

If the Papes Come

A Tribe Called Quest

Uh

The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away

But not Hip-Hop yo, hahah

And let it be known, that we are on some umm

Ehh ahh, uhh, a-chicka-uhh

Ehh ahh, uhh, a-chicka-uhh

And this ain't on the pop tip yo

Are y'all kids tucked in?

Yeah

Here we goPeople in the audience, they cry out hoe

People with a gun, yo they'll cry out bo

I don't like a cop, I don't sell a rock

But still the kanga's clock me, after a show

Standin' on the stage and we're pourin' with sweat

To people in the crowd I give what they get

Papers make paid, babies make laid

I don't really worry, nor do I fretWaitin' for the gimme and boy I got some

Sweat like a peach and tart like a plum

I thought what I think, I rock a bead-link

Legally I'll sip when I turn, twenty-one

A letter to the homeboy that freaked the head dome

The R man wants me to drop my microphone

Gotta be brief, no orders from a chief

Hot butter on what, say what, the popcornOn the tour bus we hit the truck stop

A dollar for some chips, a quarter for some pop

We laugh and giggle some

Phife kiss the honey buns

Ali Shaheed Muhammad keeps talkin' that shop

The brothers cruise on as we Quest, for the check

Callin' up Famous to see, if it's there yetNot a bourgeoisie, hate the seminar

Ignorant flip, hey Miss you must jet

Flex for the funkiest but start to bounce

Measure Hip-Hop for weight, by the ounce

Bush on the tush, you're pullin' while I push

Play me for the punk then puss, feel the pounceIt's like that y'all

Keep on

Freak freak y'all

Keep on

It's like that y'all

Keep on
 Freak freak y'all
 Keep onIt's like that y'all
 Keep on
 Freak freak y'all
 Keep on
 It's like that y'all
 Keep on
 Freak freak y'all
 Keep onIf the papes come yo yo I won't riff
 I just sit down and get, me a spliff
 With mines I was born, a child of the corn
 Molecules of the land they uplift
 Levels is straight, in fact they're rectified
 Adrenaline now is crazy multiplied
 Four and four is eight, the fraction makes the plate
 I make sure the Tribe is inWith the quickness you bare the witness
 Flexin' and pumpin' with the fitness
 Movin' it, uhh, doin' it uhh
 Those who oppose must hit the S-listDoin' it and doin' it with the whole frame
 Look what's in the mind and not, in the brain
 On this you can quote, we on a diffy note
 Quest for the future, 'stead of the fame
 One ninety-one brothers grabbin' they thingies
 Forgot the name oh, equivalent to JimmySlip a little bit, you think I have to quit
 Ali Shaheed Muhammad, with the singy-singy
 Slammin' with a slammy you front, on the case
 Right or left nut Ali, plays the ace
 Do what you do, flam for a crew
 Bonita Applebum blows smoke in Sha's faceSlang for the king you must, if ya have
 Dribble hops out giggle yo proper term is laugh
 Brothers who are snakes, I label them as fakes
 Instincts to travel up the hood path, c'monIt's like that y'all
 Keep on
 Freak, freak y'all
 Keep on
 It's like that y'all
 Keep on
 It's like that y'all
 Keep onIt's like that y'all
 Keep on
 Freak, freak y'all
 Keep on
 It's like that y'all
 Keep on

Freak, freak y'all
Keep on{ Thank you
As you all know, you just can't believe
Everything you see and hear, can you?
Now if you will excuse me
I must be on my way}

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