

Q-Tip, Hey

The name is Q-Tip, enterin through the middle
from the left, dead all the jokes and the riddles
Comin from the maximum gain, the octane
that's on the radio it made me feel so low
It seems we gotta, brighten, the damp prison
I'm Nintendo 64 and you Mattel Intellivision
Bustin from no mo' trey-eights, now papi weight
This joint is like a Ruger, watch it roar like a cougar
And we gotta, move on the dancefloor
and work it out all night that's what you came here for
Just chem', I fills it to the rim, your shine is lookin dim
Daddy shine the light on him, ahem it's me
Leader of the Starfleet Force
Guaranteed to knock your joint off course, we took the loss?
Damn right, sure as Tina made Ike
We gonna put it in your noggin all night, and all day
The Trilateral Commision we dissin
Tellin citizens be straight, but like snakes they hiss
I'll be damned if I let his song fall to the side
Goin piggybackin shit, let's ride, c'mon

I put it down, now what you gonna do (8X)
Hey, now, what you gonna do, with yourself, hah? (4X)

When you hear this, recognize you hear love
MC nigga illin over b-boy dubs
Riding through the shit like Tron
Doesn't matter if you onboard, do you wanna get on?
Cause if you do, watch all the moves that we make
Gotta do the things right, ain't no time for mistake
It's the hip-hop cat that can't, fuck with Jake
Just because he wear a badge doesn't, mean he straight so
what you wanna swallow it down or let's take it
Disregard those who fake it, yo it doesn't matter
about the realm, hip-hop is to the helm
It's divine to hit the mind like slippery elms
So put it down man, put it on down
Put it down man, put it on down
Put it down woman, put it on down
Put it down man, put it on down
Put it down man, whatchu gonna do
Put it down woman, whatchu gonna do
A-put it down man, whatchu gonna do
Put it down woman, whatchu gonna do

('Hey' repeats in background for a bit)