# Wait Up

## Q-Tip

We on a brand new page. ("Uh.") Millennium days
Desperation on the streets gotta find a new way
Keep the mics and choke holds. The saga unfolds
Machavellian approaches executed by the coach
I'm in these streets like a ghost
The air-jettin' artist
To the love, I hit 'em right plus I hit the hardest, man
I got a whole new approach for the rhymin'
You cherry cats slide, I'm holdin out for the Heisman
Uh! You play the rappin' roll
I take the rap and sold
And intertwine it wit' mine and turn a half to whole
I'm just a genie in a Jack bottle
Them fake ballin'-ass cats is just a wack model
This joint knocks wit' the force of a gat throttle
I live by 'You put it out, we get it back' motto
Hey. But who around but just your average reproduction, love
Rap is gettin' lose so all the ice is screamin' 'Thug'
What the hell is wrong? I'm askin' in this song
One time I smoked hash out of the hippies' bong
One of us is goin' laid 'cause I ain't gettin' played
I leave you right inside that shitty-ass bed you made
And walk along chuggin' Baller's Brains, rockin' rings
And things and just waitin' for white rains
I got the drive, dog. I hope the dogs' ready
My mentality on dime chicks is stay sweatyWait up. Your wait up. Wait up
Get your ("It's the Ummah for all time.") wait up
Wait up. Your wait up. Wait up
Get your ("The Ummah forevea!") wait up
Wait up. Your wait up. Wait up
Get your ("GET YOUR WAAAIIIIIIIIIT ") wait up
Wait up. Your wait up. Wait up
Get your (" UP! UP! UP! UP! Yo!") wait upYou wanna shoot dice or wanna shoot rounds?
Wanna sell rhymes or wanna sell pounds?
The decision is yours. I'd rather see tours
Get chicks wit' ghetto shit fallin' out they drawers
My team stay posted. They stay roasted
Niggas who all in it had a hard knock livin'
Administra, rhyme minista, illa treasura

You didn't know that your man was a legend, huh?
Embonishment for the both of you
I hit the road and I take my whole fuckin' crew
Cause I'm a Queens cat. ("True.") To the G's cat. ("True.")
Gettin' money for more than one needs cat. ("Aiiight, c'mon.")
Condition never peers and ("Take it home, kid.") mind stands out
From Seattle to South Beach my joint grand clout
It's the street commentator, providin' you wit' data
On how to live unique and it's really not neat. We gottaWait up. Your wait up. Wait up
Get your ("Yeah. Yeah, yeah, yeah.") wait up
Wait up. Your wait up. Wait up
Get your ("Brand new shit, huh.") wait up
Wait up. Your wait up. Wait up
Get your ("GET YOUR WAAAIIIIIIIIIT ") wait up
Wait up. Your wait up. Wait up
Get your (" UP! UP! UP! YEAH! HA-HAA ") wait upAnd all the fellas go, 'Yeah, yeah, yeah.'
And all my ladies go, 'Uh, uh, uh.'
And all the fellas go, 'Yeah, yeah, yeah.'
And all the ladies go, 'Uh, uh, uh.'
Fellas go, 'Where you at?'
Ladies go, 'Yo, come back!'
Fellas go ladies go
Fellas go ladies yoA mellow disposition even when it's pain
Your mental ammunition is faulty wit' a drain
I puts it down, Lord, Fuck a mic cord
Brother's out of his game so we can see tours
The innovator - your man still a hater
The Abstract imprint, it stays like a Smint
I got the masses cold, wigglin' and shakin' they ass
Ma, you betta get involved and do it real fast

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