Give Me

A Tribe Called Quest

Doin' our thing in Queens We had dreams about bein' emcees And there was no concern about so and so And these record companies But now we all are grown And the spots is gettin' blown Boyz II Men, ABC, BBD Nah, we ain't none of them, B Give me So give me Nore, Phife Dawg and Abstract Give me To everyone in the world Nore, Phife Dawg and Abstract Yo when I rap, all my niggas love Abstract Yo, from Far Rock to Flushing, concussion Every time a nigga rhyme it's like we get our bus' on I used to ride a dollar van and really get my bus on Yo, from South Don to El Segundo All my niggas gettin' high yo, and still livin' on the run though Get alot a dough so now we have a lot of fun though Q-U, two E's, N-S All we really care about is money, cheba and sex what what what niggas get faded, never outdated Give it to the world, 'cause for long they waited Shorties online to cop the new CD So hip-hop'll bust nut in graffiti We could two-piece it or we could just seize it Shorty, you're my shit, 'cause my style wild decent What's it gonna be, the party or the precent? Queens cats rock, keep it rugged and recent my nigga Nore thug it out (thug it out, no doubt) Phife Dawg buggin' out (buggin' out, no doubt) The Love Movement no doubt (Love Movement, no doubt) Ali Shaheed get a shout (shout it out, no doubt) Yo better things, hold on, take a time out Huddle up, yo, Queens niggas won't fuck it up Keep my southside niggas just palyin' the cut While my Queensbridge people stay roughin' you up East Elmhurst, Carona, Iatola Keep the caller ID on the Motorola Gotta keep the po-po on the payola Queens niggas shut it down, now it's all over One nine two, the Bully fram Lou Merrick Van Wig holler Shaft got brew Head up Jamacia Ave, cop a tape by DJ Clue Move to the acre, sippin' on a guinney booze Scoopin' ladies up in babies makes my day complete Freestylin' over beats for my peoples in the street This is a place where stars are born Linden to Lawton, we keep it hot like porn [Chorus]