

De La Soul, Intro - Stakes Is High

POS:

The instamatic focal point bringing damage to your boroughs
Be some brothers from the east with some beats that be thorough
Got the solar gravitation so I'm bound to pull it
I gets down like brothers are found ducking from bullets
Gun control means using both hands in my land
Where it's all about the cautious livin'
Migrating to a higher form of consequence, compliments
Of strugglin', that shouldn't be notable,
Man every word I say should be a hip hop quotable.

DOVE:

I'm sick of bitches shakin' asses
I'm sick of talkin' about blunts,
Sick of Versace glasses,
Sick of slang,
Sick of half-ass awards shows,
Sick of name brand clothes.
Sick of R&B bitches over bullshit tracks,
Cocaine and crack
Which brings sickness to blacks,
Sick of swoll' head rappers
With their sicker-than raps
Clappers and gats
Makin' the whole sick world collapse
The facts are gettin' sick
Even sicker perhaps
Stickabush to make a bundle to escape this synapse

POS:

Man life can get all up in your ass baby you betta work it out
Let me tell you what it's all about
A skin not considered equal
A meteor has more right than my people
Who be wastin' time screaming who they've hated
That's why the Native Tongues have officially been re-instated

(Vibes....vibrations)

Stakes is high

(Higher than high)

You know them stakes is high

(Higher than high)

When we talkin' 'bout the

(Vibes....vibrations)

Stakes is high, you know them stakes is high

When we dealin' with the

(Vibes....vibrations)

Stakes is high

(Hey yo, what about that love?)

POS:

Yo, it's about love for cars, love for funds
Loving to love mad sex, loving to love guns
Love for opposite, love for fame and wealth
Love for the fact of no longer loving yourself, kid
We living in them days of the man-made ways
Where every aspect is vivid,
these brothers no longer talk shit
Hey yo, these niggas live it
'Bout to give it to you 24/7 on the microphone
Plug One translating the zone
No offense to a player, but yo, I don't play
And if you take offense, fuck it, got to be that way
J.D. Dove, show your love, what you got to say?

DOVE:

I say G's are making figures at a high regard
And niggas dying for it nowadays ain't odd
Investing in fantasies and not God
Welcome to reality, see times is hard
People try to snatch the credit, but can't claim the card
Showing out in videos, saying they cold stars
See, shit like that will make your mama cry
Better watch the way you spend it
'Cause the stakes is high

Y'all know them stakes is high
When we talkin' 'bout the
(Vibes....vibrations)
Stakes is high

I think that smiling in public is against the law
'Cause love don't get you through life no more
It's who you know and "How you, son?"
And how you gettin' in, and who the man holding
Hey yo, and how was the scams and how high
Yo what up, huh? I heard you caught a body
Seem like every man and woman shared a life with John Gotti

POS:

But they ain't organized!

DOVE:

Mixing crimes with life enzymes
Taking the big scout route
And niggas know doubt better
Than they know their daughters
And their sons
(Oh boy)

POS:

Yo, people go through pain and still don't gain
Positive contact just like my main man
Who got others cleaning up his physical influence
His mind got congested
He got the nine and blew it
Neighborhoods are now hoods cause nobody's neighbors
Just animals surviving with that animal behavior
Under I who be rhyming from dark to light sky
Experiments when needles and skin connect
No wonder where we live is called the projects
When them stakes is high you damn sure try to do
Anything to get the piece of the pie
Electrify
Even die for the cash
But at last I be out even though you wantin' more
This issue is closed like an elevator door
But soon re-opened once we get to the next floor where the

(Vibes....vibrations)

Stakes is high

Y'all know them stakes is high

When we talkin' 'bout the

(Vibes....vibrations)

Stakes is high

Stakes is high, come on