

# A Tribe Called Quest, Jazz (we've Got...)(re-recor

A Tribe Called Quest  
Love Movement  
Jazz (we've Got...)(re-recording)

Q-tip:

Woo...grand groove, grand groove (2x)

Rough, rough, rugged  
Tough like a nugget  
Listen to the abstract poetic, don't snub it  
The midnight marauder is the hype beat arranger  
Don't front on the lyrics or the two cuz it's danger  
Hook you like a junkie, you'll flip like a monkey  
To the openness of the rhythm, so proceed because i'm funky  
I get down, down like a fly hooker's panties  
Make you catch a spirit and motivate a fanny  
I be the fly poet, rappers, they get jelly  
Upset when i rock, cuz yo, they beats is smelly  
See, i got it goin on like a forbes tax return  
Listenin to these lyrics when it's hot will make it burn  
Baby burn, baby burn, up into the heavens  
The skies up above, the one you think of  
Is the highly regarded, hell of the people  
Your mic and my mic? come on, yo, no equal  
So if ya wanna do it to yourself  
That is to mess around with the jazz, then just blame yourself  
Cuz you made your bed, so now you lay in it  
That's your (shit) on the floor, then go and play in it  
I refuse to catch a 'I' in a battle  
Cuz yo, i got the jazz and i'll whup a rapper's (ass)  
Into little next to nuthin  
Test me if i'm frontin  
I'm passin flyin colors cuz yo...

Chorus (q-tip):

Who got the jazz? (we've got the jazz) (7x)

We've got the jazz

Come on

Come on, phife

Phife:

No need for introductions cuz you know who i be (the phife dawg)

Yep, the one who loves to slaughter mcs

I got style, grace and razamatazz

I'm like my girl patrice rushen, yo

I add pizazz, now

Most people remember phife from the phife like smoothness

But now it's time to hit you with roughneck rudeness

I'm still vexed, fuming, gots to come raw

The first punk that tries to flex, i'll be cracking your jaw

I'll mold you, fold you, roll you up like a spliff

Don't ever try to test or else that (ass) will get whipped

I'm forever poppin junk, its like a fat invite

To any mc who wants to flex, yo, we can do this tonight

Gel up my posse up on linden and 1-9-2

Pull up my brothas from sayers ave., the brooklyn zoo

All my crew up in strong island, so yo, don't sleep

Cuz it only takes a peek to watch that (ass) get beat

Brothas wanna play rough, but they can all get some

Wanna be hero, but you're a zero, that means you gets none

Don't ever try to step to a kid you can't get with

Why mess with a brotha that your girl once slept with?

I'm a negro, he's a negro, wanna be a negro too?

But beatin on a woman, is somethin that a puss would do

I love jazz, but that doesn't mean that i'm timid

Not really a gangsta rapper but i can swing it for a minute

Q-tip:

Who got the jazz? (we've got the jazz) (3x)

Come on

Who got the jazz? (we've got the jazz) (3x)

Come on

I go...woo...grand groove, grand groove

Ooh...grand groove, grand groove

Check it out

We got the jazz y'all (3x)

(ad lib)