

# De La Soul, Patti Dooke

(Why do we have to cross over?)  
(Why are niggas always crossing over, huh?)  
(I mean, what's the matter?)  
(They can accept our music as long as they can't see our faces?)

(One, Two, One Two; You got it)  
Wootah!

GURU:

Runnin' through the trenches (What?)  
Runnin' through the trenches (What?)  
Runnin' through the trenches it's the Patti Dooke  
(It's the Patti what?)  
Runnin' through the trenches (Oh!!)  
Runnin' through the trenches it's the Patti's Dooke

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DOVE:

Just the other day I got a starter kit  
(An M is a terrible thing to waste)  
Caught the face from the backs of the border of the mindstate  
I play control to a fraud  
(Nah it ain't happenin')  
Nada to make it even  
Robbin' and theivin' is one who infiltrates with a Colgate frown  
Y'all remember my nasal for I sniff frequencies  
(Well, it started in the year of '78)  
But it's '93 or should I say '94 for my style is much more  
(I said, "Come in" and "Come in")  
Come in  
(Come on)  
Come out into my reservoir  
As I macks a men your bastard style has just been stuck  
By a sticker with a 'frigerator lickin'  
What if... how's about why would  
Never thought that the napalm would bust the jeans

POS:

Mash it up  
The one with the beard  
Mega moustache the beat (hide it)  
Deep under sheets, cover this hint  
Hostin' all threats but watch out Mr. Jarbage  
Jimmy and the jet, standin' on the pier  
I'm known as the farmer  
Cultivatin' mate without mendin'  
Bendin', comprimising any of my styles to gain a smile  
Listen while you hear it  
There's no pink in my slip  
I reckon that the rhythm and the blues in the rap got me red  
While the boys from Tommy plant bridge crossin' to a larger community  
Yet they're soon to see I have a brother named Luck  
A nigga named Dres  
A groupie named Cassandra caught bobbin' on the head  
Of a Baby named Chris, I missed a kid who caught wreck when sayin'  
(Afrika and I when Sammy B's on the set)

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(Prevention against sucka M.C.'s)  
(Prevention against sucka M.C.'s)  
(Prevention against sucka M.C.'s)  
(And now, prevention against sucka M.C.'s)

(We decided to change the cover a little bit)  
(Because we see the big picture)  
(Negroes and white folks buyin' this album)  
(Negroes and white folks buyin' this album)  
(Everybody's gonna know who this group is)  
(We just felt that the picture wasn't as important as it was that we  
succeeded in crossing over)  
(Cross over ain't nuthin' but a double cross)  
(Once we lose our audience we never gon' get them back)  
(He may even try to change our sound)

POS:

Let no man put asunder  
Severin' the groups I never blunder  
Cashin' all the checks on the mic  
I might cherry to the bush, brand Plug Wonder  
Funk to the fame against hoods  
Bridges saggin' to woods down under  
They can't be raised with the feminine praise  
In conjunction with no chocolate in the mix  
White boy Roy cannot feel it  
But the first to try and steal it  
Dilute it, pollute it, kill it  
I see him infiltratin' to the masses  
And when the leechin' I mo shoot 'em all in they asses

GURU:

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Runnin' through the trenches (Yeah!)  
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(It's the Patti what?)  
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(It might blow up but it won't go pop)  
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POS:

I shed light and not skin  
I ain't from Europe  
Afro connects at the root of the retina of the third  
Mums the word when ya blind baby  
Blind to the fact  
Don't rest in Compton so I don't own a gat  
But respect is clear crystal  
Cause Millie got a pistol  
And she's down with me

Wild of most wild  
Born child to the old school legitimate (soul)  
Talker of the many paragraphs ago  
Walker of the plenty broken calves ago  
Phantom of the phrase black in many ways  
Cause I see her runnin' through the trenches  
Comin' in to rent my style

GURU:  
I'm not the one to fuck with

POS:  
I'm lockin' you out

GURU:  
I'm just not to fuck wit so check it  
Y'all know who I am  
Listen up son  
Peace to my man Premier  
And y'all better guard your trenches 'cause we runnin' through 'em

(Do it....fluid....Mess up my mind....)  
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(Tell me somethin' huh?)  
(How come they never cross over to us, huh?)  
(I never seen five niggas on Elvis Presley album cover!)