

Game Day

A Tribe Called Quest

Yeah yeah, gentlemen, ha ha
NFL GameDay, you know how we stay, word up
Yeah, I wanna give a shoutout to Chris Berman, Tom Jackson
Joe Theismann, Sterling Sharpe, you know'm'sayin'
Brothers from ESPN
I wanna give a shout to Howie Long, Terry Bradshaw, Ronnie Lott
And the rest of the boys up at FOX, John Madden
You know'm'sayin', this is how we do it
Mike Ditka and the crew up at NBC, Bob Costas
Whatever's clever—take a loss never
Yo, check it, yo...

Too many crews front like they're outta order
But probably could not manage if their name was Tom LaSorda
Rod Hampton been my man since his school days in Georgia
And then Garrison Hearst, but Herschel was first
When Malik is in the house, I want silence, no violence
Speedy Rodney Hampton and Phife, true New York Giants
Forever pushing wigs back—yo, we like it like that
I'm from the Rotten Apple—getting played, I just can't see that
Yo, which MC's should I start to exploit?
Got that Lion Jay Dee, roaring straight from Detroit
With mad tracks up his sleeves, you wouldn't believe
The Ummah got more wins than that man Dan Reeves
Overachieve, 'cause of the blessings from Jehovah
Some call Him Jah, and Muslims say Allah
But back to the matter at hand, Rodney, my man
Yo, get on the mic and do the best you can
'Cause there's a lot of MC's that come with songs that ain't strong
NFL for dat ass will stand for "Not For Long"
There's a lot of MC's that come with songs that ain't strong
NFL for they ass will stand for "Not For Long"

My name is Hampton, they call me "Hot Rod"
Before stepping to me, you better pray to your God
Even folks on the West knows who's in charge
Top 10 running backs, I never try to play large
Never step in the way of my jersey 2-7
You're better off reading the Bible (Ask your reverend)
Always on point with that cat named Phife
When I run the ball, it's like running for my life

(How long?) Not long (Not For Long)
(How long?) Not long (Not For Long)
(How long?) Not long (Not For Long)
NFL for dat ass will stand for "Not For Long"
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With the pigskin in my hand, I'm thinkin'...
(Give it to me, yeah, 'til Phife Diggy come in)
Never weak, yeah, I get strong like a lion
Forever representin' on the gridiron

Yeah, Malik Izaak will hit ya with that run dat sh...

Pass me the mic and watch us get intimate
Not only does it walk with me, it talks to me
Taps me on the back and says, "Son, that was a job well done"
"Why, thank you. I'm glad I could be of great service"
'Cause it's mad MC's out here nowadays that sound nervous
Life is too short to still be sounding like a novice
You can't MC, then get your ass up out my office
Brothas is like, "Oh, my head, it can't be him again"
Bite my style like a Wolverine from Michigan
When they see my faith, them boys get stiffer than a mannequin
Been writing joints since the tender age of nine or ten
I know this year mad silly heads will be vexed with me
Especially if they know they have no strategy
Don't step to me, I'm the one that you don't wanna see
You know my stee, you must be drinking too much Hennessy
Phife Diggy Dawg, my title be "Mr. Melody"
You tryna play me as if my name is Stanley
Knowing damn well my style is legend like Lombardi
But in this case, it's just for mashin' up the party
So when you see me and my clique, keep your ass still
Or take mad L's, exactly four like the Buffalo Bills
Me and my crew, we got more wins than George Halas
Or better yet, Tom Landry in his years out in Dallas
You try to test the Kennel Club, two to your jaw
Keeping it new and improved like the Ravens from Baltimore

What? What what? (Ha ha)
What what? (Ha ha) What what? (Ha ha)
It's like that, son (Yeah); it's like that, son (Yeah)
Phife Diggy Dawg, you best believe I'm the one
Not the two, not the three, not the four
But my favorite number's five
Keep it live, represent the Tribe
Not the one, not the two, not the three, not the four
But my favorite number's five
Keep it live, represent the Tribe, ha ha ha ha
And yo, we out like that
Big shout to the Packers and Niners, 'cause no one do it finer
Eagles, my man Rick Watters
My man Marshall Faulk running things in Indianapolis
You know'm'sayin', word up
Pittsburgh Steelers, Jermoe Bettis, yeah yeah
Kansas City Chiefs, who want beef?
Just buggin'—NFL stands for "Not For Long"
When you come with doodoo songs that ain't strong
So get gone—son, what?
A'ight, take me up outta here...