

# Snoopies (with David Byrne)

## De La Soul

In a hundred years from now  
We will not recognize this place  
The dollar store is filled with love  
The parking lot is full of grace  
Now, judges put their snoopies on  
With glorious and true restraint  
A child is gonna rule them all  
Said the prophets of the human race  
Hey now, can you picture yourself  
Hey now, in the physical sense  
Hey now, a subcutaneous thing  
Hey now, like a mother and father  
Pan Am trips, circa 76, the Ritz  
Papa hit the belt, to pick up at the JFK  
I judge nothing, I let her know, AFK  
I'm off the front porch and the front screen  
Two shocks on my back, the wise look mean  
They told me slow down, baby, but I'm a lummoX  
The 8-ball said, Dave, you in the wrong lot  
Move like sloth, cut cloth with new scissors  
You thinking too big, I call Nell Carter  
Somebody give me a break, cut ya toe up  
You put both hands up, I put four up  
Can't teach a fast dog how to stand still  
Mano e mano it's the hand to hand still  
Somebody give me a break, the clutch went out  
Tags slap hands, I'm about to man out  
Can't teach 'em at the morgue how to stand still  
See y'all tomorrow for the man to man  
Ma-ma-ma-man to man  
Now that was all so long ago  
See the babies, they are running wild  
If you get too close, they run away  
So tonight we better stay inside  
So whenever things don't go my way  
I simply put my snoopies on  
I'll share them with you, I don't mind  
Let me be your microphone  
Hey now, can you picture yourself  
Hey now, in the physical sense  
Hey now, a subcutaneous thing  
Hey now, like a mama and papa  
Will I ever get tired of this  
Will I ever get turned around  
Will I ever get over you

Give me a break now, the clutch went out  
Will I ever go back again  
Will I ever get used to me  
Will I ever be smart enough  
How do I know if I'm totally clean? It's the elastic youth, coming to size up your plastic troop  
Keep a pot of caution, boil it in the hot  
I wonder why, so why not  
Move like a used car and you get used up wherever you are  
So they say me and my crew get it new all day  
Couple of shots of calamity  
But don't mess with the gram to be sniffed  
Too messy for the ego, when you come crashing  
There ain't no airbag to dash in and catch ya  
She goes down and I look down  
She looks up, I don't know what to say  
Yo, do that shit, yo, do that shit  
But she already done it anyway  
But yo, do understand under the man  
Lies another line set of value, open a shape  
So when I'm speeding too fast, it don't match the brake  
(Car braking hard)

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>