

# Whoodeeni

De La Soul

Your music means everything to you

Bullet bring the gun, why pull it?  
Shoot words to see who's full of it  
We from the same place, land of the game face  
Plug signs on the jackets  
Give props, yo, like a Prop Joe package  
It's illegal  
How those kids can come from out of the slums and live so regal  
Lose it all on a prayer to the ego  
Before the loss we earn for the cause  
Toast to the life though my liver won't endorse  
Currently in time and my enzymes  
Are in sync to digest the brink of armageddon  
The bedding's over the mattress we lay with the actress  
For social media to swallow us  
Watch them rap peers who don't reply back  
Cause they think we gon' snatch up their Twitter followers  
That's some female type foolery  
And your females like glue to it  
She know it, the scent of a poet  
Police buy restraint to cover all the angles  
A no opera of operations  
See one got all you in your crew all confident with courage  
We'll be there jumping your square record  
You be like "check it, they stretched the shit into rectangles, damn!"

Dance, freak, get out your seat  
Show me that you is a real whoodeeni  
Get loose y'all, get up now  
Everybody, everybody get down  
Whoodeeni, whoodeeni, whoodeeni

Born institutionalized  
My homie from N.O., find his crib with the roof on the side  
FEMA asking for an address, but ain't no mailbox  
Nothing left to do out here but to sell rocks  
Now they got cellphones inside of the cell blocks  
And my cousin on parole cause he sold Glocks  
My cousin is so stuck  
Told you we have more soul than James Brown  
Wearing a gold watch that obviously don't work  
Used to go home and rob niggas for homework  
See if the chrome work  
Might call your girl to see if my phone work  
I'm a hood star and the trophy is a gold vert  
Mouth full of gold teeth  
Niggas might end up obsolete if I'm four deep  
Real nigga for real bed full of new sheets  
Bedroom floor filled up with the loose leafs  
This is a war zone, me and a two-piece  
Put another head on and make it a new piece  
She be like "ooh wee", I be like "ooh wee"  
I love myself so much I'm a groupie  
Everybody know my verses is pookie  
Had 'em all strung out like it's a drug house  
When I'm in the booth I'm MJ with his tongue out

When I'm in the booth I'm Kanye with a gun out  
Run in your mom house  
Then I'mma lean sideways and burn out  
All natural, I hope you got the perm out  
I've been straightening that shit  
New niggas came and tried to hate on that shit  
I'mma use it now, I ain't waiting on shit

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Big drawers, where the big drawers at?  
I got a case of the little head controlling the big head thinking  
Played Honest Abe in the back of a Lincoln  
Chopped down a cherry, American Pie varied  
Next day she was on my Snapchat sexting  
Had her bunny hopping a quick ten seconds  
Dear Lord, forgive a nigga, I've been down with doubt  
Had the frog legs, now I'mma knock this piggie out  
Now Dave like to cuddle, but Dave don't play that  
Like Dave had the ring, listen, Dave ain't say that  
Courtships to door steps to gettin' ass, and if it's one of my broads  
Keep your feet off the grass, size eleven the gas  
Mash that potato till we lay in the grass  
She mellow like it's a picnic  
If she the mermaid, give her the fish stick  
First class flight, shoot her out to the district  
Wait, cancel the stallion, hold your horses  
Kickstart your life and cut your losses  
Look how we did 'em, ma, your boy still got it  
I quit drinking, I quit the narcotics  
Life's a bitch, but she seeing a therapist  
This hip-hop done dilly to cameras, huh  
We got stoops and to sit on  
Bitcoins Vivian Maese to bid on  
But we cautious  
Never undermine the hate and turn the spell on your evil forces  
But this ain't the cha-cha two-step  
Been a rider ever since the Schwinn gooseneck  
The buck stops here, there ain't no who's next

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