

Thru Ya City

De La Soul

Ohhh ohh, ohh OHH ohh ohh
Ohhh ohh, ohh OHH ohh ohh, ohh
we talkin bout

Hot times, runnin thru ya city
If you miss it now it'll sho' be a pity
We got - hot times, runnin thru ya city..
I ain't no thug son, my name is Plug Won
I drop a certified gem, for him and her
Knockin on your radio, like the Crash Crew
ask whoever you want - I'm managin the funk on the paper
Outside of that we pull capers for days
Ridin throughout the maze of street, while we blaze the beat
Watchin the sweet things wiggle they butt
to Plug Three, on the cut, movin on ya what-
-ever ya got, we gon' get, bringin our point, to ya position
Rippin stages with my thought coalition
Carryin on, eradicate all your stress mode
Just another episode through these area codes
We bankin on

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It's the hot-ness, talked about but never seen
like the Loch-Ness, til ya cop this; drop it inside your vein,
and like a train, we be runnin throughout your legs and arms
You're high off our talent and charm
Check the caliber - this be a smash
like some food on stage for Gallagher
Wear ya bib, cause it's messy
Niggaz schemin on my (Girl) as if my name was +Jesse+
Watch your manners! Now let me pass it off to Dave Banner

Yo, I set travels like Karen LaRue
Small talkin in the big city, it's all about gettin the coins
Everywhere I go I touch a tenderloin
They sportin a dot com Viet marker bomb
on your metro - MARTA order iron horse
Yo take the cross and meet a nigga at the butcher
I'm cuttin your girl - we on a world tour
Supplyin your bloodstream with nothin but the pure uncut, in ya

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Freak freak freak freak the funk the funk the funk the funk
funk freak the freak the freak the freak the freak the freak
Freak freak the funk freak freak the funk

We ain't walkin on a yellow brick road
These streets stay red and bloody kid
Study your code, so you can easily pass
I stash a little love when I'm on the visitation
If you crossin my lane, nigga do the same

I guaranteed to run through and prove the game
ain't bigger than the pieces in it
You see the pieces in it had me stuck travellin one side of map
Clappin hands with rap cats who ain't deserve dap
Long hauls and livin out a suitcase man
Chickenheads and gangs of fruitcakes man
Ain't nuttin better than explorin the outskirts
especially when she ain't got no pantyhose on, and it's on

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Yo - it's like, the Mercenary gettin down
And we got, Dave Banner gettin down
And we got, Maseo gettin down
And of course, my nigga Eno gettin down
And we got, Jay Dee gettin down (say word y'all)
And of course, the Slum V gettin down
And we got my man Khrist gettin down
And we got, Com Sense gettin down
And we got, N.D. gettin down
You know Troy Hightower gettin down
And we got, C. Smith gettin down
And my nigga, Dave West gettin down..