

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

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(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.

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