

The Chase, Pt. II

A Tribe Called Quest

"I'm bout to wreck ya body and say turn the party out" --> BizMarkie
(repeat 4X)

Phife:

Them can't touch me no, them can't touch me

Them can't hold me no, them can't hold me (2X)

(Q-Tip: Damn, Phife you got fat!)

Yeah, I know it looks pathetic

Ali Shaheed Muhammad got me doing calisthenics

Needless to say, boy I'm bad to the bone

Making love to my mic like Jarobi on the phone

But um, no time for jokes (what!), there's bills to be paid (what!)

Hoes to be laid (what!), punks to be sprayed (what!)

Chumps to attack, so my man watch your back

'cause '93 means skills are a must, so never lack (uh!)

Sit back and learn, come now watch the birdie

Your styles are incomplete, same as Vinny Testaverde

Battlin, whenever -- hot Damn!

Give me the microphone bwoy, one time, bam!

Q-Tip:

Keep it on the corner, 'cause here comes the heat

Lyricaly it stays, the jazz will pace the beat

As we proceed to elevate you, we in fo-fo

Run and tell your dad the Abstract's the bag

As we proceed to move your high parts, we know who has ass

Poets got the gimmicks, but they lack the sassafras

To make the average hardrock and cock the glock

And roam the city streets on the jury, they hot

I be ingredients, like sugar and candy

If your life is broke, girl I'll be the handy-dandy

That commends you, my fee is a shower

For you, I'll scrub your back and I'll soap the butt-crack

Make you shiny, spiffy in a jiff

Fuckin with the Ab, you got the greatest of gifts

Yo, my mic is sounding bug. Bob Power, you there?(Yeah)

Adjust the bass and treble make my shit sound clear(echo)

Chorus(8x):

(Q-Tip: After fourth time)

Make you shiny, spiffy in a jiff

Fuckin with the Ab, you got the greatest of gifts

A-yo, my mic is sounding bug. Bob Power, you there?

Adjust the bass and treble...OK, could you come in Tip?

Q-Tip:

Whoop, back yourself man. Come watch me drop it

For showing me I could do it, for showing me I can rock it

Me not deal wit no changaram, bangaram business

I got soul on a hymn, like Jehovah's got the witness

Musically, the three, poetically, be me

We in jammin on the airwaves, kids just rave

Obey the MCs, 'cause the MCs say

We flippin more niggaz like we Super Dave

But noticin my stature, y'all niggaz know we gotcha

Movin to the rapture, listen how we catch ya

Movin with the grace, here we go, let's begin

Makin people jump out their goddamn skin

Lyricaly, we bite like we Rin Tin Tin

Peace to Grand Pu and his many, many skins

Don't mark with the arrow, 'cause we know we get the wins

It's the Ab, Shaheed, and the Dawg for the blend
Chorus(until end):

Q-Tip:

I wanna say peace to my man Rob P, my man Jerod, and
Skeff Anslem on the help out and we out like shout
Nine-tre, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh...

I don't wanna say nine-tre
cause my man Extra P said don't say the years
So, it's for eternity, know what I'm sayin?
Rock rock on, everybody in Queens, rock rock on
Everybody in Brooklyn, rock rock on
Money Earnin Mt. Vernon, rock rock on
Everybody in Jersey, rock rock on
Everybody in Philly rock rock on
Everybody in Houston, rock rock on
Everybody LA, rock rock on
Everybody in The Sand, rock rock on
Everybody in Egypt, rock rock on
Everybody Nigeria, rock rock on
Everybody in London, rock rock on
Everybody in Sweden, rock rock on
Everybody in beware, rock rock on
To the niggaz on the famous, rock rock on
Everybody no name, rock rock on
To the kids at Nu-Clear, rock rock on
The Cave rock rock on. McDonald's, rock rock on