

Rock Co.Kane Flow

De La Soul

Up in them five-star tellies sayin two mic rhymes
be them average MC's of the times
Unlike them, we craft gems
So systematically inclined to pen lines
without sayin the producer's name, all over the track
Yeah I said it! What you need to do is get back
to reading credits, we them medics
alphabetically stuck on that English shit
now, quick now, before we pour that
suershot pure Rock Co.Kane Flow

From the top of the key, the 3 Villain
Been on in the game as long as you can wheelie your Schwinn
Turn the corner spinnin, bust that ass and get up
Dust off the mask, whoever laugh give him a head up
He got jumped, it pumped his adrenaline
He said it made him tougher than a bump of raw medicine
To write all night long, the hourglass is still slow
Flow from Hellborn to free power like Lilco
And still owe bills, pay dues forever
Slay you(s) when it comes to who's more cleverer
Used to wore a leather goose "V" with the fur collar
Hand charged a fee for loose leaf, words for dollar
Ya heard? Holla -- broad or dude we need food
Eat your team for sure, the streets sure seem rude
For fam like the Partridges, pardon him for the mix-up
Battle for your Atari cartridges or put your kicks up
It's a stick up

Now put your blix up, these Riddick Bowe cuts
is swoll like penile flicks, give 'em 20
The danger in his eyes'll let you know he's a brawler
Bring your tallest champs like that much taller
Ten pounds heavier, one step ahead of it
Vocab, stamina, style's all irrelevant
Camps and cliques, units, squad crews and clans
Even your tongues'll fuck around and leave your mouth

Doom brung that bum, there goes that news van again
Act like you knew like Toucan Sam an' 'em
He eat rappers like part of a complete breakfast
Your rhymes ain't worth the weight of they cheap necklace
String 'em up, bring 'em up under whack junk snack
And get that out your hand, punk, jump and get your dunk smacked
foul, we all know the rules bro
You slow, you blow the soup on your fools, his Impulse like Yugo

You go lights, camera, action with no makeup
We De La to the death, or at least until we break up
Here's a couple of nice guys who finished first
So nice try, but the prize is ours dispersed
They say the good die young, so I added some
bad-ass to my flavor to prolong my life over the drum
Everyone cools off from bein hot
It's about if you can handle bein cold or not!
And we was told to hop on no one's dick by Prince Paul
We stayed original ever since y'all

First to do a lot of things in the game, but the last to say it
No need to place it on a scale to weigh it
And don't do it for the plays or to raise the bar
Yet it's raised anyway, it's so amazing, are
the three L.I. brothers from a other way of thinkin
Hey your lady's winkin, I think you need to control that whore
or I('ll) have to hold that

The elements are airborne, I smell the success
(Yo let's cookie cut the shit and get the gingerbread, man)
Sacrifice mics and push drugs to these rappers
Puff ponies 'til I turn blue in the lips
Sippin broads like 7-Up (ahh) so refreshing
I finger pop these verses like first dates to birthdates
September 2-1, 1-9, 6-8
Too old, to rhyme? Too bad, too late