

A Tribe Called Quest, Oh My God (Remix)

Chorus Q-Tip:
Oh My God (16X)

Q-Tip:
Listen up everybody the bottom line
I'm a black intellect, but unrefined
With precision like a bullet, target bound
Just livin like a hooker, the harlett sounds
Now when I say the harlett, you know I mean the hot
Heat in the equator, the brothers in the pot
Jalick, Jalick ya wind up ya hip
Draftin of the poets, I'm the #7 pick
Licks, licks, licks boy on your backside
Licks, licks, licks boy on your backside
Listen to the fader, Shaheed lets it glide
Tip the earthly body, heaven's on my side
Even in Santo Domingo, can I gotta Gringo
Yo, we got mics, when do we go?
Know a little nigga who can rhyme when you ask me
Short, dark, and plus his voice is raspy

Phife
1 for the treble, 2 for the bass
You know my style Tip, now watch me rip this
I like my beats harder than two day old shit
Steady eatin booty MCs like cheese grits
My man Al B. Sure, he's in effect mode
Used to have a crush on Dawn from En Vogue
It's not like honey dip would wanna get with me
But just in case I own more condoms than TLC
Now the formula is this...Me, Tip, and Ali
For those who can't count it goes 1-2-3
The answer...big up is how I be
Brothas find it's hard to do, but never me
Some brothas try to dis Malik you see'm catchin me
Don't worry about them booty MCs, my shit be hittin
Trainin gladiator, anti-hesitator
Shaheed push the fader from here to Granada
Mister energetic, who me, sound pathetic?
When's the last time you heard a funky diabetic?
I don't know man(3x)
I don't know(2x)

Chorus:

(Q-Tip)
Complimentary it be the thief of Poetry
I got a humdinger comin hook, line and sinker
The TIMBO hits with the prints underground
TIMBO's on the toes, i like the way it's goin down
Down like the lady of the evenin
When it goes in hun just beleive the sin
Cuz Queens is the county, Jamaica is the place
(Phife: Take off your boots cuz you can't run the race)
See, this is how we do when we keep it on and on
Do what...
Got my man Big Mo with the streets and the papes
My man Big Mo with the streets and caprice
This is how we do when we keep the wildin sheets
Cuz we got to do it like this, we aim to please
See ya next LP and next CD and next cassette
Yo, we about to jet
We A Tribe Called Quest and we the Midnight Marauders
Tribe Called Quest and we the Midnight Marauders

See ya next time cuz we the Midnight Marauders
A yo, we out cuz we the Midnight Marauders
Go to the record store and get the shit
We work hard
We A Tribe Called Quest and we the Midnight Marauders
Queens got it's own and Brooklyn got it's own
Like that