

# De La Soul, 360

Come on, yeah

Yo I'm from I I fella, vison had you tune into my figgida  
(?)

Microphone is mobile

Holding mic's is so while I be just day dreaming

Drop for like, nine months, and rock from backyards to  
Fronts

Who wants to live the gutter life, we got sidewalks to walk,  
Baby

I need a chick with big potatoes to mash, baby

Hang like parachutes, I've been floating for years

Went from rapping in cars to rapping careers

One beer, two beers, I got the gift like santa

I go from ny to dc, and down to atlanta

Make you fly like propellor, we be down in the cellor

What I guess you call the basement, cause thats where all  
The bass went

When we turn it up a notch, old school like ed kotch

Toss my foot up in the air and grab my crotch

Who am i? michael, keep the music on a cycle

So we can finish up the flow within your fro

Word out

This is called frozen style

Shatter your teeth style

Freeze like artic style y'all

Come on

Check it out

I'm the p to the o to the s

Known to pinpoint the flow to the chest

So wear your vest, nibble the thighs and breast on

Vanessa

Had to sneak it cause her moms kept me under pressure

As the sun appears to rise and set

Some cats live for the hood cause it's as good as it gets

But my plot is much thicker, I move it much quicker

Three-hundred and sixty mile to the p h

So I'm balanced, not a fella to fall

Connecting the dots, I got two propellors in awe

Went from ghetto to the meadow

Seen all degrees of hot, and froze when I was not

Like lot, my lady threw salt in the game

Invested cheese in the mouse who sent pork into fame

Now you hear my name being screamed on the ride of life

It's too late to get of, to get off

We in the house y'all, we in the house y'all

We about to get evicted, there ain't no lights or liquid

The bills ain't paid and last week we had a raid

Cause we partied too much but that's my family's trade

Invited all of my folks, and yo all my folks stayed

They tried to silence our shit, but we just pushed up the  
Fade

Sat back to charge a dollar, hadn't got paid

And called on the band and got stupid when the keyboard

Played

(talking in backround)

Keeping funky with the propellerheads y'all

Now listen

You see, I'm here to usher the pain with no relief

But still get the &&quot;great scotts, are you a thief? &&quot;

&&quot;seems like you got a mouth full of gold..&&quot; records

Sorry for that, platinum plaque soon to come

Till then propellor got me working the drum

For a fee so notifi the foe looking for the fumble

I hear you want to rumble on the mic, so check it out

How you want it, I got it -- oh yeah?