

CBGBS

De La Soul

Beach boy bonanza, sunrise, get up
Surfin' on a curb from inception of a set-up
Planet in black granite, halos above it
The autopsy can't top me, beloved
Dissect survival, passed on a whisper
Placed on the mother who shunned, now it's the
Boys who shot joy inside the violent
(Hell from New York) with a mars inside it This is for the bottom of the deck (yo, who got
squad?)
They call us the the little goat cheese (let's get the engine, baby)
I rev it like Run, the squint in the sun
I bet you bottom dollar I get louder than a bomb
A pH balance, son, I walk the phenom
Like typo, might go, dope in the stash Crooked counterfeits (we keep it straight cash)
Crooked counterfeits (keep it straight cash)
Crooked counterfeits (keep it straight cash)
Crooked counterfeits (straight cash)
(Cash, cash)
You're a peanut with a cashew

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