

# Q-Tip, Makin' It Blend

[Q-Tip]

Uh...

Abstract, queens cat, what we lookin at?  
Sixth sense, too immense, smellin is the fact  
Out here, you got your shiesty cats yappin back bosom track  
Until we take it back, you pro'ly won't be feelin rap

[Wordsworth]

WORDSWORTH, brooklyn night, what it lookin like?  
5 senses, 9 inches, 5 foot in height  
Out here, you got you're ?crooks and hikes,  
shook and sheist?, look alike  
Payed off the books from dice, good lookin and hookin tight

HOOK 1 [both]:

\*"the beat" scratching in\*  
Us, you, they and them  
YO.. her and him  
We make it blend I say we makin it blend  
YO... \*Q-Tip\* uh uh uh uh uh uh  
Us, you, they and them  
YO.. her and him  
We make it blend I say we makin it blend  
YO... \*Q-Tip\* uh uh uh uh uh uh

[Q-Tip]

Back when I came out, first joint I hit it out  
New styles to talk 'bout, new ground to walk about  
Still breakin shit wit the hammer of thought god  
Bigger than ass god, hittin your ass hard  
Act it out cause there no time to word shit  
You never win wit wordsworth the word smith

[Wordsworth]

The verse gets tighter every second the earth twists  
Heard its Q-tip and Words you had to purchase  
Refer this, now wait a minute, what's that I heard skip?  
Nerves twitch, play this so much it's prob'ly your third disc  
On purpose, at your service, basement to service  
Learn this, how can you rehearse something that's perfect?

[Q-Tip]

Isn't it funny when you use your favorite pen  
And get your rhyme pad write shit that's truly bad?  
Embarrass yourself, make a buck and mockery  
In the hipocracy, you never toppin me  
I'm the monopoly and jail is your ?catoponese? of unfair policies  
Invade your rotten "B", you hit the lottery  
Women, you spottin me, I'm extortin you upon your ?matrobotomy?

[Wordsworth]

Aiyyo it gotta be the way I respond that makes you on to me  
Song hittin award winnin, y'all just the nominees  
Play it safe, I'll arrange your wake  
My papermate will have my lable-maced album released a later date  
Police patrol the city 'til I'm as old as 50  
Hat back, clothes won't fit me, causin fire, old won't frisk me  
My hands are ammunition bailin cons or banned in prison  
I'm who you wanna be blowin out your candles wishin

HOOK 2 [both]:

\*"the beat" scratched in"  
Makin it, makin it blend  
YO... makin it blend

3x  
Makin it, makin it blend  
Make, makin it blend

[Wordsworth]

Yo, I like a woman wit a bangin body, the face and frame of Halle  
Attitude - angry, snotty, speaks slang and cocky  
Time to hangin gotta bring a posse  
Through rainy days she got me, like Whitney stay wit Bobby

[Q-Tip]

Yo, your cake is in the kitchen, you wish for preminision  
It's turned around by my firm thoughts of demolition  
It's time to numb your run and dim your vision  
It's time to give up the hopes and dreams that made your aquesition

[Wordsworth]

Ain't gotta drop top dag clothes and roll the 60s  
But after shows, ladies drop tops and show their titties  
Of course the globe can't oppose, it's risky  
Or even go against me, I'm WORDS,  
so everytime that you flow you spit me

[Q-Tip]

We in the asphalt, you cause your last fall  
Insult to injury is where we curse the salt  
Douse the open wound to the tomb  
Its time to sit back and watch professionals in full bloom

HOOK 1  
more scratchin til fade out...