

# A Tribe Called Quest, One Two S\*\*t

One two, one two  
One, one, one two one two  
One, one, one two one two  
One, one, one two one two  
Yo it's the q-tip, you know I get down  
Yes I rock to the rhythm of the funky sound  
They go one, one two one two  
One, one two one two  
And it's the, Phife Dawg, and I do the same  
And when it comes to rippin' mics ayyo it ain't no games  
One, one two one two  
One, one two one two  
Ayyo you know it's Busta Rhymes, every time  
Oh yes, I'm comin' wicked with the new design  
I'm sayin', one, one two one two  
One, one two one two  
MC's ain't coming equipped with the rhymes  
Don't do the crime if you can't do the time  
The time is eternal when you play with the miser  
Soul is in my body, and the health make me wiser  
The tantalizing wordplay yeah that's the joint  
Sometimes I have to cuss just to prove my damn point  
Brothers need to come, with better, compositions  
I write and recite to make good position  
In this rap game here, we engineer  
Stabbin' up the jam yeah son shit's clear  
And I be kickin' rhymes in my own damn way  
Beatin' niggaz to the punch like sugar ray  
Got the cool-ass style that's cooler than the cool  
My lyrics is the bullet and the mic is the tool  
Peace to c-seventy-three and c-seventy-four  
Do a little somethin' when I'm out on tour  
Comin' through like narcotics for the antibiotics  
Flappin' shorty's stockings to the space-like sprockets  
What you really need to do is just boogie your ass  
It's not gassed, we got to make the good times last  
Let the good times roll, 'cuz we in control  
Take you out on your high less you paying' a toll  
Let the good times roll, let the good times roll  
Take you out on your high less you payin' a toll  
Question  
Why is it that, MC's be wack  
And major labels wanna sound like crap  
Ayyo funk dat!  
Word to life I'm comin' rugged  
'Cuz once you add the hip to the hop kid, it equals out to love  
If the beat's fat I use it, some wack shit, I lose it  
Refuse it, how could you chose it, it stinks reuse it  
Put down the mic kid, 'cuz you gets no dap  
How long did it take for you to see you can't rap  
The name is Phife Dawg, and I got 'nuff styles  
It doesn't take long for me to get buckwild  
So bust what I'm swingin' what I'm swingin' when I swing  
I rap when I rap 'cuz I never wanna sing  
Go ask the last MC what happened when he said battle  
I bust his ass in Cleveland now he's sleepless in Seattle  
Rude boy official comin' with the ill grammar  
Comin' back on kids, like Joey Montana  
We be the three MC's to make your mind go batty  
Mad play, on WKRP in Cincinnati  
So Lord send a hon, if ya can't send a han sen a man  
An if ya kan sen a man, come ya self  
'Cuz all deez bitin' MC's, lawd dem somethin' else  
See I kick the styles that'll make ya ass melt

Money on my mind so never mind a trick  
New York is the town and the team is the knicks  
World's greatest five footer rippin' parties apart  
Here comes Shaheed with the big green shark  
Never had to rhyme about feelin' what with lead  
Never mind dat mon here come de dread  
We comin' far far far, Busta Rhymes is comin' far far far  
Ya know ya hear me star! Bet your bottom dollah  
Right after this jam about one million one two niggaz go follow  
Whether it be today or tomorrow  
Niggaz be collaboration sickening  
You beat them like they father  
Oh shit check out what I saying, ah ah oh ah ah ha  
You know my niggaz don't be playing  
Once upon a ma-hacking time  
I received the opportunities to represent my first rhymes  
To define, lyrical sensations  
Black masons blowin' up the spot  
Just to represent the nations  
Three dimensions, tryclops, Mr. Busta Rhymes three eyes  
Fat like a burger and fries  
Mama-so-mama-saa-mamma-ma-ko-sah  
Go back to the country to go check my grand mama  
Eeeyah! Bing it to the table at the meetings  
Gathering large receivings delivering intellectual ass beatings  
As I carry on with my proceedings  
Greetings! Watch a nigga debut on premier movie screenings  
But before I be face to face with my eternal resting place  
I hope you find civilized every soul and every race  
Sit dog sit! Busta Rhymes forever on that ultrasonic shit!