

A Tribe Called Quest, Scenario (Remix)

(Busta Rhymes)

Here in 1992, we present..
the fabulous what's the Scenario remix
Whereas there are seven MC's
Six which are in physical form, one which is in spiritual essence
And he goes by the name of, uh... HOOD!

(Hood)

Check the vibe, walk that ass or get got
Eff it (shiiit!!) I lick buckshots
Hood, madman, I rip up stages
Lay down all your wages, I'm wild like Larry Davis
Extra, extra, pick up a clip
I'll tear ass out the frame (HA!) and grab my dick (OHH!)
I'm a Rock'Em Sock'Em robot kid, I drop bombs
I'm rugged and deadly, so I shit on the petty
I baseball bat a bastard, I'm bad news
I'm crazy and clever, cut those of crews
Death on the phono, my skills are polo
You say "oh no" you bitch ass homo
I bag up waste, electrifyin, I'm prime-time
I slaughter a slime, I'm the greatest of all time
Sick-ass brother, nasty-ass nigga
Pump slugs in your face, and dump that ass in the river
Two tears in a bucket, fuck it, kick the can
(SAY WHAT, SAY WHAT?!?! I'm a baaad, baaad man!!

(Phife Dawg)

Quick is how I flip from the tip of the lip
Punchin out hits like Gladys Knight and the Pips
The five-foot assassin has just raided your area
Your booty rhymes are wack and that's the reason I ain't hearin ya
(SO!) Roll out the red carpet cause I'm kickin this
Vanilla Ice platinum? That shit's ridiculous
Excuse my French, but profanity is all I knew
And to you other sellouts, oh yeah, eff you too
And let it be known, I'm not the one to step to
You're better off callin D-Nice "To Your Rescue"
Freestyle fanatic, probably the best around
As for corny MC's, like Chuck D, I "Shut 'Em Down"
The Artical Don of hip-hop and I won't stop
The five-foot assassin has come to wreck 'nuff shop
So do like Michael Jackson and "Remember the Time" (DO YOU REMEMBER?)
Put on your dancin shoes or somethin cause ya sho' can't rhyme

(Cut Monitor Milo)

(BIG UP, BIG UP!) Into new identity
Next was said somethin that complies onto me
What does it take to check a technique?
(MANY STYLES, MANY STYLES!)
Hostile heat, brings forth the energy
Milo in the dance is the new identity
One-two mic check, select for the ruffneck
Set 10 to 1, bet, I come CORRECT!
In my cyphers on blocks, I bring box to connect with knots
So I can grow dreadlocks
Maintain to rock (DON'T STOP THE ROCK)
Maintain to rock (DON'T STOP THE ROCK)
Kick it right, then not, E. Watt said not
I put my mug up, but fair is fair
So C. Brown are we in the clear? (Yeahhh!)
C. Brown are we in the clear? (Yeahhh!)

(Charlie Brown)

Makin moves y'all (MOVES Y'ALL!) On and on and on
(CHECK IT, CHECK IT OUT!!) To the break of, break of dawn
(WHO'S THAT?!) Guess, one of the L.O.N.S.
And a Tribe Called Quest (EAST COAST) to West
Remixed mad kick, more than Metallica
'Til all MC's fall like the Battlestar Gallactica
Stampin, stompin, rompin Compton
(PEOPLE ALL OVER THE WORLD) I'm promptin (STYLE!)
Pick a style, any style, Strong Isle
Representation, sensationalization
"Scenario" for the radio, 'BLS and KISS, so
(HERE WE GO, YO!) Yeah
Force, Main Source LP on the rise
"In Living Color was" seen through original eyes
And I'm out like shout, Ooh Ahh, Ooh Ahh
(OOH AHH, OOH AHH!) There it is baby pah

(Dinco)

Lying limp on a limb, slim trim, D I am
There I am (THERE I AM!) don't run from a friend
Sight we be right, be polite for the mice
like a like (SEE SICK, SEE SYKE)
And slip away, and off to the Poconos
Spot picked the clothes, Hype swing the pretty pose
Yamaha (HEY HA MAY!)
Let's split the funk, now it all spells (HEY!)
Enough enough, Ms. Fitted I'm with it
If I did it, I was blitted, and probably shouldn't have quit it
Cause yo, my vocal status at Knight is like a Gladys
Bed rest, spread test, and yo I'm like the maddest
Male, not female, hail from Unidel
Bounce the b-ball cause beats are being yelled
In the hallways always ringing with a HO!
This one two times nine on the Scenario

(Q-Tip)

Check it out, everybody, grabs the mics
Black mens gettin hip, DOIN WHAT THEY LIKE!
Eight black brothers in the public eye
If you listen very close, I will tell you why
(HOOD!) Phife, Milo, Dinco and C. Brown
Shaheed, myself, and Busta Bust Down
Will commence to rock (ROCK!) so bring on the flocks (FLOCKS!)
In-terrogation for the knockin of the box
The boom-box ruler, controls the medula
None come cooler, I win like Shula
So bust out the moves as you start to pursue her
Intensified mind, nine-blunt consumer
Tip will come booty (WELL IT'S ONLY A RUMOR!)
The meaning so deep that it starts brain tumors (TUMORS!)
Peace to Hood baby from the midnight crooner
Smoke 'em up later, if not then sooner

(Busta Rhymes)

Hey what we gon DOOO in ninety-TWO
Even though we had FUUUN in ninety-ONE
Wonderful my days, all things comin down
Run up on the new sound, leavin cracks in the ground
What's goin on my man? (GOD DAMN!)
and now my brain is hurtin
Listen up, Bust-up, straight gon' hit 'em then I get 'em
Rip on 'em, shit on 'em, hit on 'em, then I will sit on 'em
Open up your mouth if you want the food
To get rude, Flipmode, cause I'm in the mood
Ah-heh, ah-heh! Yeah man, that's how it goes

Body drippin with blood comin out your nose
Give me a Band-Aid, what are you askin for?
(MORE!) Only your sacred and pure
Adverse, Zig-Zag, check it came to bust a new rep
Rap, Busta Rhymes, or bust this wicked rhyme
Yeah y'all in '92,
I'm packin my roach spray, ANYWAY!
Ding-A-Ling - Tribe Called Quest, Leaders of the New School
Mad brother when stealthy - RRRAAAOW RRAOW RRAOW!
To my dragon, baby, stop whining;
I see my influence still shining
More crazy in '92, uh oh, time to go, yo
That's the Scenario!