

## Verbal Clap

De La Soul

"You out there? Louder!  
Well clap your hands to what he's doing  
On tempo Jack"

NYC gave you the ball, so how you gonna hate us?  
We creators of them East coast stars  
If you ask me I'll tell you there's no comp  
But I'm still humble, even though I will crumble halls  
Some call 'em songs, I call 'em words from me  
that take long to cook  
So some feel free in sayin that we don't hunger for beats  
Not that we not hungry, just picky in what we eat  
Keep food off the mind and keep weight off the body  
All you gotta do is keep my name out your mouth  
And stop frownin like you hostile  
You know that it's a booger rubbin up against your nostril  
Nigga how you figure you can play this rap game without the backbone?  
It's Maseo, Dave, Wonder Why, givin what you lack holmes

Aiyyo prepare yo'self for the Neutron, bitch!  
This is eighty-six, let that neo-rap go  
We present these flares to put fire to your ears  
to lay smoke like rusty exhaust pipes  
We run mics, let Sean run the marathon  
Yo raise that money son, we raisin these kids  
Get claps when curtains close, stage left  
Up your stamina baby, bring some breath  
SAT book smart, part ese  
Loc'in like Tone, street niggaz get grown  
Acquire more couth before you get poofed  
Or get some shells sent over to your mic booth  
Excuse, my delivery, but when peace don't work  
see this piece gon' work, cock aim and SHOOT!  
It's my constitutional right to bear arms  
Arms and bare hands on mics, make fans unite  
Woodstock and white folks involved  
Black man get on yo' job!

"Well clap your hands to what he's doing  
On tempo Jack"

Let's go beat for beat, and rhymes for rhymes  
(put, all, the things aside)  
Just bring your beats, and bring your rhymes  
(put, all, the things aside)

The heavyweight L.I. brother with no date, of expiration  
On this fate on the mic, them birthday keep comin  
I'm hated on by niggaz I love most  
So what threat could you possibly pose when I'm on your coast?  
So raise your guns or your glasses  
Either way there'll be a toast in the air  
Markin the return of bare minimums you need to learn  
Get your verbs right when you down to clap

See that gun powder calibre rap'll tip hats like gentlemen do  
Smash tenements and skyscrapers

Bow-tie papers stacked high  
Pay the resident tax or get your street swept  
Front row, backstage or the cheap seats  
I (Dodge) ricochets like (Ram) trucks, you slow poke to pull it  
And I sup-pose you wanna top the Billboard chart  
Man I toast these rhymes and then pop like Pop-Tarts

"Well clap your hands to what he's doing"