

## Pease Porridge

De La Soul

Yo, gee.

Yo, word up, gee, man.

Yo, man you heard about that club called the Donut Hill, B?

Yeah, man, I heard it's kinda fly, man.

Yo man, Rakim and De La be up there all the time!

Word up! Yo, De La? Yo, those punk kids, man?

They ain't punks, man.

Yo man, those kids are wack man, straight up booty, wack.

Yo, but, yo, that "Buddy", that was kind of fly, man, and "Potholes?" Slammin'. Slammin'.

Yeah, it was. Word up, yo it was, but forget that man, after they came out with "Plug One, Plug Two" then "Potholes", yo,

then they fell of with the brothers, yes they did man, yo, they were straight up pop, man, I'm telling you, forget them faggots.

Yo check it out, though, WRMS is throwin' a party at the club, though, man, yo I bet you they'll be there!

Yeah! All right, so let the brothers show up, man, let them brothers show up and get cold jacked when the leaders run up on them!

(Pease porridge in the pot)

(Pease porridge in the pot)

(Pease porridge in the pot)

(Nine days old)

My name, my name, my name is the Pasta

Now I like, I like I like to plug the real thing

So loose, so loose, so loose with the tap dance,

The funk, the funk, funky funky stuff I bring

My tribe, my tribe, my tribe is known as Native Tongues,

Consists, consists, consists of Jungle, Quest and others

Get played, get played, played a lot on radio

And also, and also, and also by some foul brothers

The Pease, the Pease the Pease Porridge never failed

It kept, it kept us calm, our stylin' merry

But late, but lately loonies acting real bold

Can't sip in luxury my apple cranberry

Girls watch, and watch, and watch I dance the big tut

Our home, our home our homeboys has to plan tricks

Don't real, don't real, don't realise the Native Tongue

Is rollin' strong and we're startin' in the megamix

Yo, Miss Thing!

Yo Merisa, what's up?

You heard what happened at the Donut Hill the other night? - Yo I was there and those De La kids was fighting, yo they was wildin'.

Word man?

Word, the whole thing happened in front of my face, yo, they was on the dance floor, right, some kid stepped up to

them and said something about hippies, then punks, and the chubby one, Plug Three?

Yeah. Plug Three, yeah I know him.

All right, Plug Three, all right, he walked up to this kid, hit him real quick, think he didn't when he did, and then them

other kids the Jungle Brothers and Quest and, um, what's the other ones, the other ones?

The Violators.

The Violators, right, right, throwing chairs, and they didn't care who they was hitting, you think they wasn't?

Yeah. I know, I thought it was supposed to be about peace signs, things like that, you know...

Question, and that's if only I can ask this question  
Can I? (Yes you can!)  
Why do people think just because we speak peace  
We can't blow no joints?  
(I-I-I don't know)

Mase, this is the ninth day I've reheated this porridge. You know it keeps me peacefully, no?

Yeah, but my tolerance level has now peaked  
And now it's time for some heads to get flown

We bring, we bring, we bring, we bring the peace of course  
But pack a nine inside, inside my De La drawers  
A picture, picture, picture, picture painted pink  
Could turn to red, to red, to red in blooded quick  
But in a single file my Native Tongue is calm  
I rather, rather pass a brother palm to palm  
I kick, I kick, I kick a verse of unity  
And shack, and shackle steps to the beat, beat  
I click, I click the TV to the Simpsons  
And sip the Porridge deep into my system  
So mel, so mellow mode is my day mode  
Inside the studio or on a road  
The Swing, the Swingalow is the now step  
It's murder if you bet 'cause you're life's jep  
To praise, to praise the Soul is on a down drag  
It's false, because I'll spray you with the Black Flag

(Pease Porridge in the pot)  
(Pease Porridge in the pot)  
(Pease Porridge in the pot)  
(Nine days old)

Can't stand, can't stand, can't stand the pop music  
Brother, brother, brothers pop a lot of pow  
Don't watch, don't watch, don't watch a lot of basketball  
Don't und, don't understand the act of being fouled  
Hey D, hey D, hey DJ set the record up  
It's time, it's time, it's time to tame the annoying pups  
Throw on the Touching Fingers serenade  
So we can throw our lemonade  
In their face and kick their little butts

- And off, and Mase is the first to throw a punch and he connects lovely to the ribcage. Wouldn't you say so Squirrel?  
- Indeed, indeed, I would say he showed a lot of formulate combination, but look at the hoodlum trying to escape.  
- Yeah, it seems that that particular hoodlum showed great form in trying to escape, but he, ah, just got his ass busted.

(Touching fingers, touch, touch)  
(One at a time, touch together)

People wanna get ragged with the reruns  
Me not, me not, me not scared to trudge a bit  
They can't, they can't, they can't get close to none  
I tap, I tap, I tap a dance war skit  
The por, the por, the Porridge got crazy cold  
We won't, we won't eat until the heads are flown

Take advantage to a cool one's peaceful ways  
But when, but when we fly that head all the people say

Here in Frogland, we always eat our Porridge, 'cause it keeps us frogs real  
peaceful like.

In my land, my people adore Porridge. And I don't understand why De La Soul  
is so violent, and we are  
so peaceful, we sit by the camp fire and listen to our rituals, and they are  
so violent. I don't understand,  
I don't understand.

(Pease Porridge in the pot)  
(Pease Porridge in the pot)  
(Pease porridge in the pot)  
(Nine days old)

(Pease Porridge in the pot)  
(Pease porridge in the pot)  
(Pease Porridge in the pot)  
(Nine days old)  
(Pease Porridge in the pot)