

# A Tribe Called Quest, Jazz

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Stern firm and young with a laid back tongue  
The aim is to succeed and achieve at twenty-one  
Just like Ringling Brothers, I'll daze and astound  
Captivate the mass 'cause the prose is profound  
Do it for the strong, we do it for the meek  
Boom it in your, boom it in your, boom it in your Jeep  
Or your Honda or your Beemer or your Legend or your Benz  
The rave of the town, to your foes and your friends  
So push it along, trails we blaze  
Don't deserve the gong, don't deserve the praise  
The tranquility will make ya unball your fist  
For we put hip hop on a brand new twist  
A brand new twist with the homi-ealistic  
So low key that ya probably missed it  
And yet it's so loud that it stands in the crowd  
When the guy takes the beat, they bowed  
So raise up squire, address your attire  
We have no time to wallow in the mire  
If you're on a foreign path, then let me do the lead  
Join in the essence of the cool out breed  
Then cool out to the music 'cuz it makes ya feel serene  
With the birds and the bees and all those groovy things  
Like getting stomach aches when ya gotta go to work  
Or staring into space when you're feeling berserk  
I don't really mind if it's over your head  
'Cuz the job of resurrectors is to wake up the dead  
So pay attention, it's not hard to decipher  
And after the horns, you can check out the Phifer

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Competition, dem Phifer come sideway  
But competition, dey mus' me come straightway  
Competition, dem Phifer come sideway  
But competition, dey mus' come straightway  
How's about that, it seems like it's my turn again  
All through the years, my mic has been my best friend  
I know some brothers wonder, can Phifer really kick it?  
Some even wanna dis me, but why sweat it?  
I'm all into my music 'cuz it's how I make papes  
Tryin' to make hits, like Kid Capri makes tapes  
Me sweat another? I do my own thing  
Strictly hardcore tracks, not a new jack swing  
I grew up as a Christian, so to Jah, I give thanks  
Collect my banks, listen to Shabba Ranks  
I sing and chat, I do all of that  
It's 1991 and I refuse to come wack  
I take off my hat to other crews that intend to rock  
But the Low End Theory's here, it's time to wreck shop  
I got Tip and Shah, so whom shall I fear  
Stop look and listen but please, don't stare

So jet to the store and buy the LP  
On Jive/RCA, cassettes and CD's  
Produced and arranged by the four man crew  
And oh, shit, Skiff Anselm, he gets props too  
Make sure you have a system with some phat house speakers  
So the new shit can rock, from Mars to Massapequa  
'Cuz where I come from, quality is job one  
And everybody up on Linden know we get the job done  
So peace to that crew and peace to this crew  
Bring on the tour, we'll see you at a theater nearest you  
Hey, yo but wait, back it up, hup, easy back it up  
Please, let the Abstract embellish on the cut  
Back and forth just like a Cameo song  
If you dig this joint then please come dance along  
To the music, 'cuz it's done just for the rhyme  
Now I gotta scat and get mine, underline  
The jazz, the what? The jazz can move that ass  
'Cuz the Tribe originates that feelin' of pizzazz  
It's the universal sound, best to brothers underground  
In the one six below, ya didn't have to go  
Some say that I'm a sinner 'cuz I once had an orgy  
And sometimes for breakfast, I eat grits and porgies  
If this is a stinker, then call me a stink, I ask  
&quot;What? What? Now check it out  
All my peoples in Queens, ya don't stop  
Now all my peoples in Brooklyn, ya don't stop  
And all my peoples uptown, ya don't stop  
That includes the Bronx a' Harlem, ya don't stop  
Now to that girl Ramelle, ya don't stop  
I say because Ladies First, ya don't stop  
And to the JB's, ya don't stop  
And De La Soul, ya don't stop  
To my Brand Nubians, ya don't stop  
And to my Leaders of the New, ya don't stop  
To my man Large Professor, ya don't stop  
Pete Rock for the beat, ya don't stop  
Everybody in the place, ya don't stop  
Ya keep it on, to the rhythm, ya don't stop  
And last but not least on the sure shot  
It's the Zulu nation