as the sky
I got questions about your life if you so ready to die
we in the last quarter y'all, somebody's gonna cry
I think they need to set the clock before the time pass by

In the round one no nines my size can get swelly
sensing danger I will play a ranger on my celly with my felly
we're wonderful like colorful flix
provide a thread and needle every time the stages get ripped
I grip upon the pleasure sippin' the tea
on the island 'cause that island is the main artery
so uh, you better come and give respect for catch some of these
knucks from the island degrees