

A Tribe Called Quest, Public Enemy (Saturday Night Live)

Q-Tip:

In the morning, woke up from sexual pleasures
Looked at her sexual partner
Who acquainted her acquaintance
Five hours ago at a disco
She went lower than low, into limbo
A thought crossed the mind, her, a bimbo
She answered no, so she had to go...
On with the program
Creedence, it seems that I've forgotten your name
But it seems that she's done the same
And now something has happened
Suddenly, she's been distracted
By something that has been attracted
She poked and poked and smacked at it
Then she broke down and she scratched it
Now, I think you understand
Clinic, saw the doctor flex his biceps
Then he picked up a pair of forceps
Her pretty face showed fright
Right then and there, she fainted
A really grim picture is painted
The brotha who she acquainted
Was the enemy, scary ain't it?
The Public Enemy

Q-Tip:

Old King Cole was a merry old soul
Had a lady queen, married since 18
He protested, that he was infested
Get lots of love and he couldn't digest it
All propaganda, one big fat lie
Cuz I see the king with my very own eye
Schemed and schemed like a crack fiend king
And poppin up on the teammates scene
And poppin and pimpin hunnies with moneys
Whole situation to Tip, was kinda funny
He hold the crown but not the jimmy hat
Now he wears a frown and the jimmy hates that
So the fair maiden in the royal bedroom
Caught the king scratchin, so she had to assume
That he got vicked by the enemy's trick
The thought of cheatin made the maiden so sick
That she screamed and screamed, went on and kept screamin
Threw a pot and his dome was beamin
You could hear him yellin in the motherland
"Baby, baby please. Baby, understand."
She ignored and walked through the gate
The king is in the kingdom to await his fate...
of the enemy: the Public Enemy

Q-Tip:

Everybody get sweaten, a deep is still a threaten
About the ??, that hate the ???, but still will be forgotten
About the ??? like the rocky picture horror
Don't move tracks, cause the pubic had the hour
You can get it from sleepin' in nasty dirty sheets and
Wearin' nasty cothes for all about the weekend
I suggest You do yourself a big favour
The ??? keep questin, I'ma damn ??? savior
Please remember this: a kiss is just a kiss
a hug is just a hug, but a bugging gets the bug
If You get the bug, oh boy, You'll be buggin'
??? home ??? started lovin'

Damn, after loving, just take it out
Don't get so far to Q, man

Inspect Yourself, protect Yourself
Respect Yourself, then correct Yourself
Make sure, You don't get hand by the man