

# Vibes And Stuff (From Different Trip)

## A Tribe Called Quest

Let me flaunt the style, I think that the time's near  
That we drop Scuds, there won't be no duds here  
Rappers play the dumb, kinda on the space tip  
But when they hear the jams, they be on the dilsnick  
Now I'm not for the rock, I know the territory  
Go ahead and try, that's a different story  
Similar to Grimm, I could tell a better one  
All about a kid, who couldn't rap and didn't run  
Stands on the side when the mic is getting dumb  
Resorts to bagging Billy, asking could he have some  
No never ever, go back and try again man  
If you come back, I'll be the first to shake your hand  
Competition's good, it brings out the vital parts  
The Abstract Poetic, majors in recital arts  
Do it for the kids, the elders and the rap peers  
We know the job is done when we hear a lot of cheers  
Gotta feel the vibes, real from my creation  
If the hands clap I'm filled with elation  
Here I am ghetto, full with a lot of steam  
Think I gotta, I think I gotta, I think I gotta scream  
Cause that's how good it feels child  
Let your hair down, so we can get buckwild  
Do your ill dance, don't think about the next man  
We must have unity and think of the bigger plan  
Division we will fall, we must stick together, see  
I'd like to take this time to say what's up to Kool G  
The name is Q-Tip, the Midnight Marauder  
Giving nuff respects to Afrika Bambaataa  
As a man in the world, I must do my job  
Take care of Mama Duke, I won't resort to rob  
Bob you'll get your dough, Mase is my witness  
Obsessed with the rap, for it's the mental fitness  
Like shooting Cee-lo, and always hitting head cracks  
The industry is luck, winning with the fake raps  
Peace to the crews who pump the real hip hop  
Not selling out, from hardrock to disc jock  
I don't know what to say, but here I go freak it  
If the papes come, then you know I'll seek it  
I'm just a short brother, dark skin face  
Weigh a buck-fifty, 36 waist

Hair is crazy curly, flip like Mr. Furley  
 To this day I still believe that no MC can serve me  
 Brothers try to front, but everybody know  
 I get more props than the Arsenio Hall Show  
 Party animal I was, but now I chill at home  
 All I do is write rhymes, eat, drink, shit and bone  
 Found my thrill in Amityville, I'm always in the Island  
 Fudge and Lucky know the time, they know who keeps 'em smiling  
 Go out on my own, something that I gotta do  
 Do what the hell I want and have no one to listen to  
 I'm prompt with my business and I do things on the double  
 Yo, I'm out like Buster Douglas, I say peace to MC Trouble  
 Rest in PeaceWord Up, rest in Peace, and you know what else?  
 We got, we got, we got the vibes  
 All the people in Long Island, we got the vibes  
 Brooklyn and Queens, we got the vibes  
 Uptown and Now Rule, we got the vibes  
 People Upstate, we got the vibes  
 If you're in DC, you got the vibes  
 Maryland, Virginia, Carolina vibes  
 Out West, we got the vibes  
 In the Bahamas, we got the vibes  
 Over in Europe, you know what, we got the vibes  
 And we gotta keep it alive, it goes umOf rap I'm a fan, I've seen a whole lot of slums  
 Good with the girls, I get a whole lot of 'em  
 From fat to skinny, Freda to Winnie  
 Emma to Cindy, Constance to Wendy  
 Cause I be real friendly, never on the snotty side  
 I don't brag to brothers about the little papas I got  
 My vocal styles can vary, the sight is never scary  
 It's only legendary, my father well prepared me  
 My job ain't temporary, I'm here for the long shot  
 Better yet the long term, I don't have a perm  
 In a way I do, call 'em the perma-naps  
 I'm crazy slap-happy and I'm scrappy and I'm nappy  
 When I get the mic in my hand with the crowd in stand  
 It's as good as grand like that

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