

# A Tribe Called Quest, Money Maker

\*all vocals by The Lone Ranger (Q-Tip)\*

This is the Lone Ranger  
If you're one of the fortunate to purchase this  
A Tribe Called Quest, The Love Movement album  
You are privileged to witness the first in a series of attempts  
To rectify music from it's rectulness  
Again, this is the Lone Ranger with his first installment  
Money Maker  
Listen

Colder in the winter  
And hotter in the summer  
Get on up  
Get on up  
Live your life right when you be corrupt  
Volcano about to erupt  
Get it up, Get it up, Get it up

Got the motivating joints that keep your ass jumping  
Why when a nigga get on, you want something  
Yo I got the posinious traps for little rats that fiend  
In come the bedroom dream  
I kick it at a slow or at a quick tempo  
A ladies' disposition won't fuck with the mental  
I'm built for conflicts with chicks with issues  
I can lick the wounds bring ease with miss yous  
Bringin' all the pain and makin' things shiver  
The beat make you bite your nails and shit your liver  
And we gonna give a encore performance  
Haters seem doormant while my presence is enormous  
Tarnations, I went gold  
Streesed out with Faith but told cats to get a hold  
Who is the nigga who's mic is stronger  
Rock for an hour and he might rock longer  
Kid you're perplexed, seems I better get to gongin'  
The clean up man, hang you up like on and  
Don't step in the arena, that's a stern warning  
I'm the pops, I raise the sun like morning  
Seems you're still sleeping, hey, stop the yawning  
Open up the blinds and witness the dawning  
The new application and I'm the applier  
And I'm a set it off like fire  
Yeah yeah, that's where it's at  
Make it hot and phat and like Puff (I like that)  
Now I got to urge you on to move ahead  
Don't dread, 'cause I keep the stock in the shed  
And if you need a boost, then I got the jump  
Because we prone to make the party go  
bump bump bump bump bump bump where you is,  
if you the baby daddy then uplift the kids  
Get back and plan, don't be on front flossin'  
Incognito, you heard the name quite often  
You dressed in black and been issued a coffin  
I thrive on this plain, you off to the lost one  
Like cayon pepper, it gets hot to the better  
From each little dash it get the whole smash  
It's tasty too, so satisfy your whole pallid  
Fake ID's are revoked, they're invalid  
Infractin' bodies out on the dance floor  
Is what I wanna see, not less but much more  
The lyrics just spewed, he got good reviews  
The kid made the news, how he left no clues  
On how he just murderlized the whole damn jam

He just got results that's smiles and waved hands  
The mission could never be accomplished, however  
Until we bounce to a autumn where hot weather  
And still we'll be able to rock and rip crowds  
While other emcees say nuthin' and talk loud  
While other emcees say nuthin' and talk loud  
If you with the Tribe, chest out and be proud

Shake your money maker  
Shake your money maker  
Shake your money maker  
Shake it, shake it