

One, Two, Shit (feat. Busta Rhymes)

A Tribe Called Quest

One, two, one, two
One, wa, wa, one, one, two, one, two
One, wa, wa, one, one, two, one, two
One, wa, wa, one, one, two, one, twoYo, it's the Q-Tip, you know I get down
Yes, I rock to the rhythm of a funky sound
It go one, wa, wa, one, one, two, one, two
One, wa, wa, one, one, two, one, twoAnd it's the Phife Dawg and I do the same
And when it comes to rippin' mics, aiyyo, it ain't no games
One, wa, wa, one, one, two, one, two
One, wa, wa, one, one, two, one, twoAiyyo, you know it's Busta Rhymes, every time
Oh yes, I'm comin' wicked with the new design
I'm sayin' one, wa, wa, one, one, two, one, two
One, wa, wa, one, one, two, one, twoMC's ain't coming equipped with the rhymes
Don't do the crime if you can't do the time
The time is eternal when you play with the miser
Soul is in my body and the health make me wiserThe tantalizing wordplay, yeah, that's the joint
Sometimes I have to cuss just to prove my damn point
Brothers need to come with better compositions
I write and recite to make good positionIn this rap game here, we engineer
Stabbin' up the jam, yeah, son, shit's clear
And I be kickin' rhymes in my own damn way
Beatin' niggaz to the punch like Sugar RayGot the cool-ass style, that's cooler than the cool
My lyrics is the bullet and the mic is the tool
Peace to C Seventy Three and C Seventy Fo'
Do a little somethin' when I'm out on tourComin' thru like narcotics for the antibiotics
Flappin' shorty's stockings to the Space-like Sprockets
What you really need to do is just boogie your ass
It's not gassed, we got to make the good times lastLet the good times roll 'cuz we in control
Take you out on your high, less you payin' a toll
Let the good times roll, let the good times roll
Take you out on your high, less you payin' a tollQuestion
Why is that MC's be wack
And major labels wanna sound like crap?
Aiyyo, funk datWord to life, I'm comin' rugged
'Cuz once you add the hip to the hop, kid, it equals out to love
If the beat's fat I use it, some wack shit, I lose it
Refuse it, how could you chose it, it stinks renuse itPut down the mic kid 'cuz you gets no dap
How long did it take for you to see you can't rap?
The name is Phife Dawg and I got nuff style

It doesn't take long for me to get buckwild
So bust what I'm swingin', what I'm swingin' when I swing
I rap when I rap 'cuz I never wanna sing
Go ask the last MC what happened when he said battle
I bust his ass in Cleveland, now he's Sleepless in Seattle
Rude bwoy official comin' with the ill grammar
Comin' back on kids like Joey Montana
We be the three MC's to make your mind go batty
Mad play on WKRP in Cincinnati
So Lord, send a hon, if ya kyant send a han sen a man
An if ya kyan sen a man, come yaself
'Cuz all deez bitin' MC's, lawd dem somethin' else
See, I kick the styles that'll make ya ass melt
Money on my mind so never mind a trick
New York is the town and the team is the Knicks
World's greatest five footer, rippin' parties apart
Here comes Shaheed with the big green shark
Never had to rhyme about feelin' what with lead
Never mind dat mon here come de dread
We comin' far, far, far
Busta Rhymes is comin' far, far, far
Ya know ya hear me Star
Bet your bottom dollah
Right after this jam about one million, one two niggaz go follow
Whether it be today or tomorrow
Niggaz be collaboratin' sickening
You beat them like they father
Oh, shit, check out what I saying
Ah hah, ah hah, oh, ah hah, ah, hah
You know my niggaz don't be playing
Once upon a mah, hah, hacking time
I received the opportunities to represent my first rhymes
To define, lyrical sensations
Black masons blowin' up the spot
Just to represent the Nations
Three dimensions, tri-clops, Mr. Busta Rhymes three eyes
Fat like a burger and fries
Mama so mama saa mamma ma kosah
Go back to the country to go check my grand mama
Eeeyah, bring it to the table at the meetings
Gathering large receivings, delivering intellectual ass beatings
As I carry on with my proceedings
Greetings, watch a nigga debut on premier movie screenings
But before I be face to face with my eternal resting
place
I hope you find civilized every soul and every race
Sit, dog sit
Busta Rhymes forever on that ultrasonic shit

Songwriters

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TREVOR

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Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group

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