

## Set The Mood

De La Soul

Now check it (sup?)  
Let me set the mood here aight? (yeah aight cool)  
We gonna, set it off with In-dee-dee, dee-dee-dee, -deed  
(Yeah that's right) You know  
La-la-la-la-ladies first and all that  
(That's right ladies first)  
So peep it - you see this girl  
who been poppin MAD shit about you  
So I want you to get into it a little bit  
I want you to cru-cru-cru-crush that  
I was sittin on my lunchbreak, grittin my teeth  
It's the last day of the week, man what a relief  
My arms are sore as hell, I felt rigid and stiff  
so I turned around and I rolled this big fat spliff  
That's when I seen her, steppin out a rented yellow Beemer  
This local ghetto fame rap cat her name was Tina  
She was braggin she was goin on tour  
The same shit she was screamin since the year before  
Ever since the De La Soul video, she seen me on the TV  
Heard that she was holdin a grudge and tryin to see me  
Workin underground circuits and mad cyphers of people  
When she asked who was ill, all she got was Indeed  
She wanna battle (what?) and it wasn't hard to tell  
All that I was thinkin bout was tryin to smoke my L  
I had four hours left and I was tired as hell  
Plus it was 12:55 almost time for the bell  
She had an ill screwface mug, frontin like she know Joe  
Gangsta bitch profile, boppin like allegro  
Forty-below Timbos, fatigues saggin  
Pullin all her money out her pocket while she's braggin  
on her gold fronts with her name on it  
Her ice finger roll hand g-low while she claim fame on it  
I peeped the stee' - then I crushed her with ease  
just for interruptin me while I was rollin my trees

AIGHT? (Whoo!)  
That shit was bla-bla-bla, bla-blaze! (word)  
Now we gon' se-se-set, se-set this one up  
for my man Mercenary (aight aight yo let's do this)  
(whassup?) Yo, I don't want you to make it like  
a story or nuttin (aight)  
I just want-want, want want-want  
want you to come on some straight rhy-rhy-rhyme  
rhy-rhy, rhy-rhme shit - rip a nigga in his ass!  
And let him know how WE do it, y-y-y'know?

Now Maseo puff cheeba, while Rich sniff lines  
David J push the whip while Candy Cal pull dimes  
And me right behind, with the shorty gettin her math  
to do the Savion routine and just, tap that ass  
Still the one who kill wackness, man I left them niggaz crippled  
Had em all soft to hard back to soft like a nipple  
My (Art is Official) while you're art-ificial  
Break you down to your very last participle  
Let me enlighten you, cause your third eye's on dim  
Me gettin taken out is rare like a smile from Rakim  
See I'm remarkable, you're just bull

last name shit, y'all niggaz need to quit  
Open your mitt, and catch this  
I autograph every word you bit  
Testify thentake your picture  
Got an infinity of non-rhymes to hit ya  
while your whole clan is blam  
Understand that you must be smokin POUNDS of weed out of a pipe  
and mistook your munchies, for bein hungry for the mic  
And now you have to deal with these cats who's truly right  
like estates with a pit on the lawn bark at the gates  
Put the whole entire plate in your face  
Make the point like who's that on that joint? It's me  
I'm in everything you see like [?], yo I'm in demand  
I'm in the club man I'm in your hand  
bein bought, I'm even in the thought from your girl  
The only thing you're in is in acting  
Your world'll be smashed  
Run against the Won and you'll be last  
like that call for alcohol, depletin your cash

That's how you supposed to get in somebody ass  
y'knowhatmsayin? Know-know-know, know-know, know-know dat!  
Hahahahahaha