

A Tribe Called Quest, 1nce Again

Intro:

You on point Phife?

1nce Again Tip

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1nce Again Tip

Word

Watch me bust they shit

OK

Chorus:

[Tammy Lucas]

Ohhhh, you did it to me 1nce Again my friend

I swear you do it to me everytime

Cause you stay crazy on my mind

Yo you got it goin on (say word), on and on and on

On and on and on

Verse One: Phife Dawg, Q-Tip

This is the year that I come in and just devastate

My style is great ask your peoples can I dominate?

My rhymes are harder than last night's erection

Don't play me close, I'll have this mic up in your rear section

My shit is lovely simply meaning that my joint is tight

Amping up the mic making sure production's tight

Sometimes I might catch a severe case of writer's block

But by the end of the day you'll be on my jock

My name's Malik my hobby's putting MC's to the test

And if you front I'll put my foot up in your friggin chest

Freestyle fanatic, and never will it ever stop

You crew is loose, you might just want to call the cops

Aiyyo I gotta put some action on paper

Make sure my verse jump up and spread out like the raper

The only tip I got for a waiter

Is watch the doorknob hit me where the dirty dog shoulda bit me

That was my train of thought, but for so long I fought

Now I'm at a level supreme to the devil

So turn up the bass and lay low on the treble

We be the real MC's and you dead, bring a shovel

Revitalize, the vital Tribe nigga, WHAT?

The ladies sweat the style like the squirrel sweat the nuts

You know a fellas good for the moola

Don't smoke no woolas, read the name call me Slick Tip the Ruler

Chorus

Verse Two: Q-Tip, Phife

Yo I've been treading on this globe man for twenty-five joints

Sometimes Shaitan got me by the pressure points

But I can break a fella down like sex

You eat Wheat Chex but still light in the ass and can't flex

If one nigga front I'ma make more pay

Cause toniiiiight, we gettin off like O.J.

And yo I got a Dawg that bites, fuck the barking

Yo I got a crew with the beats and the smarts and

I fought my shit up on Linden in the one-nine-two

Forever writing never biting ain't shit else to do

Hoping to battle, but most MC's ain't ready yet

But if they huddle, and word, then this is good as set

You have MC's dropping bombs that's incredible

Some of the brothers, their styles are just despicable

As for me see I just do how I love to do

Try to deny me of my props then I'll be seeing you

Most of you suckers wanna be down for the tag along

The friggin fame, someone tell em that this shit ain't games

You gots to do this from your heart meaning your inner soul

And if it's real only then will you be on a roll

I try to stay on top my game there ain't no time to lose
Four albums deep as a Quester but still we payin dues
So hear me out one time, you gots ta be yourself
Cuz if you ain't yourself you end up by your friggin self
I'm coming rugged with the Linden Boule type of slang
And yo we'll see who can hang yo
You on point Tip?
Yo 1nce Again Phife
You on point Tip?
Yo 1nce Again Phife
You on point Tip?
Yo 1nce again Phife
Aiyyo that kid is hard!
Chorus