

# Money Maker

A Tribe Called Quest

\*all vocals by The Lone Ranger (Q-Tip)\*

This is the Lone Ranger

If you're one of the fortunate to purchase this

A Tribe Called Quest, The Love Movement album

You are privileged to witness the first in a series of attempts

To rectify music from it's rectulness

Again, this is the Lone Ranger with his first installment

Money Maker

Listen

Colder in the winter

And hotter in the summer

Get on up

Get on up

Live your life right when you be corrupt

Volcano about to erupt

Get it up, Get it up, Get it up

Got the motivating joints that keep your ass jumping

Why when a nigga get on, you want something

Yo I got the posinious traps for little rats that fiend

In come the bedroom dream

Kick it at a slow or at a quick tempo

A ladies' disposition won't fuck with the mental

I'm built for conflicts with chicks with issues

I can lick the wounds bring ease with miss yous

Bringin' all the pain and makin' things shiver

The beat make you bite your nails and shit your liver

And we gonna give a encore performance

Haters seem doormant while my presence is enormous

Tarnations, I went gold

Stressed out with Faith but told cats to get a hold

Who is the nigga who's mic is stronger

Rock for an hour and he might rock longer

Kid you're perplexed, seems I better get to gongin'

The clean up man, hang you up like on and

Don't step in the arena, that's a stern warning

I'm the pops, I raise the sun like morning

Seems you're still sleeping, hey, stop the yawning

Open up the blinds and witness the dawning

The new application and I'm the applier

And I'm a set it off like fire

Yeah yeah, that's where it's at

Make it hot and phat and like Puff (I like that)

Now I got to urge you on to move ahead

Don't dread, 'cause I keep the stock in the shed

And if you need a boost, then I got the jump

Because we prone to make the party go bump bump bump bump bump bump bump

Where you is, if you the baby daddy then uplift the kids

Get back and plan, don't be on front flossin'

Incognito, you heard the name quite often

You dressed in black and been issued a coffin

I thrive on this plain, you off to the lost one

Like cayon pepper, it gets hot to the better

>From each little dash it get the whole smash

It's tasty too, so satisfy your whole pallid

Fake ID's are revoked, they're invalid

Infractin' bodies out on the dance floor

Is what I wanna see, not less but much more

The lyrics just spewed, he got good reviews  
The kid made the news, how he left no clues  
On how he just murderlized the whole damn jam  
He just got results that's smiles and waved hands  
The mission could never be accomplished, however  
Until we bounce to a autumn where hot weather  
And still we'll be able to rock and rip crowds  
While other emcees say nuthin' and talk loud  
While other emcees say nuthin' and talk loud  
If you with the Tribe, chest out and be proud  
Shake your money maker  
Shake your money maker  
Shake your money maker  
Shake it, shake it