

# Scenario (1991)

## A Tribe Called Quest

Here we go yo, here we go yo  
So what so what so what's the scenario  
Here we go yo, here we go yo  
So what so what so what's the scenario A-yo Bo knows this (what?) and Bo knows that (what?)  
But Bo don't know jack, cause Bo can't rap  
Well what do you know, the Di-Dawg, is first up to bat  
No batteries included, and no strings attached  
No holds barred, no time for move faking  
Gots to get the loot so I can bring home the bacon  
Brothers front, they say the Tribe can't flow  
But we've been known to do the impossible like Broadway Joe so  
Sleep if you want NyQuil will help you get your Z's, troop  
But here's the real scoop  
I'm all that and then some, short dark and handsome  
Bust a nut inside your eye, to show you where I come from  
I'm vexed, fuming, I've had it up to here  
My days of paying dues are over, acknowledge me as in there (yeah!)  
Head for the border, go get a taco  
Watch me wreck it from the jump street, meaning from the get-go  
Sit back relax and let yourself go  
Don't sweat what you heard, but act like you know Yes yes y'all (yes y'all!)  
Who got the vibe it's the Tribe y'all (Tribe y'all!)  
Real live y'all (live y'all!)  
Inside outside come around  
(Who's that?) Brown!  
Some may, I say, call me Charlie  
The word is the herb and I'm deep like Bob Marley  
Lay back on the payback, evolve rotate the gates  
(Contact!) Can I get a hit? (Hit!)  
Boom bip with a brother named Tip and we're ready to flip  
East coast stomping, ripping and romping  
New York, North Cak-a-laka, and Compton  
Checka-checka-check it out  
The loops for the troops, more bounce to the ounce  
And wow how now wow how now Brown cow  
We're ill till the skill gets down  
For the flex, next, it's the textbook old to the new  
But the rest are doo-doo  
From radio, to the video, to Arsenio

Tell me! Yo, what's the scenario(True blue!) Scooby Doo, whoopie doo  
     Scenarios, radios, rates more than four  
 Scores for the smores that smother dance floors  
     Now I go for mine, shades of sea shore  
 Ship-shape plush Grape Apes to play tapes  
     [Papes make drapes] great for the wakes  
 Of an L-AH, an E-ADER, simply just a leader  
     Bass innerspace means peace see ya later  
         Later (later!), later alligator  
 Pop blows the weasel and the herb's the inflater  
 So yo the D what the O, incorporate I-N-C into a flow  
 Funk flipped flat back first this foul fight fight fight  
 Laugh yo, how'd that sound? (oh!)It's a Leader Quest mission and we got the goods here (here!)  
     Never on the left cause my right's my good ear (ear!)  
         I could give a damn about a ill subliminal  
     Stay away from crime so I ain't no criminal  
         I love my young nation, groovy sensation  
         No time for hibernation, only elation  
         Don't ever try to test, the water little kid  
 Yo Mr. Busta Rhymes, tell him what I didI heard you rushed and rushed, and attacked  
     Then they rebuked then you had to smack  
     Causing rambuncion throughout the sphere  
 Raise the levels of the boom inside the earYou know I did it  
     So don't violate or you'll get violated  
         The Hip Hop sound is well agitated  
     Won't ever waste no time on the played out ego  
 So here's Busta Rhymes with the scenarioWatch, as I combine all the juice from the mind  
     Heel up, wheel up, bring it back, come rewind  
     Powerful impact - boom! - from the cannon  
     Not bragging, try to read my mind just imagine  
         Vo-cab-u-lary's necessary  
         When digging into my library  
         Oh my gosh! Oh my gosh!  
     Eating Ital Stew like the one Peter Tosh  
     Uh! Uh! Uh! All over the track man  
     Uh! Pardon me, uh! As I come back  
     As I did it yo I heard you beg your pardon  
     When I travel through the town I roll with the squadron  
 RRRRRROAW RRRRRRROAW like a dungeon dragon  
 Change your little drawers cause your pants are sagging  
     Try to step to this, I will twist you in a turban  
     And have you smelling ripe like some old stale urine  
         Chickity-choco, the chocolate chicken  
     The rear cock diesel, buttcheeks they were kicking  
 Yo, bust it out before the Busta bust another rhyme

The rhythm is in sync (Uh!) the rhymes are on time (time!)  
Ripping up this dance just like a radio  
Observe the vibe and check out the scenario Here we go yo, here we go yo  
So what so what so what's the scenario  
Here we go yo, here we go yo  
So what so what so what's the scenario

Songwriters

ALI SHAHEED MUHAMMAD, ANDREW NOLAN, BRYAN HIGGINS, GREGORY WEBSTER, JAMES JACKSON, KAMALL FAREED, LEROY BONNER, MALIK TAYLOR, MARSHALL JONES, MARVIN PIERCE, NORMAN NAPIER, RALPH MIDDLEBROOKS, TREVOR SMITH, WALTER

MORRISON Published by

Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>