

# A Tribe Called Quest, Check The Rhyme

Back in the days on the Boulevard of Linden  
We used to kick routines and presence was fittin'  
It was I, the abstract and me the five footer  
I kicks the mad style so step off the frankfurter  
Yo, Phife, you remember that routine  
That we used to make spiffy like Mister Clean?  
Um um, a tidbit, um, a smidgen  
I don't get the message so you gots to run the pigeon  
You on point Phife?  
All the time, tip  
You on point Phife?  
All the time, tip  
You on point Phife?  
All the time, tip  
Well, then grab the microphone and let your words rip  
Now here's a funky introduction of how nice I am  
Tell your mother, tell your father, send a telegram  
I'm like an energizer, 'cause, you see, I last long  
My crew is never ever wack because we stand strong  
Now if you say my style is wack that's where you're dead wrong  
I slayed that body in el Segundo then push it along  
You'd be a fool to reply that Phife is not the man  
'Cause you know and I know that you know who I am  
A special shot of peace goes out to all my pals, you see  
And a middle finger goes for all you punk MC's  
'Cause I love it when you wack MC's despise me  
They get vexed, I roll next, can't none contest me  
I'm just a fly MC who's five foot three and very brave  
On job remaining, no I'm chaining, 'cause I misbehave  
I come correct in full effect have all my hoes in check  
And before I get the butt, the Jim must be erect  
You see, my aura's positive, I don't promote no junk  
See, I'm far from a bully and I ain't a punk  
Extremity in rhythm, yeah, that's what you heard  
So just clean out your ears and just check the word  
Check the rhyme, y'all  
Check the rhyme, y'all  
Check the rhyme, y'all  
Check the rhyme, y'all  
Check the rhyme, y'all  
Check the rhyme, y'all  
Check it out  
Check it out  
Check the rhyme, y'all  
Check the rhyme, y'all  
Check the rhyme, y'all  
Play tapes, y'all  
Check the rhyme, y'all  
Check the rhyme, y'all  
Check it out  
Check it out  
Back in days on the Boulevard of Linden  
We used to kick routines and the presence was fittin'  
It was I the Phifer and me, the abstract  
The rhymes were so rumpin' that the brothers rode the 'zack  
Yo, tip you recall when we used to rock  
Those fly routines on your cousins block  
Um, let me see, damn, I can't remember  
I receive the message and you will play the sender  
You on point tip?  
All the time phife  
You on point tip?  
Yeah, all the time phife  
You on point tip?

Yo, all the time phife  
So play the resurrector and give the dead some life  
Okay, if knowledge is the key then just show me the lock  
Got the scrawny legs but I move just like Lou Brock  
With speed, I'm agile plus I'm worth your while  
One hundred percent intelligent black child  
My optic presentation sizzles the retina  
How far must I go to gain respect  
Well, it's kind of simple, just remain your own  
Or you'll be crazy sad and alone  
Industry rule number four thousand and eighty  
Record company people are shady  
So kids watch your back, 'cause I think they smoke crack  
I don't doubt it, look at how they act  
Off to better things like a hip-hop forum  
Pass me the rock and I'll storm with the crew and  
Proper, what you say hammer? Proper  
Rap is not pop, if you call it that then stop  
Nc, y'all check the rhyme, y'all  
Sc, y'all check it out, y'all.  
Virginia, check the rhyme, y'all  
Check it out, out  
In London, check the rhyme, y'all