

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