

# Dis Generation

## A Tribe Called Quest

Handle rocks with the capital G, ball on the beat  
Status, Chris Paul and John Wall in the league  
Grabbin' mics till the knuckles would bleed  
( 'Cause I believe  
The potent that I'm quoting will have you geeked like speed)  
If rationale is naturale or a weave  
It's all edges and peas  
Settin' press, we on a permanent steeze  
I'm in a world where my princess is Leia  
And she's feeling my Vader  
And my lure grows greater and greater  
Chem trails, droppin' poisonous vapors  
Have you shaking like gator  
Been trill, nigga, process the data  
Blu-ray, wave file, or a Beta, I'll DVR it for later  
Kappo Masa with a G to my waiter  
You can't define us, XY us, or Z us  
You generational elitists  
Have your chi in virtual think pieces  
(See, these written words are poetical science  
Brain's defiant, thoughts heavy, baby  
They're a major appliance)  
Leave a dent when drop with the flyness, fluent giant  
Dude's nice, he tight, screwed in with some pliers  
Cool with some buyers  
Yeah, nigga, cool with some growers  
(Never no tattletales, only I don't knowers)  
We a show me generation, show us what you gon' show us  
So listen, mami, see we could collude with a boing  
Mouthpiece like Goins, with a jubilant noise  
Dudes rude and as useless as coins, shoot 'em boys  
Versed in, rehearsed in the soothing of loins  
Talk to Joey, Earl, Kendrick, and Cole, gatekeepers of flow  
They are extensions of instinctual soul  
It's the highest in commodity grade  
And you could get it todayDis generation, dis generation, dis generation  
Dis generation, dis generation, dis generation  
Rules di nationOne hitting reading pages of Poe  
Telly is low, cuddle bunny ready to go

Day of the dead  
Bury all the zombies instead  
And it's just your aftermath, Busta cuttin' your dreads  
Bruce Leein' niggas, while you niggas UFC  
Smoke tree on niggas, sizzle out your USB  
(Surge pricing on these Ubers, I'mma get me a cab)  
Yo, where Jarobi at?  
Imbibing on impeccable grass  
I be in NYC waiting for that law to pass  
(Pass shit, been waiting for a Jet's title since last  
Richard Todd, Todd Bowles, gang green on that ass)  
Magic Mike on the mic, David Blain, Douglass Henning  
In the church of Busta Rhymes, it's my sermon you're getting  
Horizontal spittin', I'm the exorcist of your writtens  
Don't interrupt me, nigga, sorry, that's a sin unforgiven  
Like how we be skipping on beats like cooking crack in the kitchen  
B-b-b-b-b-but wait  
Just spit the package, dry it, bag up the wet  
This mad city's not a game, easy, quiet on set, Phife  
(Student of the past trailblazing a daze  
Not acknowledging a trend or swept up in a phase  
We still the highest of commodity grade  
And you could get it, get it, get it, get it today)Dis generation, dis generation, dis generation  
Dis generation, dis generation, dis generation  
Rules di nation

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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