

## 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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NFL for they ass will stand for "Not For Long"

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...