

A Tribe Called Quest F/ Consequence, Baby Phife

A Tribe Called Quest F/ Consequence

Miscellaneous

Baby Phife's Return

Phife:

The mad man Malik makes MCs run for Milk of Magnesia

Maybe that'll ease ya

Master of this microphone mackin, master as in great

I'll have your brain goin in circles as my style tends to ovulate

I'm makin moves, never movies, that's why y'all MCs lose me

Retrace, won't, so your stubborn like groupies

Kid, you know my flava, tear this whole jam apart

Fuck around and have your heart, like Jordan had Starks

While you playin hokey pokey, there's no time to be dokey

Cuz I come out to play every night like Charles Oakley

Dissin around with wack rhymin

You lose your grip from chalk climbin

Let me take this time to say R.I.P. to Phyllis Hyman

Who never got the props that she damn well deserved

But see me, you don't wanna see me, cuz all MCs are gettin served

The nerve, for you to even step to the Phifer

I'll bumrush your set and crush your whole cypher

Reserve, a spot for me in hip hop's hall of fame

Cuz rappin ain't no game, big up your head and maintain

Yeah, Queens forever in this piece crushin any beef

Ain't nuthin sweet, the bakery's across the fuckin street

Phife Dawg, swingin it back and forth just like Aaliyah

Makin moves on your heart like that trick Tamia

No doubt about it, I love hip hop to death

But yo Tip, bring in the chorus cuz I'm losin my breath

Consequence:

A, yo, you know the deal when the diggy Dawg is on the scene

We got the fiend bumpin straight from the borough Queens

You know the deal when the diggy Dawg is on the scene

We got the fiend bumpin straight from the borough Queens

You know the deal when the diggy Dawg is on the scene

You know the deal, ha, you know the deal

Phife:

Big up pop Duke, that's where I caught my athleticism

My mama, no doubt, that's where I got my lyricism

My nana, that's where I got my spiritualism

As for Tip and Shah, they made me stop from smokin izm

Now, when I'm with some cheese, I be lettin off gism

Writin rhymes since Daddy Kane and Biz Mark was on Prism

I gotta brave heart like the one named Shirley Chisholm

As for my late twin, boy, I wish I was with him

Got the Lightro in the back talkin bout (come on, get him)

And when it comes to rhymes, no doubt, I flip em

Sucka MC in my path, hey main, I say we ship him

Money please, your rhymes are wack, say word, this geek is trippin

Just because my name is Phife, my man, I'm never slippin

I got the type of flave to have your ass straight bitchin

For those who act cute, see I got them on mute

Have you walkin through your projects in your birthday suit

Cuz your style is off loot, so I played him like a flute

If youse a sucka MC, then it's you I rebuke

My style is, everyday all day, similar to water

Crushin MCs as if my name was Sargent Slaughter

Keep shit hotter...than a sauna

Or better yet, the hormones on your Christian daughter

Hey, I tried to warn her

My sounds the type to kill, like the grill on Lauryn Hill

So all ya sucka MCs, y'all best go chill

Bout to go to Union Square so I can see my care bear
Singin good stuff in my ear, runnin fingers through my hair
Represent the Zulu Nation with illy rap creations
Just keep shit hotter than Death Row-Bad Boy confrontations
Chillin with Fudge Love because he represents the Haitians
Ya naw'mean

Word up

I just wanna big up everybody for supportin A Tribe Called Quest
Through the years
This be the fourth LP, you know what I'm sayin?
Tip, Shaheed and Phife, Beats, Rhymes and Life
Featuring my man, you know what I'm sayin, Consequence
192 is the area where we represent, for the ladies and gents, ha ha
You know what I'm sayin? Big up Shaheed Muhammad, that's my man
Christine, you know what I'm sayin, word life (fading out)
The Abstract Poetic, rockin this track
Bouncin it all over the place, in your face
You know what I'm sayin? My man Lightro