

# De La Soul, Plug Tunin' (Last Chance To Compre

(And now for my next number, I'd like to return to the classics.  
Perhaps the most famous classic in all the world of music...)

DOVE:

The first time around, you didn't quite understand our new style of speak.

(Don't worry, we can fix that right now)

So why don't you all just grab your bags

(Come on aboard, hoist the anchor, and we'll be off)

(And good luck to both of you)

Plug One, Plug Two, Plug One, Plug Two

Plug One, Plug Two, Plug One

POS:

Answering any other service,

Perogative praised positively I'm acquitted

Enemies publicly shame my utility

After the battle they admit that I'm with it

Simply soothe, will move vinyl like glue

Transistors are never more shown with like

When vocal flow brings it all down in ruin

Due to a clue of a naughty noise called

Plug Tunin'

(Hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmhhh)

Flock to the preacher called Pos

Let him be the stir to the style of your stew

Sit while the kid of the Plug form aroma

Then grab a Daisy to sip your favorite brew

Lettin' this soul fire be your first prior,

But don't let the kick drum stub your big toe

See that the three will be your thread

But like my man Chuck D said, 'What a brother know'

Dance while I play and the cue cards sway

From my flower girls China and Jette

The button is pressed in '89 we'll start the panic

From De La Soul and a Prince from Stet

Negative noise will be all divided

Dangerous to dance, Posdnuos will croon

Ducks and kizids will all be rid

When paying position to the naughty noise called

Plug Tunin'

(Hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmhhh)

Plug One, Plug Two, Plug One, Plug Two

Plug One, Plug Two, Plug One, Plug Two

DOVE:

Freeze 'cause these are the brothers

Brothers of the Soul who present a new flick

Every last viewer is tuned to the method,

Known to be a method, no magicians, not a trick

Bitten by the spoken who been titled Plug Two

Swallowed by the loonies who are jealous with the showbiz

Dove'll teach the truth, Posdnuos will preach the youth

To the fact that this will bring an end to the negative

Flow to the sway 'cause I say fa-so-la-ti

At the top we will dwell

Difference is fame and we rise then we build

Where we are set we get fat and we swell

Motions of the Soul is a positive stride

One step forward is the space we consume

Vivid as the moon, you have yet to assume  
How the Soul found the motto of a naughty noise called  
Plug Tunin'

Vocal is local so believe that  
This chant shan't rely on the strong lap  
Trying and live so you best realise  
That the gift that I present, I say gift wrap  
Style of the Tune is personal  
And defining what's the rhyme is worst of all  
Stop, sit and study 'cause the meaning isn't muddy  
Just preach and do the gear as the first of all  
Watch while the pitcher is pitching  
'Cause this is the pitch of the year  
Sing a simple song but keep the swing strong  
Though you heard Dove crying 'I ain't fair'  
Those who think De La's on the flip tip  
Try to flip this and you're doomed  
Watch for the B-B 'cause if you try to grieve me  
You'll be hung by the wire of the Plug Tune

(Hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmm-mm, hmmm)  
(I can't twist your arm and make you stay with me)  
(Are you ready for this?)