

De La Soul, Say No Go

POS:

Now let's get right on down to the skit
A baby is brought into a world of pits
And if it could've talked that soon
In the delivery room
It would've asked the nurse for a hit
The reason for this?
The mother is a jerk
Excuse me, junkie
Which brought the work of the old
Into a new light, what a way
But this what a way
Has been a way of today
Anyway push couldn't shove me
To understand a path to a basehead
Consumer should erase it in the first wave
But second wave forms relievers
And believers will walk to it
Then even talk to it and say

(You got my body now you want my soul)
Nah, can't have none of that
Tell 'em what to say Mase

(Say no go)

DOVE:

Nah, no my brother
No my sister
Try to get hip to this
Word, word to the mother
I'll tell the truth
So bear my witness
Fly like birds of a feather
Drugs are like pleather
You don't wanna wear it
No need to ask that question
Just don't mention
You know what the answer is

POS:

Now I never fancied Nancy
But the statement she made
Held a plate of weight
I even stressed it to Wade

DOVE:

Did he take any heed?

POS:

Nah, the boy was hooked
You coulda phrased the word "base"
And the kid just shook
In his fashion class once an A now an F
The rock rules him now
The only designs left
Were once clothes made for Osh-Kosh
Has converted to nothing but stonewash

DOVE:

Now hopping in a barrel is a barrel of fun
But don't hop in if you wanna be down, son
'Cause that could mean
Down and out as an action

What does that lead to?
Dum da dum dum
People say what have I done for all my years
My tears show my hard earned work
I heard shoving is worse than pushing
But I'd rather know a shover than a pusher
'Cause a pusher's a jerk

(Say no go)

POS:
Believe it or not
The plots forms a fee
More than charity
But the course doesn't coincide
With the ride of insanity
Is it a chant that slants
The soul to fill for it?
I know it's the border
That flaunts the order
To kill for it

DOVE:
Standing, scheming on a young one
Taking his time
8 ball for a cool pool player
Racked it all
Tried to break, miscued
Got beat by the boy in blue
Next day you're out
By the spot once more
Looking hard for a crack in the hole
I ask what's the fix for the ill stuff
Word to the Dero
The answer shoulda been no

POS:
Run me a score from the funky four plus one more
(It's the joint!)
Rewind that back
This is the age for a new stage of fiend
Watch how the junkies scream
For their crack
"It's the crack" it should explain it from the start
Behind the ideals of cranking up the heart
Now the Base claims shot over every part

(Say no go)
(Say no go)
(Don't even think about it)
(Say no go)
(Say no go)