

# De La Soul, Declaration

Yo, this girl called me..

&quot;Hi Pos! Heard your shit, back in style baby!&quot;

.. heard the De La, said I'm back in style y'know?

Heh..

[scratching]

&quot;You-you-you.. you need to stop&quot;

&quot;I declare that only live niggaz rap this year&quot; -&gt; Prodigy

&quot;Jam's off the meter yo, this {shit} is hot&quot; -&gt; P. Smith

&quot;There's always ONE.. (ONE!)&quot;

&quot;Amateurs get hung with they own gold chains&quot; -&gt; Rebel INS

&quot;There it is!!&quot;

&quot;I declare that only live niggaz rap this year&quot; -&gt; Prodigy

[Pos/Plug Won]

The average MC sells terror

We nail terror up against the wall for target practice

Not one of your top five MC's

but I see clearly with ease you lack this

Coast to coast, we pop up on your scene like toast

playin host to your regiment

who rally to boast, but now boast no more

They got flooded by the sight of my ledger print

I came specifically, to fracture yo' ability

to grandstand anywhere next to me

This is the year, when the true better man

keeps the cheddar and writes to his destiny (word!)

Timeless episodes of talent got me nominated

by the ones who hated me on spittin tighter

Salute these &quot;Supa Emcees&quot; for bein clever;

and never use the weed as a ghost writer

[scratching]

&quot;I declare that only live niggaz rap this year&quot; -&gt; Prodigy

&quot;Jam's off the meter yo, this {shit} is hot&quot; -&gt; P. Smith

&quot;Run a rapper through a maze like a experiment&quot; -&gt; Malik B

&quot;Yeah, word up!&quot;

&quot;I declare that only live niggaz rap this year&quot; -&gt; Prodigy

[Pos/Plug Won]

Contrary to popular truth, these youth are runnin scared

so in one stare they gettin strapped

Cash rules NUTTIN from below the belt

The dick choose to melt asses where them dollars at?

(Where them dollars at?) Musta been bitten by a rabbit

Actin silly like that; your pop culture need a diaper change

I'm snatchin the mic, like I'm lootin

with a whole lot of shootin while you're keepin out of sniper range

Your aim's to please, my aim's to freeze

you dead center in your tracks with your hands high

Ain't no tricks, we set it to fire like Hendrix

All the hard rocks at liquor spots

All over the scene, makin it messy

so we make a clean getaway to a better day

Can't say the same, for them cats who left the game

cause they couldn't claim the better pay

This ain't no masquerade

so the mass parade of people need to stop frontin

There's truly a few makin them hits

while us, we got our mitts closed cause you on the field buntin

Make it to third base, but never reach home

The word is, your whereabouts is unknown

While we're that point of view, that you never really knew

with the stitch to keep the cut sewn (De La!)

[scratching]

"I declare that only live niggaz rap this year" -&gt; Prodigy  
"Jam's off the meter yo, this {shit} is hot" -&gt; P. Smith

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ROCK A BYE BABY!! ON THE TREE TOP!!  
WHEN THE WIND BLOWS!! THE CRADLE WILL ROCK!!  
ROCK!! RO..