Oh My God

A Tribe Called Quest

Listen up everybody the bottom line I'm a black intellect, but unrefined With precision like a bullet, target bound Just living like a hooker, the harlett sounds Now when I say the harlett, you know I mean the hott V-A-V-A-Vader, the brothers in the spot Jalick, Jalick ya wind up ya hit Captain of the poets, I'm the number seven pick Licks, licks boy on your backside Licks, licks boy on your backside Listen to the fader, Shaheed lets it glide Tip the earthly body Heavens on my side Even in Santo Domingo Can I gotta Gringo We got mikes when do we go Know a little nigga who can ryhme when you ask me Short, dark, and plus his voice is raspy Phife Dawg One for the treble Two for the bass You know the style Tip It's time to flip this I like my beats hard like two day old shit Steady eating booty M.C's like cheese Grits My man Al B. Sure, he's in effect mode Used to have a crush on Dawn from En Vogue

It's not like honey dip would want to get with me
But just in case I own more condoms then T.L.C.

Now the formula is this Me, Tip, and Ali
For those who can't count it goes 1-2-3
The answer(scratch-Damn right I'm)Hiccup is how I be
Brothers find it's hard to do but never me
Some brothers try to dis my malik
You see'm ditching me

Now cure all the B.B. M.C.'s my shit is hitting
Training gladiator, anti-hesitater
Shaheed push the fader from here to Granada
Mr. energetic, who me sound pathetic

When's the last time you heard a funky diabetic?
I don't know man, I don't know man, I don't know man
I don't know, I don't know(Oh My God yes, Oh my god)Complimentary it be
The thief of Poetry

I got a humdinger coming hook line and sinker
The Timbo hits with the prints underground
Timbo's on the toes, I like the way it's going down
Down like the lady of the evening
When it goes in Toots just believe the sin
'Cause Queens is the county, Jamaica is the place
Take off your boots 'cause you can't run the race(Oh My God yes, Oh my god)

Lyrics provided by https://damnlyrics.com/