

A Tribe Called Quest, Wild Hot

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Miscellaneous

Wild Hot

Q-tip:i got the busta bust

Yo, we make the shit wild hot

Busta:we got kamaal

Complete, we make the shit wild hot

Q-tip:i got the busta bust

Yo, we make the shit wild hot

Both:all y'all rude boys lick a shot (gun shot)

Q-tip:i be the all-i-seein'

The mcin'

Human bein'

Soon to be in your museum

When i'm in your colisseum

I'm mcin'

Punishin' wack niggas for disagreein'

Did you see him?

No, 'cause he move like the wind, in flight

Counter-attack like a jedi knight

If you're goin' to think about combatin'

General latin

Of this mc shit you did, killa

You just a private in the lower class

I be the upper at your lawn

Don juan, when the mic's on

Chief abstract, ace quasimoto

Fuckin' with me, you'll be finished like photo

I'm sure to bust your shit like bolo

Black nation needs a team, fuck solo

I can see ya in your eyes the webness

When your ass starts to cry it's redness

You can witness the style that i kick from the linguistics

But please come, so save it

Dealin' with the try, but you never can

My nigga busta rhymes about to get his man

Ay yo, we do it like this and then we do it like that

It's the abstract with the new format

We do it like this and then we do it like that

It's the busta bust with the new format

Busta:figaro, figaro, figaro

Bust yo shit, scar yo windpipes and make me break yo elbow

Put my foot in your ass slow

Feel the force like a race horse or like a heard of buffalo

Teel me why you be actin' soft

Freak the spanish flow

Like julio ?lepingpacndahoe?

Freeze like chilly willy the eskimo

Vigilante like steven segal

Now bust the desperado

You fuckin' with the all time pros

While the zoom lens ammorate niggas from transistor radios

Mission impossible without expose

Once i diagnose those who be creepin' blow 'em off they tippy toes

Sorry, fake nigga that's how it goes

Sport the suede-front bullet proof vests in case

You complicate my dough

Handle situations pronto

While appearances got you all hearin' this when i be doin' cameos

Shit be wild hot like tabasco

Fuck the fool-ass nigga trespass and caught him in my last zone

Stick a nigga bad like the last hole

Runnin' up on muthafuckas late night jumpin' out the astro
No, no,no,no,no
If you violate i start to dictate just like fidel castro
Make you dreadlock yo' afro
And when i'm done i ride of with theme music by my man d'angelo
We make the shit wild hot

Chorus (x3)